Great Island Getaways • The Man Who Owns Live Music

LINCOLN CITY LIBRARIES
3 3045 01741 4067

PRC

NOVEMBER 15, 1999

NEW YORK

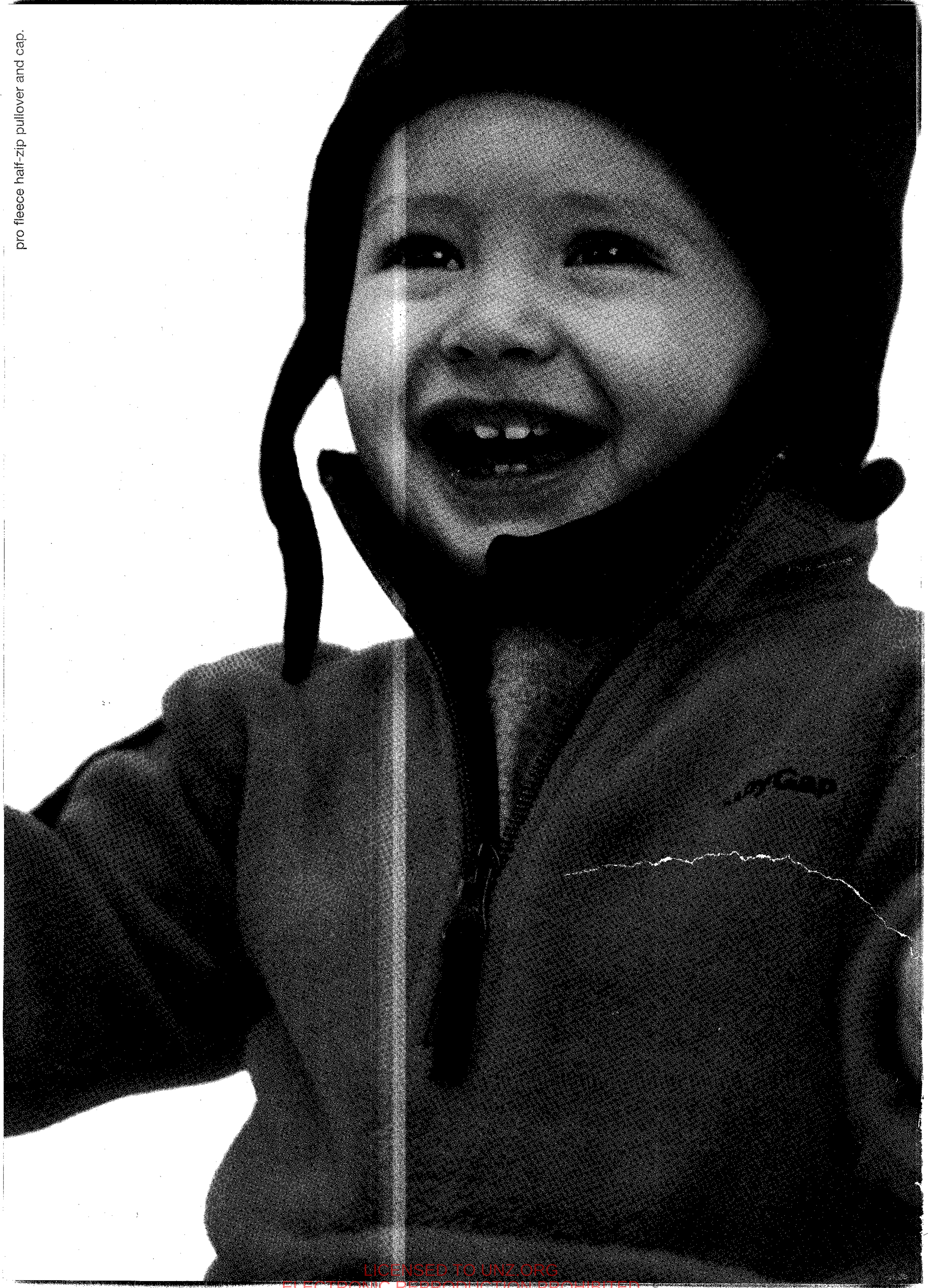
What Your 4-Year-Old Doesn't Know Could Ruin His Life

Testing Hysteria Invades Preschool. **By Ralph Gardner Jr.**

#BXBHFCL******** 5-DIGIT 68508
#LLNCYORE095 9#590832 46
LINCOLN CITY LIBS JUN 05 00
REFERENCE DEPT FFFF
136 S 14TH ST #0035
LINCOLN NE 68508-1801
NOV 18 1999

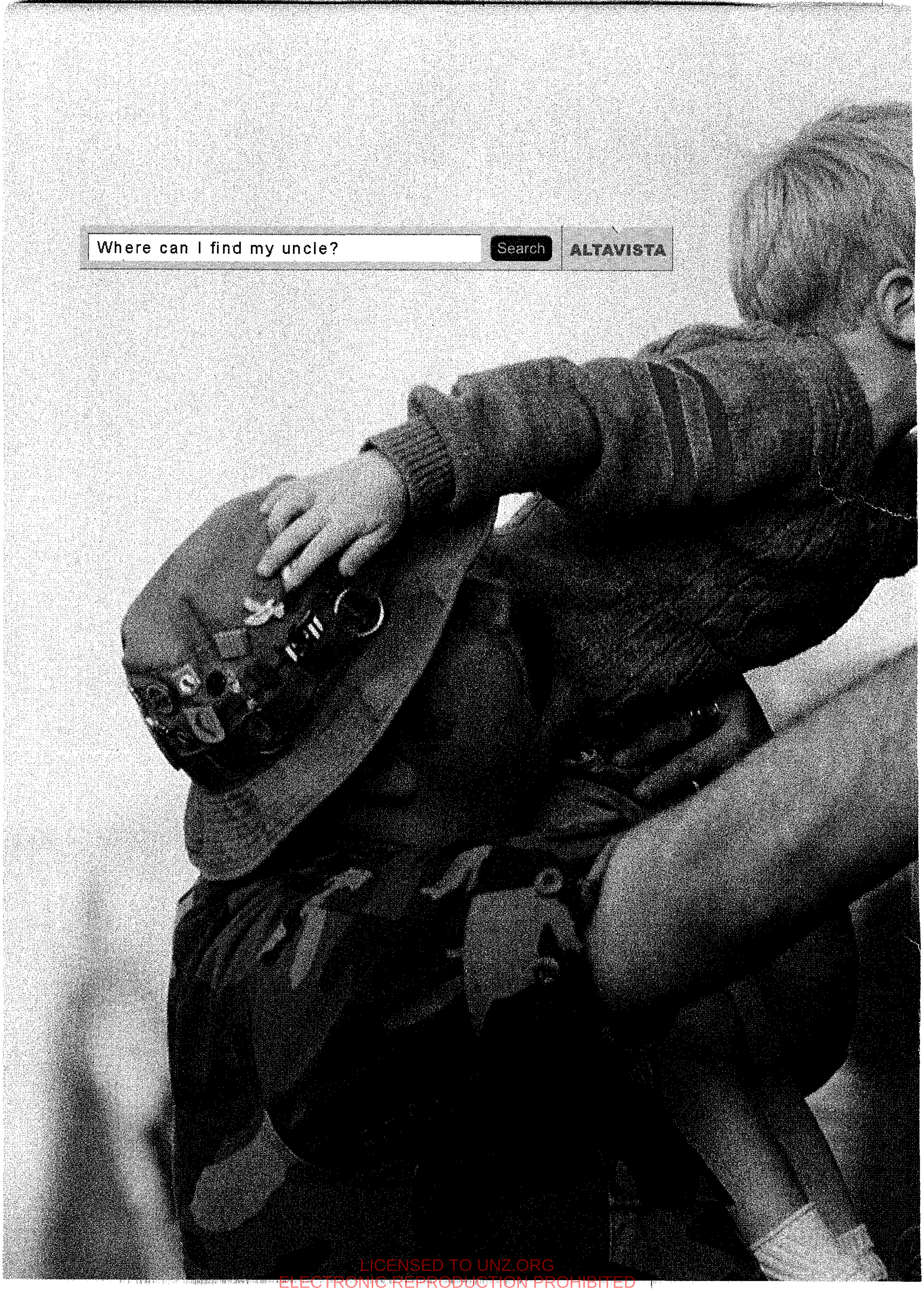
PLUS

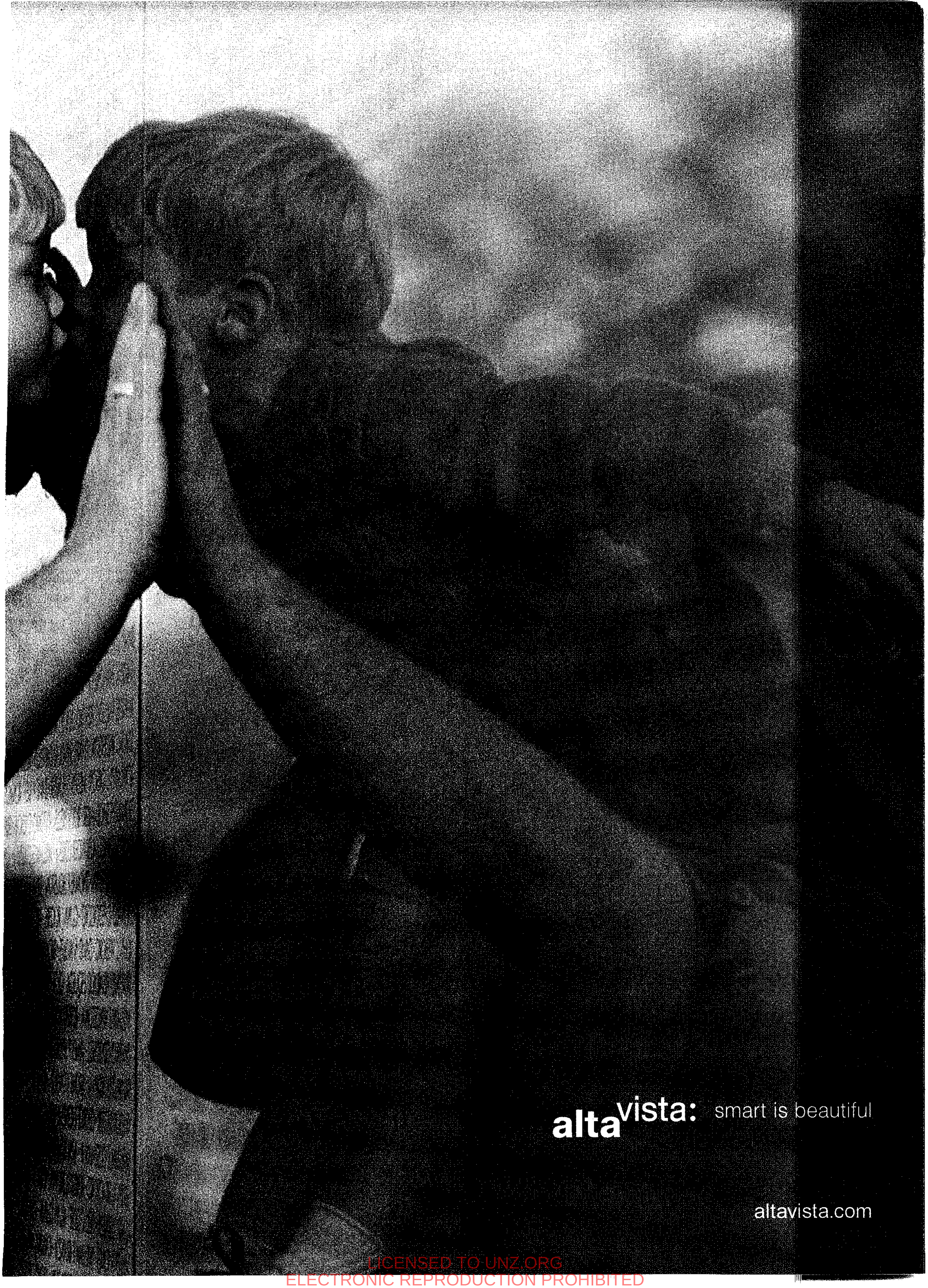
Confessions of an SAT Tutor

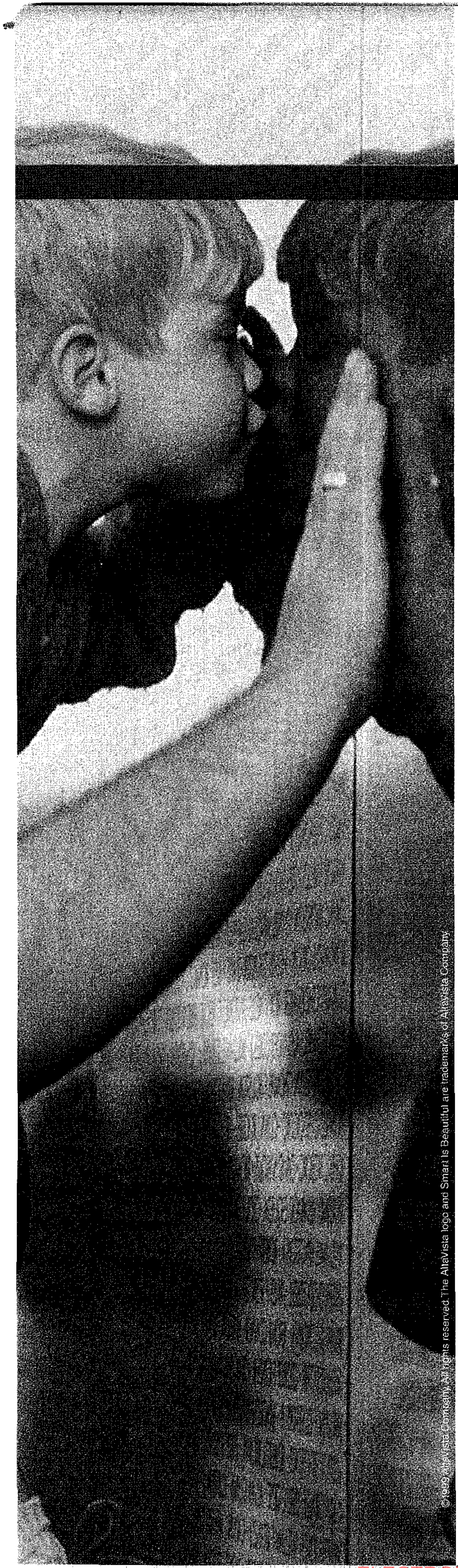


pro fleece half-zip pullover and cap.

cheer. that's holiday.
baby
GAP
great gifts at babygap.com


Where can I find my uncle?
Search
ALTAVISTA


altavista: smart is beautiful
altavista.com



altavista: SEARCH

Search | Live | Shopping | Local | Free Access | E-ma

Sometimes the simplest questions are the hardest to answer. It's been AltaVista's mission to help people find exactly what they're looking for since the day we became the Internet's first search engine.

Today we offer a searchable index that covers over 90 percent of sites on the Internet, making it easier to track down the answer to just about anything. We've even developed the industry's most advanced technology to make it more likely you'll find precisely what you're looking for on the first page of our results.

You can also search for specific images, video clips and audio files from AltaVista's multimedia index, the most extensive of its kind on the Internet. Plus, you can also search our site for breaking news, shopping information, discussion groups and more.

All of which means that you'll never be without answers. No matter how simple your questions might be.

smart is beautiful

altavista.com

©1999 AltaVista Company. All rights reserved. The AltaVista logo and Smart Is Beautiful are trademarks of AltaVista Company.

Contents Nov. 15, 1999

> *"I was taken aback the first time I got a call. I said, I've worked with CEOs. I've never worked with pre-kindergartners."*
>
> Teresa DeLuca, page 26

26 Failing at Four

By Ralph Gardner Jr.

Why are Manhattan's 4-year-olds cramming for tests and meeting with tutors at an age when most kids make their first friends, play with blocks, and watch *Barney*? Because their parents are worried that if they don't score high on the ERB, an aptitude test required by the best kindergartens, they'll never get back on track, to the right college, a good job, a happy life. Critics say the test doesn't measure creativity, social intelligence, or many other traits that make a child special. Should the rat race really start in preschool?

32 The Numbers Racket

By Nile Lanning

In some New York households, SAT tutors have become surrogate parents, therapists, and, since some can raise an SAT score by 150 points or more, guarantors of a bright future. The author, a veteran tutor, has seen firsthand the problems that the obsession with test scores can create. A true tale of higher education and familial dysfunction.

38 The Culture Vulture

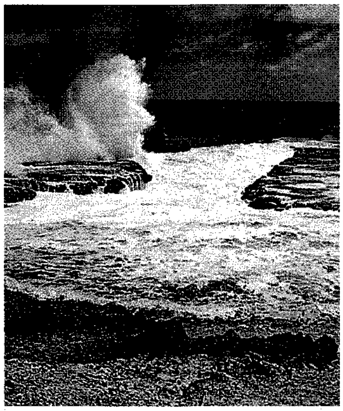
By Kevin Gray

Bob Sillerman has become the AT&T of concert promoters by buying out local live-music venues and theaters nationwide and weaving them seamlessly into his publicly traded conglomerate, SFX Entertainment. He's reinvented the industry, and made a lot of people rich. But should one man be in control of so much of the country's culture?

46 Island Time

By Douglas Anthony Cooper

Deciding on a Caribbean resort is no day at the beach. To make it easier, our reporter tirelessly ran the gamut of all the latest resorts, from Ian Fleming's former getaway in Jamaica (Naomi Campbell's personal pick) to Time Out in Barbados, a veritable sports bar by the sea that hosts three happy hours a day.



Gotham

15 A day in the life of a 26-year-old restaurant mogul

20 Gotham Style

Mink bustiers; Darryl K boot-cuts, for him

Departments

22 The City Politic
Michael Tomasky

Who are the undecided voters, and what will Rudy and Hillary do to get them?

24 Media
Michael Wolff

Why *Fast Company* has heat while *Talk* turns cold

Marketplace

62 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

Vicente Wolfe's new design shop; Museum-grade handbags; marionettes made easy

64 Smart City
Shyama Patel

Soft Packs: Six unconventional carry-ons that will turn your vacation into a trip

66 Sales & Bargains
Shyama Patel

A savvy shopper's guide to this winter's best coat deals

The Critics

68 Movies
Peter Rainer

Even the heroes have their own agenda in *The Insider*

70 Theater
John Simon

The Manhattan Theatre Club makes a double play

72 Art
Mark Stevens

Photographer Daido Moriyama's profound artlessness

74 Classical Music
Peter G. Davis

Houdini the Great's magical metaphor for freedom

76 Dance
Tobi Tobias

American Ballet Theatre shows the many faces of love

78 Television
John Leonard

When it comes to Ric Burns, familiarity breeds contentment

81 The Insatiable Critic
Gael Greene

The gang's all here at the new Mortimer's, er, Swifty's

83 Cue

Tango Argentino; Bob Dylan; David Rockwell's new Times Square movie palace; Jackie Mason

Misc.

Letters 8

Intelligencer *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell* 11

***New York* Competition** *by Mary Ann Madden* 130

***Guardian* Crossword** 132

'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson* 132

Classified 115

Strictly Personals 126

Visit newyorkmag.com

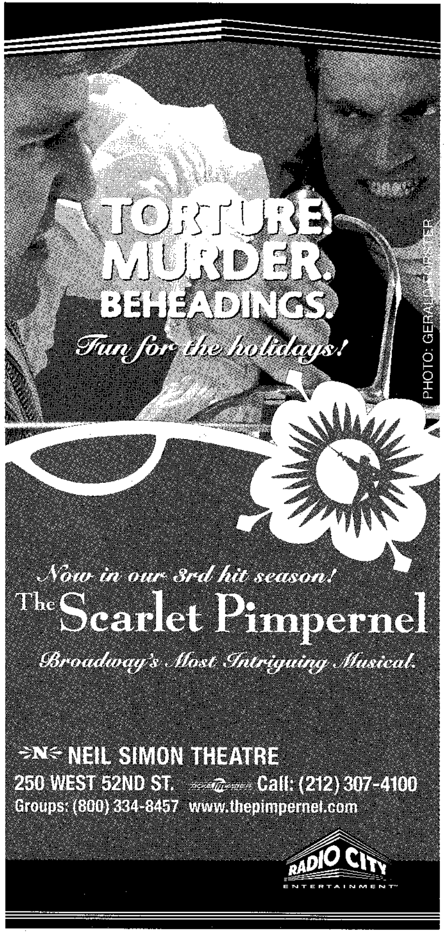
Now online: story archives, plus Web exclusives including our new daily event pick, "Stephanie's Surf Report" (our daily Website pick), and "First Words" for bibliophiles. Plus, visit our new interactive personal ads at strictlypersonals.com.

November 15, 1999—VOL. 32, NO. 44. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. New York (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two weeks of December) by PRIMEDIA Magazine Corporation,444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022-6999. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York*, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

Photographs: clockwise from top, LEGO/CUT THE FAT; Shyama Patel; Douglas Anthony Cooper.

Cover: Photograph by LEGO/CUT THE FAT.

Styling, Heidi Bivens; hair and makeup, Blair Jaffer; casting and location, Snyder & Co.; model, Tyler Somberg/Generation.



TORTURE! MURDER. BEHEADINGS.

Fun for the holidays!

PHOTO: GERALD ABERSTER

Now in our 3rd hit season!

The Scarlet Pimpernel

Broadway's Most Intriguing Musical.

NEIL SIMON THEATRE
250 WEST 52ND ST. Call: (212) 307-4100
Groups: (800) 334-8457 www.thepimpernel.com

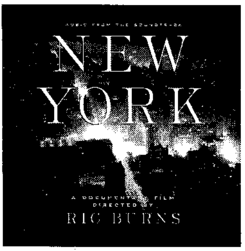
RADIO CITY ENTERTAINMENT

Finally a CD that captures the musical history of the world's greatest city!

NEW YORK

the soundtrack to the
PBS
5-part documentary airing November 14 - 18

Featuring original performances by
GEORGE GERSHWIN,
DUKE ELLINGTON,
COUNT BASIE & COLE PORTER



AVAILABLE AT HMV RECORD STORES

RCA VICTOR
Tmk(s) ®G.E. Co.,USA
©1999, BMG Entertainment

NEW YORK

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Caroline Miller

MANAGING EDITOR
Sarah Jewler

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
John Homans

DEPUTY EDITOR
Maer Roshan

DESIGN DIRECTOR
Michael Picón

PHOTOGRAPHY DIRECTOR
Chris Dougherty

FEATURES EDITORS
Phoebe Eaton, Jeremy Gerard
Mark Horowitz, Marion Maneker

SENIOR EDITORS
Meredith Kahn, Robert Levine
Jessica Lustig, Matthew Weingarden

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Nina Burleigh, Rene Chun, Doug Anthony Cooper
Peter G. Davis, Nikki Finke (West Coast Editor)
Samuel G. Freedman Ralph Gardner Jr., Meryl Gordon
Gael Greene, Vanessa Grigoriadis, Michael Gross
Tony Hendra, Craig Horowitz, Karrie Jacobs
Mark Jacobson, Maura B. Jacobson, Peggy Edersheim Kalb
George Kalogerakis, Peter Kaminsky, Beth Landman
Keil David D. Kirkpatrick, Walter Kirn, Eric Konigsberg
John Leonard, John Lombardi, Mary Ann Madden
Deborah Mitchell, Peter Rainer, Hal Rubenstein
Nancy Jo Sales, Kate Sebbah (Fashion), Jennifer Senior
John Simon, Christopher Smith, Mark Stevens
Tobi Tobias, Michael Tomasky, Sheila Weller
Alex Williams, Michael Wolff

CULINARY EDITOR
Gillian Duffy

BEST BETS EDITOR
Corky Pollan

INTERIOR DESIGN EDITOR: Wendy Goodman
PRODUCER, SPECIAL PROJECTS: Jordan Schaps
FASHION MARKET EDITOR: Shyama Patel

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
Robert Patronite

STAFF WRITERS
Sarah Bernard, Ethan Brown, Barbara Ensor,
Robert Kolker, Ariel Levy, Edith Newhall
Robin Raisfeld, Ethan Smith

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Christopher Bonanos, Michael Steele

ASSISTANT EDITORS
Maura Egan, Logan Hill, Boris Kachka
Brett Kelly, John Kline, Claire Perrault

REPORTERS
Rose-Anne Clermont, Tim Hodler, Erika Kinetz
Anna Rachmansky, Rachel Orvino

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS MANAGER
Amy Boshnack

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
Suzanne D'Amato, Laura Georgio, Nicholas Meyer

DEPUTY ART DIRECTOR:
Michele Parrella

ART PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Eugene R. Tooman
ACTING PHOTO EDITOR: Stephanie Heimann
ASSISTANT ART DIRECTORS: Petros Petrou, Jessica Power
DESIGNER: Amy Helin
PHOTO RESEARCHER: Lauren Reichbach

ART STAFF
Josh Bernstein, Gerald Echevarria, John Markic

COLOR PRE-PRESS MANAGER: Alejandro Gomez
INFORMATION SYSTEMS DIRECTOR: Daniel J. Smith

SENIOR DESKTOP SYSTEMS ANALYST
Jerry Sabatino

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: James B. Reffler
ASSOCIATE PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Diane M. Hannum
PRODUCTION COORDINATOR: Raymond Yang
CLOSING COORDINATOR: Sean M. Griffith

newyorkmag.com
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: Marion Maneker
SENIOR PRODUCER: Stephanie Saulmon
ASSISTANT PRODUCER: Luisa Colón
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR: Angie Maximo

PUBLISHER
Alan Katz

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
Ginger Sutton

BUSINESS DIRECTOR
Betsy Cronen

SALES DEVELOPMENT MANAGER: Ron Stern
RETAIL MANAGER: Jana Hollingshead
ACCOUNT MANAGERS: Jennifer Fishman, Hollis Fuller
Michelle Imbrogno, Caryn Ormsten, Cara Rubin
Claudia Ryan, Susan Sagan, Stacia Thiel, Leslie Weiss
BUSINESS COORDINATOR: Michele Romano-Real
SALES ASSISTANTS: Chris Connelly, Amy Dichter
Kristin Grossnickle, Kristen Mell, Marnie Roth, Jack Tippett
MIDWEST MANAGER: Jill Dryer, 312-832-6840
DETROIT: Traci Lorio, 248-353-2537
WESTERN STATES AND TEXAS: SD Media, 310-264-7575
SOUTHEAST: Robert H. Stites, 770-491-1419
FRANCE/UK: S & R Media, 011-33-1-47-61-08-26
CANADA: Media Services International, 905-238-9228
ITALY: Studio Villa, 011-39-02-31-16-62
ADVERTISING SYSTEMS MANAGER: Sharon Y. Quinn
COORDINATOR: Kathy Ferguson

CREATIVE SERVICES DIRECTOR
Beverly Hood Allen
PROMOTION DIRECTOR: Michelle Lord Rago
SPECIAL EVENTS DIRECTOR: Gerry Napoli
SPECIAL SECTIONS DIRECTOR: Christy Casamassima
MERCHANDISING: Sarah K. Ellis, Alissa R. Smith
PRODUCTION: Heather J. Karp
ART DIRECTOR: Ilene Segal
DESIGNERS: Naomi Kushman, Rachel Meltzer
COORDINATOR: Stefanie Shore
ASSISTANT: Mary Ambrosavage

RESEARCH AND MARKET DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR
Eileen P. Ronan
SENIOR RESEARCH ANALYST: Christine McKaba
RESEARCH ANALYST: Lisa Quartin
INFORMATION SERVICES DIRECTOR: Valerie Taylor

VICE-PRESIDENT, GROUP CLASSIFIED DIRECTOR
Nancy J. Fedder
CLASSIFIED MANAGER: Teresa Taylor
SALES AND MARKETING MANAGER: John Miceli
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Manuel Gomes
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT: Sarah Seroussi
SALES REPRESENTATIVES: Mark Bristow
Theresa Bunce, Kendra Callahan, Kristen Cappadona
Tim Hyde, Wendy Pusey, Alexandra Singerman
STAFF: Denise Fowler, Heather Schultz, Greta Turken

CIRCULATION
MANAGER, CONSUMER MARKETING: Sarah Jack
MANAGER, AGENCY: Nona Gilmartin
ASSOCIATE MARKETING MANAGER: Susan Nolan
ASSISTANT MANAGER: Anthony Guadagnino
COORDINATORS, CONSUMER MARKETING
Pamela Leonarczyk, Ranit Librach

CONTROLLER: Michele Mausser-Venero
MANAGER OF SPECIAL PROJECTS: Carmine Tiero
SENIOR ACCOUNTANT: Steve Bonfiglio
STAFF ACCOUNTANTS: Pnina Epstein, Pranita Sarabjit
ACCOUNTS PAYABLE: Sally Rampersaud
COLLECTIONS MANAGER: Susan Haridas
STAFF: Maribel Lopez

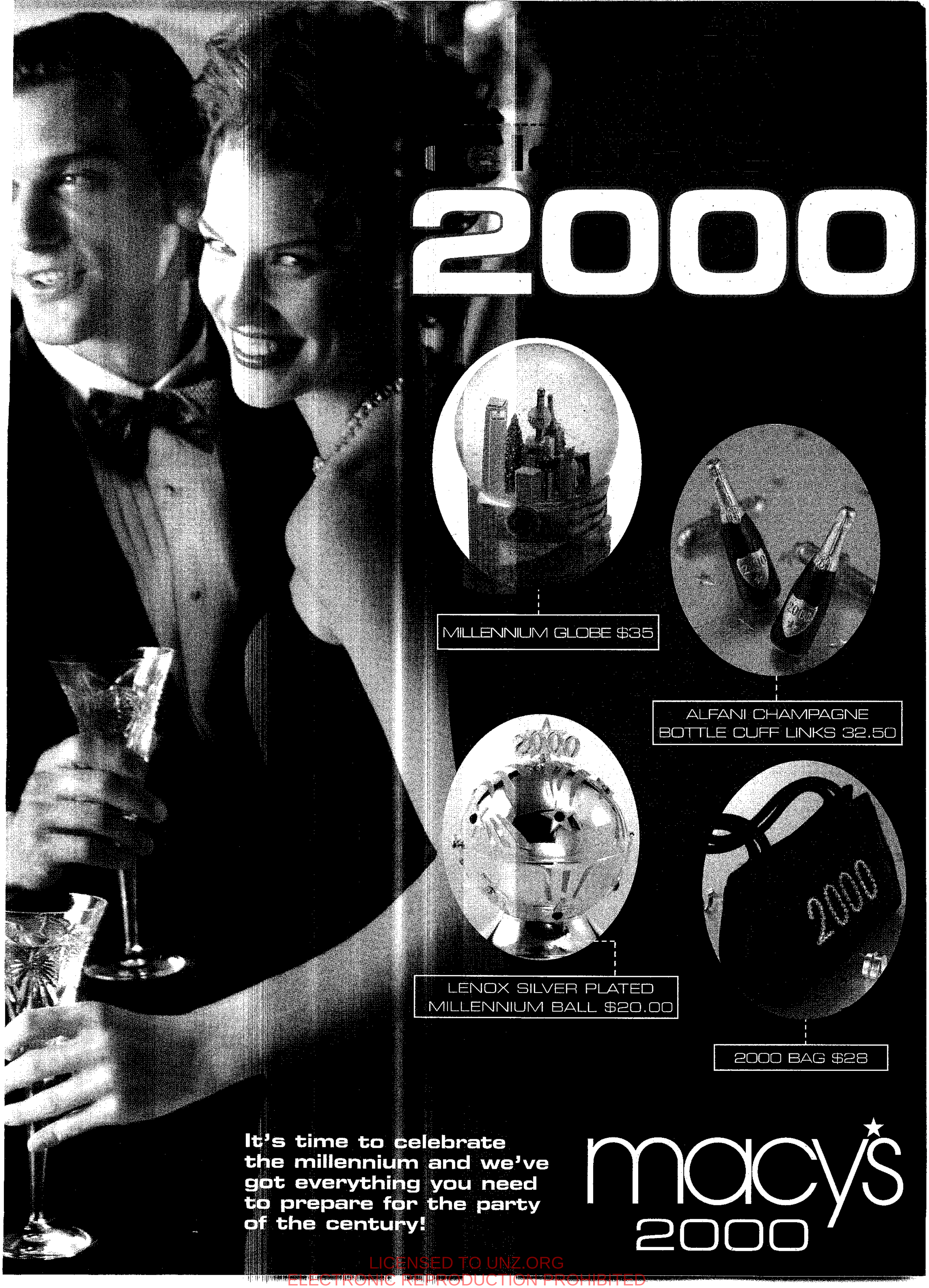
OFFICE SERVICES MANAGER
Mary Ann McCarthy
STAFF: Gary Dickler, Esther Gillyard, Priscilla Hood
Robert Lisbon, Joseph Markfelder, Sarah Wigfall

PRIMEDIA INC.
CHAIRMAN AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER: Tom Rogers
PRESIDENT: Charles G. McCurdy
VICE PRESIDENT: Beverly C. Chell

PRIMEDIA CONSUMER MAGAZINES
PRESIDENT AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER: David Tanzer
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT AND PRESIDENT,
ADVERTISING AND MARKETING: Janice Grossman
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT, CONSUMER MARKETING
AND BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT: Robert A. Cohen
CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER: Daniel E. Aks
SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT, MANUFACTURING: Edward J. Egan
SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT AND CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER:
Linda C. Jenkins
VICE PRESIDENT, SINGLE COPY SALES: David G. Algire
VICE PRESIDENT, SYSTEMS: Robert M. Cummings
VICE PRESIDENT, GROUP SALES: Nan L. Elmore

GROUP PUBLISHER:
Amy R. Churgin

The following are registered trademarks, and the use of these trademarks is strictly prohibited: Best Bets, Best Bids, Between the Lines, The Bottom Line, Brief Lives, The City Politic, Cityscape, Cityside, Cue, Cue New York, In and Around Town, Intelligencer, Legal Aid, The National Interest, New York, New York Intelligencer, New York Journal, The Passionate Shopper, Smart City, The Sporting Life, The Underground Gourmet, and The Urban Strategist. **Copyright © 1999 by PRIMEDIA Inc. All rights reserved.** All requests for permissions and reprints must be made in writing to Reprint Management Services, 147 West Airport Road, P.O. Box 5363, Lancaster, PA 17606-5363; reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited. *New York* Magazine is not responsible for the return or loss of unsolicited manuscripts. Any submission of a manuscript must be accompanied by an SASE. Officers of PRIMEDIA Inc.: William F. Reilly, Chairman and CEO; Charles G. McCurdy, President; Beverly C. Chell, Vice-Chairman and General Counsel.



MILLENNIUM GLOBE $35

ALFANI CHAMPAGNE
BOTTLE CUFF LINKS 32.50

LENOX SILVER PLATED
MILLENNIUM BALL $20.00

2000 BAG $28

It's time to celebrate the millennium and we've got everything you need to prepare for the party of the century!

macy's
2000

Rough Justice

Charles Schwarz will probably spend the rest of his life in jail for his role in the brutal torture of Abner Louima. Does the punishment fit the crime?

I WAS PLEASANTLY SURPRISED TO READ your cover story "An Officer and an Atrocity" [by Craig Horowitz, October 25]. I am glad the magazine had the courage to address such a hot, controversial topic. With a repulsive crime at issue, it is so easy to believe in the everyone-must-have-been-in-on-it mentality that true justice may well have been sacrificed. As it appears there were not only political motivations but also personal animosity at play during the trial, Charles Schwarz may indeed have ended up as the victim of a modern-day lynch mob. His story raises important questions for all of us who believe in the system and who always assume that truth will just win out.

Patricia Kefer
MANHATTAN

IF THIS WERE A CASE OF MURDER WITH THE death penalty invoked, would we also execute a witness whose role as accessory consisted in not intervening? Of course not. Then why is Schwarz subject to the same penalty as Justin Volpe? This isn't merely cruel and unusual punishment; it's cruel and unreal.

Dr. Norma L. Hutman
ONEONTA, N.Y.

IF YOUR ARTICLE WAS MEANT TO EVOKE sympathy, it failed miserably. Craig Horowitz stated that "a look at the murky complexities of the case reveals why the verdict against Schwarz is open to doubt." While we are at it, why don't we doubt each and every case (especially those involving blacks and Hispanics) that in any way crossed paths with officers from the infamous 70th Precinct? Forgive me for not seeing Schwarz as a victim. Schwarz is guilty by association along with everyone in that precinct that night. It's a pity they all can't be tried. Mr. Louima will never be able to forget being paraded around a precinct with his pants and drawers down to his ankles and being mocked. But Mrs. Schwarz can look forward to perhaps a new trial or possible acquittal for her husband and then live life irrespective of what happened to Mr. Louima while her husband was at the scene. There can be only one victim of the whole atrocious day of August 9, 1997.

Mona Charles
BROOKLYN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@primediamags.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Her Story

WHY ON EARTH IS KEN BURNS SO ASTONished that as a master of documentary-film histories he doesn't know anything about the suffrage movement ["The Other Sexual Revolution," by Ariel Levy, November 8]? I find it incredible that he is just learning what women and minorities have known for ages—that white men write most history, but for the most part they are not looking for the history of others. Seven years ago at Princeton University, I could count the men in my American-women's-history course on one hand. While "women's history [might be] somehow less—somehow not as important" to men, it has always been extremely important to women. Interestingly enough, it seems Mr. Burns assumes that all 10,000 American historians who cannot answer his questions about the suffrage movement are men like himself. I am sure that a woman historian could provide the answers to his questions. While I admire Mr. Burns's zeal in telling the story of the crusade for suffrage to his young daughters, he shouldn't think that women have forgotten. Struggles are remembered.

Keesha Beckford
BROOKLYN

THE "VIRTUALLY UNKNOWN STORY OF THE crusade for women's suffrage"? Surely, you jest. A history "unexamined"? Nobody, Ken Burns says, "knows a goddamn thing about it"? Which somebodies are you counting? Why does it take Ken Burns to get mainstream media attention for this inspiring history? I'm glad he did it, but he's no Christopher Columbus.

Louise Bernikow
MANHATTAN

Powder Play

BRAVO TO DANIEL KUNITZ FOR HIS ARTICLE on skiing Utah ["The Powder Elite," October 25]. However, I must comment on the article's lack of detail regarding non-skiing activities. One of the reasons the larger resorts of Colorado—i.e., Vail, Aspen, Steamboat Springs, Telluride, Breckenridge—are in demand is the variety of activities available to the non-skier. With the exception of Park City, the resorts listed in Kunitz's article have limited or nonexistent activities unrelated to skiing, as opposed to the towns of Vail, Aspen, and Steamboat Springs, which offer plenty for the non-skier. And no membership is needed to drink in Colorado.

Joseph A. Sobin
Owner, Colorado Concierge Services
DENVER, COL.

Why Pay Retail?

YOUR PHOTO OF NATANEL GLUSKA'S CHAINsawed "Long Chair," priced at $11,132 ["Gotham Style: Not-So-Easy Chair," by Maura Egan, October 25], grabbed our attention. In Nova Scotia, where we summer, a key competition at the local woodsmen festivals is the event where similar chairs are created—at top speed, also by chain saw. In five or so minutes, voilà, a seat—which you could probably buy for $11.32!

Sunny MacMillan-Kuskin
LAKEVILLE, CONN.

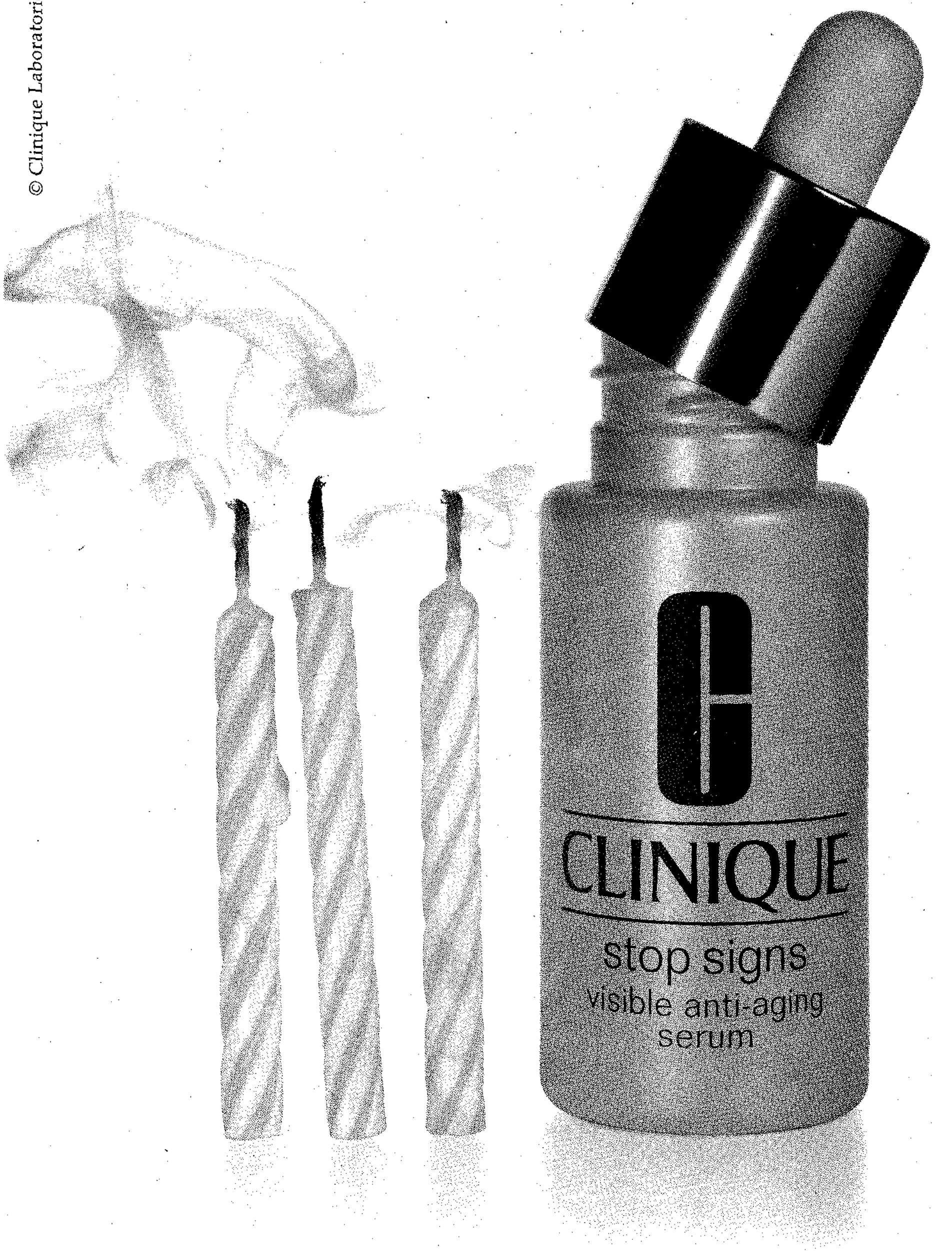
Wild Pitch

"THE TABS AT BAT," BY MARK JACOBSON [November 1], hit a deep fly ball but missed clearing the wall for a home run. In the Big Apple, besides the *News* and *Post,* there are the New York *Times, Newsday,* and the Staten Island *Advance* for sports scores. Besides all-news radio and television stations, cable TV offers up-to-date scores and stories that become stale by the time they reach print the next day. Don't forget the Internet. Are the New York *Daily News* and New York *Post* prepared to compete against this diverse group of alternatives?

Larry Penner
GREAT NECK, N.Y.

© Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

Saks Fifth Avenue



You got your wish.

Celebrate.

The fact that another birthday doesn't have to mean seeing another wrinkle, another fine line.

Celebrate.

That Clinique's new Stop Signs Visible Anti-Aging Serum knows how to get time on your side.

Uses collagen-boosting ingredients to help lessen the look of lines and wrinkles.

Select botanical extracts help fade the appearance of skin discolourations.

Even brings to the party a proven mix of vitamins and anti-oxidants to help discourage future damage caused by the environment.

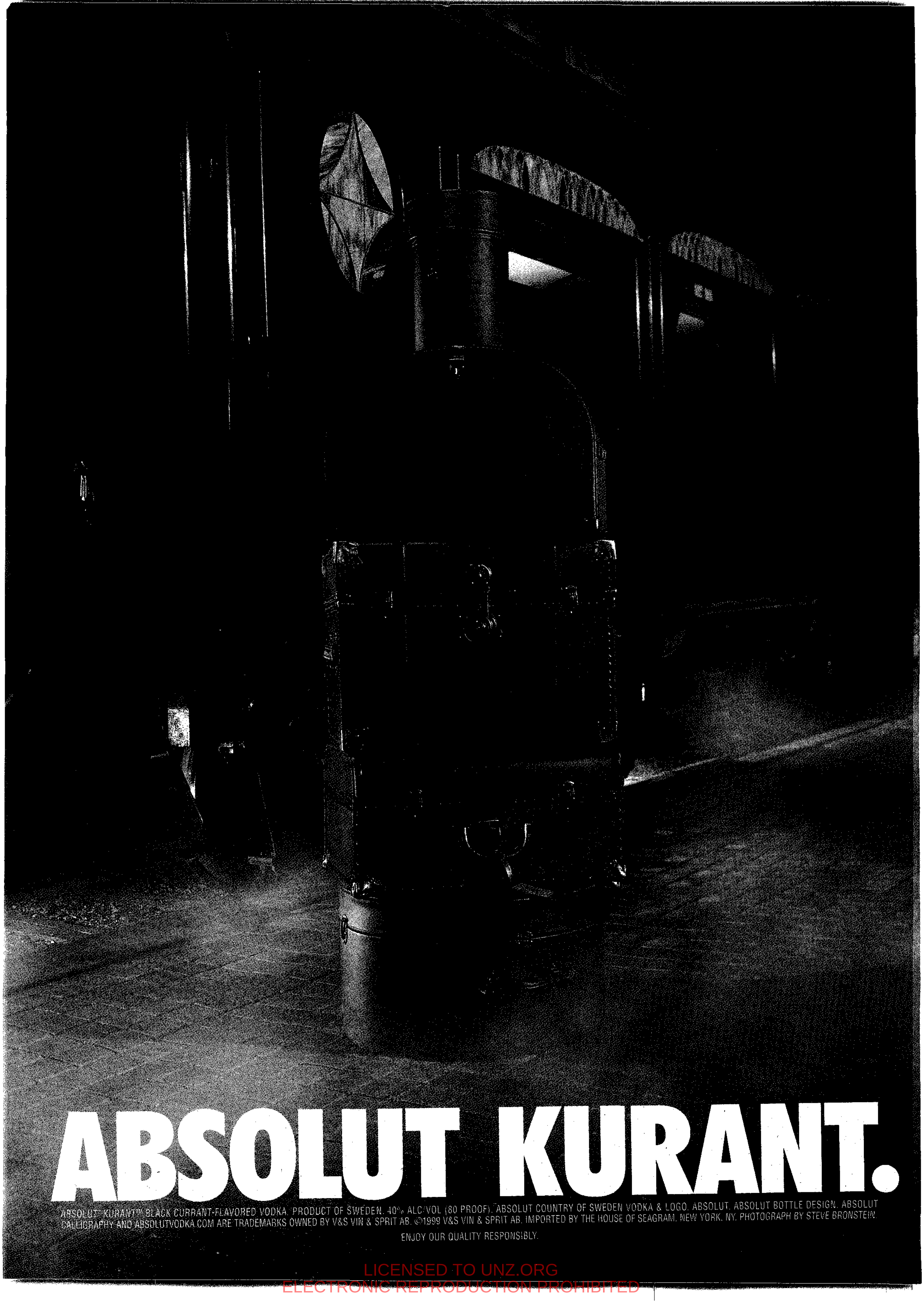
So go ahead, celebrate.

Every time you look in the mirror.

Clinique.

Allergy Tested. 100% Fragrance Free.

www.clinique.com

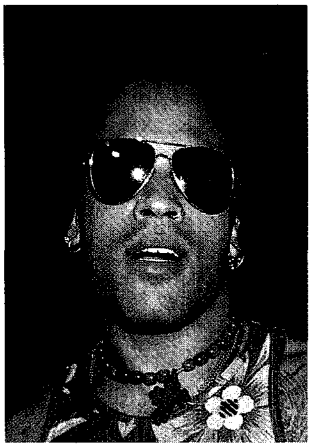


ABSOLUT® KURANT™ BLACK CURRANT-FLAVORED VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA & LOGO, ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN, ABSOLUT CALLIGRAPHY AND ABSOLUTVODKA.COM ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©1999 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, NY. PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE BRONSTEIN.

ENJOY OUR QUALITY RESPONSIBLY.

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER



Lenny Kravitz: ***Hair* bound?**

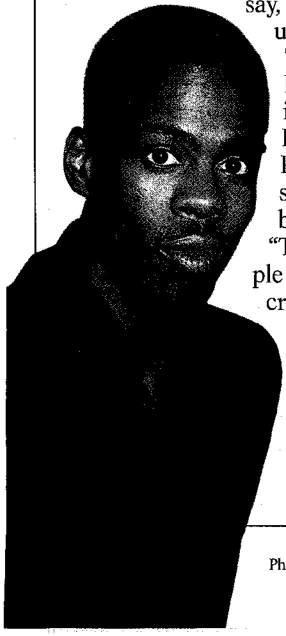
GONE TODAY, *HAIR* TOMORROW

Looks like *Rent* may soon be forced to compete for the rock-and-roll-musical audience. A revival of the sixties hippie musical *Hair* is currently in the works, and according to a theatrical source, International Management Group, the show's producer, has been talking to rock stars about playing the leading roles. A national tour is being planned, and while no dotted lines have been signed, the source reports that both **Alanis Morisette** and **Lenny Kravitz** have shown interest in lending their trademark sounds to the peace-and-love filled score. An IMG producer denied the reports but did confirm that top rockers are being roped in and that Madison Square Garden is a possible arena of choice. But with Kravitz's Jimi Hendrix wardrobe and Morisette's naked-as-I-wanna-be new look, the two *do* seem perfect for the play.

SQUEEZING GREEN FROM RED APPLE

John Catsimatidis, the beleaguered head of Gristedes, Sloan's, and the Red Apple grocery chains, was supposed to host a fund-raiser for **Al Gore**'s presidential bid last Thursday night. The event was canceled—which is what you'd expect to happen after the news broke that one of Catsimatidis's top deputies was under investigation for bribery. Last Monday, the city's Department of Investigation announced that one of Catsimatidis's high-ranking execs had been arrested for allegedly offering a city tax inspector $20,000 to eliminate the company's nearly $200,000 outstanding bill. Naturally, Catsimatidis insists that the two events have nothing to do with each other. The grocer—a major Clinton fund-raiser who spent a night in the White House despite a history of tax liens in New York—claims the fund-raiser was canceled over a month ago, when the November 4 date was set aside for a (since-canceled) debate with **Bill Bradley**. He expects to pick an alternate date, possibly as soon as next month. Gore's New York office confirms that it'll be rescheduled, adding that the Veep's team posted a release on their Website about the debate a full three weeks ago. Meanwhile, "*I* didn't do anything wrong," insists Catsimatidis, "so what can I tell ya?"

CHRIS COULDN'T ROCK THE KLAN



When **Chris Rock** got word that the Ku Klux Klan was planning its recent pep rally in New York, television sources say, the caustic comedian wanted to show up—with his HBO camera crew in tow. The technical staff at his hit talk show, however, had other ideas about covering the potentially inflammatory event: Fearing for their well-being, they told Rock they wouldn't go. An HBO spokesperson did not deny that the battle of wills took place but said only: "The show looked into booking a couple of crews. When it was found that no crews were available, the idea was not pursued any further." Unsurprisingly, the techies guessed well—the emotionally charged event ended with three injured officers, seven arrests, and a flurry of thrown rocks, batteries and golf balls.

MARTHA STEWART'S TECHNICAL SUPPORT

Now that **Martha Stewart** has a good fortune, she must be in want of a husband. That truth is universally acknowledged by Jane Austen–reading gossip columnists, one of whom recently suggested Dr. **Sam Waksal** as her potential mate. Waksal didn't bring Stewart to **Beth Rudin de Woody**'s party for the *Kosher Sex* rabbi last Tuesday. In fact, when asked whether his reputed paramour wasn't actually involved with Microsoft exec **Charles Simonyi**, Waksal nodded—before catching himself and saying, "I don't discuss my personal life." News of the romance between the Seattle-based creator of Microsoft Word and the East Coast style doyenne first broke in the Seattle *Times* on September 19, 1997. "Martha and I are good friends," the Hungarian-born Simonyi told the paper. "We discuss modern architecture, modern art, and the coming cyber-economy." They were a couple on the White House's official guest list of its dinner for Hungarian president **Arpad Goncz** this June, and a month later went together to **Joel Silver**'s wedding in Venice. She helped to remodel his $10 million home (he can reportedly water the lawn from his bed), while he's been credited with increasing her computer literacy. Romance *and* an IPO? It's a good thing.

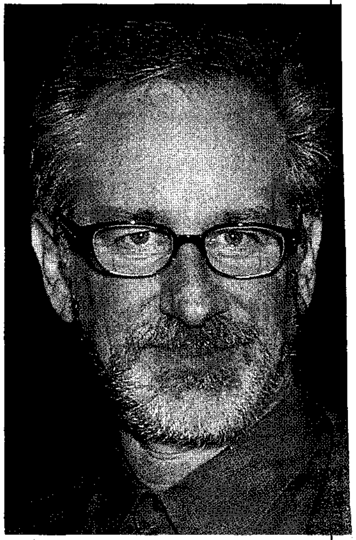
UNIN-SPEYER-ING CHRISTMAS VIEW

Rockefeller Center's recent retail boom means that when the big Christmas tree is flicked on this year, some in-

Photographs: clockwise from top, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; Robin Platzer/Twin Images (2).

LINDBERGH DRAMA GETS THE WORKS

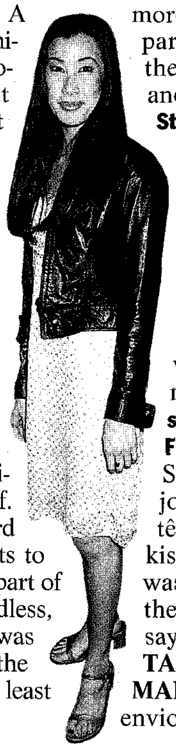
Exactly what **Steven Spielberg** knew and when he knew it was the question after news circulated that the Academy Award–nominated writer **Paul Attanasio** had withdrawn from a planned Charles Lindbergh project. Spielberg bought the rights to **A. Scott Berg**'s Pulitzer Prize–winning biography of the famous aviator before reading the book, and the story making the rounds last week was that Spielberg turned cold on the project once he realized exactly how anti-Semitic Lindbergh was. “He did buy the rights to the book before reading the manuscript,” confirms Berg, “because I was still working on it.” But the writer adds that Spielberg always knew about Lindbergh. “When he and I first met, topic A was anti-Semitism,” says Berg. “And I would say that topic Z was anti-Semitism as well.” Another source close to the project explains that Attanasio, who wrote *Quiz Show* and *Donnie Brasco,* wanted to write a character-based drama, while the director of *Schindler's List* wanted more of “a spectacle.” Spielberg is now talking to **Menno** (*The Color Purple*) **Meyjes** about taking over the project, according to two other Left Coast sources. Spielberg spokesman **Marvin Levy**confirms that a new writer will be signed up, although nobody's “locked in yet.” What Hollywood writer is *ever* locked in?



Steven Spielberg: Get me rewrite

vited guests won't have their customary prime viewing space. Sources say the widows and children of police and firefighters killed in the line of duty will lose their sweet spot near the rinkside action because the area that the group used last year was recently leased to J.Crew. Instead, the location will be downgraded to the less exciting lobby of 45 Rockefeller Plaza, where the group will be unable to see any of the goings-on in person (closed-circuit monitors will feed them the visuals). A coordinator with the Uniformed Firefighters Association confirmed that they were told they'd get a smaller space and were asked to keep their numbers down, but were *not* told about the blind spot—“that's for sure.” Sources say landlord Tishman Speyer, in an effort to keep spirits high at the Siberian locale, is tossing a party for the crew complete with face painters, magicians, and Santa himself. Later, the hosts will herd out the kids and parents to watch the tree-lighting part of the ceremony. Regardless, the UFA coordinator was still appreciative of the owners' hospitality. “At least it'll be warm,” she said.

LISA KISSES FRIENDS; DUSTIN SPENDS



***VIEW* OF A KISS:** It seems **Lisa Ling** may like kissing girls even more than **Calista Flockhart** does. When chatting with her fellow galpals of *The View* about the slender *Ally McBeal* star's now infamous on-air smooch with **Lucy Liu**, Ling made her point by planting a wet one on the lips of co-host **Meredith Vieira.** And it began to look like more than mere hype at a party for the Yankees the other night. Ling and her *other* co-host, **Star Jones**, turned heads at Veruka when they leaned over the lap of the insistently heterosexual **Kevin Spacey** for a lighthearted smooching session. Owner **Noel Ashman**, who was sitting nearby with **Sarah Jessica Parker**, **Michael J. Fox**, and the World Series champs, enjoyed the intimate tête-à-tête. “After they kissed, Kevin Spacey was so excited he asked them to do it again,” he says, “and they did.”

TAILORS OF HOFFMAN: As if you weren't envious enough of the millions movie stars rake in, it appears they get benefits you might never have considered. Take **Dustin Hoffman**, who was recently spotted purchasing a heap of women's clothing at Katayone Adeli, the pricey Bond Street boutique. As an employee folded up his clothes, an eavesdropping shopper was surprised to hear Hoffman ask for “the same discount I got last time.” As the salesperson began wrapping his packages, she smiled and said, “Oh, the *employee* discount.” A spokesman for the store confirmed that Hoffman was a “good shopper,” but when asked about the exchange, he insisted it was “just a joke” before clamping down with the bureaucratic “We do not comment on clients that visit and shop at our store.”Mannequin **Naomi Campbell** also left with an armful of clothing, apparently purchased at full price.

Additional reporting by David Amsden and Suny Sehgal.

DOLLAR BILL'S MOST UNLIKELY DONOR

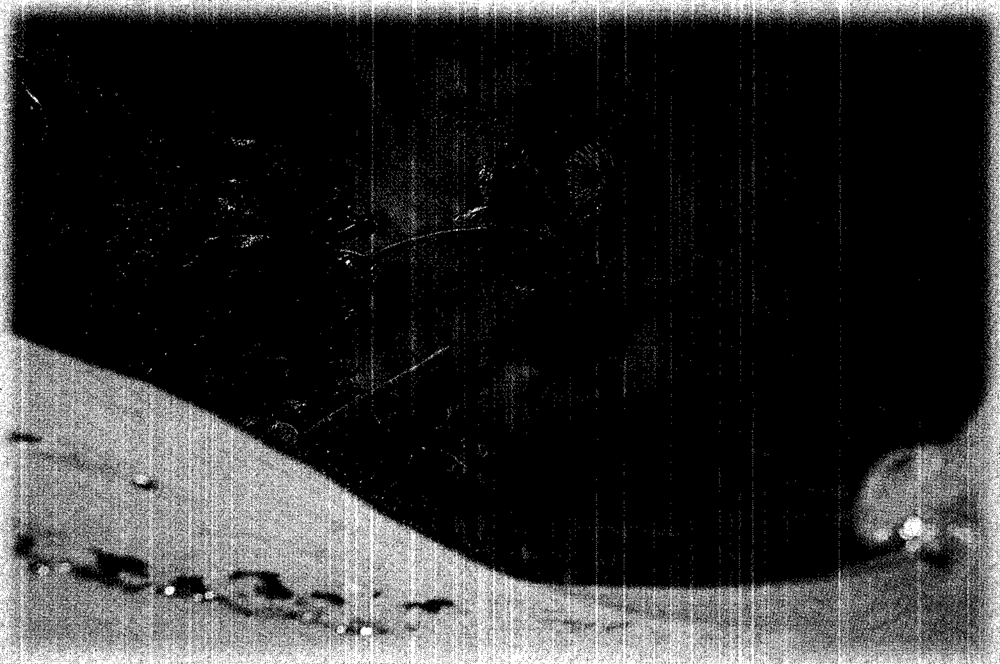
Bill Bradley really *is* doing unexpectedly well in New York state—now even avowed conservative **William F. Buckley** is talking about contributing to his presidential campaign. William and **Pat Buckley** regularly invite editors to dinner at their Upper East Side maisonette. Last month, when *New York Times Book Review* editor **Chip McGrath** was among the party, the correct usage of the word *comprise* was debated. Buckley argued that four platoons *comprised* a battalion, while McGrath insisted that a battalion *comprised* four platoons. The bet: a dollar. “He was right,” admits Buckley, who did a computer search the next day. “I looked up the word *comprise,* and there are about 800 usages—none of which were mine,” continues the *National Review* editor, who promptly sent McGrath an e-mail admitting defeat. “I e-mailed back and suggested that he could just send the dollar to the Bradley campaign,” says McGrath. “I doubt he did, actually.” He hasn't—yet. “I'm still trying to figure out how to donate to the Bradley campaign without getting on the Bradley list,” says Buckley, before inspiration strikes. “If *you* send in the dollar, I'll repay you.”

Photographs: left, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; right, Tom Rodriguez/Globe Photos.

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a...

We interrupt this tune* to bring you something completely unexpected—the new Lincoln LS luxury sport sedan. 252-horsepower DOHC V-8. Available 5-speed SelectShift™ transmission. Grin-inducing handling. Definitely not the same old song. Visit www.lincolnvehicles.com or call toll-free 877 2DriveLS (237-4835). ©1971, 1999 Strong Arm Music. Words and music by Joplin, Neuwirth & McClure. Reprinted by permission.

my, my, what have we here?
LINCOLN LS
LINCOLN. AMERICAN LUXURY.



Life is a journey. With some rather exquisite
rest areas along the way.

It matters not how long you stay with us. Because The Ritz-Carlton Caribbean experience will forever stay with you. For reservations, call a travel professional or The Ritz-Carlton at 1-800-241-3333.

THE RITZ-CARLTON®
CARIBBEAN

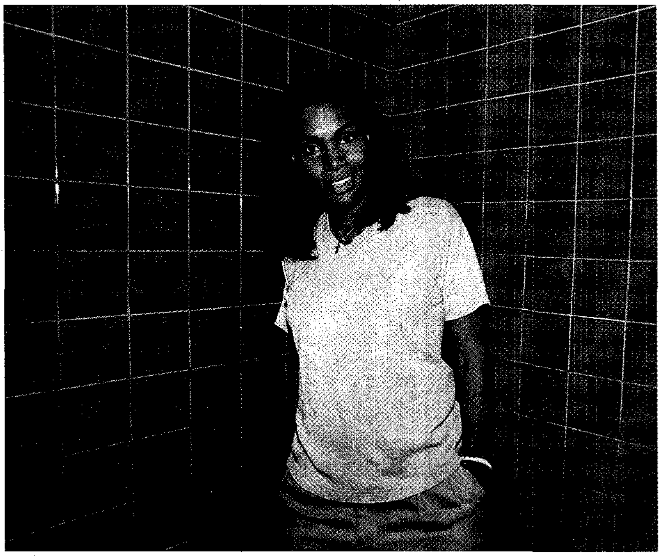
CANCUN | $169 SAN JUAN | $179 ST. THOMAS | $295

Valid October 1 through December 15, 1999. Rates are subject to availability, cannot be combined with other offers and are not available to groups. Taxes and gratuities are not included. Advance reservations required. ©1999 The Ritz-Carlton Hotel Company, L.L.C.

www.ritzcarlton.com

THE RUSH AND RESTLESSNESS PLEASES ME—*WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY*

GOTHAM



Oriont Express

The restaurant world's heat-seeking missile.

'WHO'S PRINCESS Soraya?" asks Michelle Jean, the 26-year-old owner of the meatpacking-district restaurant Oriont, scanning Thursday's reservation list last Monday afternoon. The surprise birthday party Jennifer Lopez is throwing for Puff Daddy is on *again*, and Thursday's dinner bookings now have to be canceled. Jean dials Amy Sacco, owner of the comparably cool Lot 61. "Amy, honey, I need your help," she coos. "Can I send you about 100 reservations?" Hanging up, she instructs her reservationist, "Send them all over there—even the princess. Say it's our sister restaurant! If anyone has a lot to say, I'll call them myself."

Jean's kinetic wiring—along with her sixth sense for locations and scene-making—has sparked a string of high-profile if ephemeral successes in just five years. At age 21, the Westchester native opened Circa in the newly chic East Village. Then, as galleries began inking leases in Chelsea, Jean debuted Restaurant 147 on West 17th Street. (She says she is no longer involved in either restaurant.) Oriont (financed by mysterious backers Jean refuses to name) began pouring saketinis in August, just as its déclassé cobblestone stretch of 14th Street was deemed the heart of the city's hottest commercial neighborhood.

In publicizing Oriont, Jean has shrewdly decided to strategize beyond the de rigueur "Page Six" postings, inviting insiders like Candace Bushnell and gallery owner Andrea Rosen to host tastings for their well-connected friends in the comfort of Christopher Ciccone's lush interior. Robert De Niro, Kevin Spacey, Winona Ryder, Serena Altschul, and Martha Stewart have all stopped by. The boldfaced names, Jean notes, didn't just stumble upon the place. "They have been watching us. Puffy's people, Andre Harrell and Russell Simmons, have been here. We proved ourselves to them."

While Jean may not be rivaling Keith McNally just yet, she has already picked out property for a hotel and an L.A. Oriont, and she's scouting locations for her unnamed next project. "Basically," she hints, "I'm looking to reinvent Chinese food."

Just a half hour ago, she was in midtown trying on the shantung pantsuits she's ordered from designer William Reid for her staff. During the ten-minute ride back, she simultaneously scribbled in a note pad; smoked a cigarette; scrolled through her Sharp Wizard address book; and dialed party promoter Jeffrey Jah, to confirm the payment for the Puffy event, and Gucci, to check on a newly purchased tuxedo suit, explaining firmly, "I *have* to have it by Thursday."

Now, sitting down with her chef and managers, she peruses a mock-up menu and then announces that she has decided to have the restaurant's toilet paper stamped with the Chinese symbol for good fortune. "We'd have to order 150,000 rolls!" protests a design consultant. "I'll keep them in my apartment," Jean counters before dashing upstairs to the crimson formal dining room, still under construction and covered with sawdust. "We did a party for Marie-Chantal in here when there was no floor—I brought banquettes in through the window," Jean recalls, shaking her head. "That just about killed me. *This* is easy." SARAH BERNARD

Newsweek Caught in Double Play

It's like a pitchers' duel: *Time* and *Newsweek*, endlessly in competition, the outcome determined by the smallest miscue. Now both magazines have done special year-2000 sections: *Time*'s "People of the Century," *Newsweek*'s "Voices of the Century." *Time* asked Hank Aaron for his thoughts on Jackie Robinson, which ran in the June 14 issue and in a tie-in book to be published next week. "I was 14 years old when I first saw Jackie Robinson," it begins. "His team, the Brooklyn Dodgers, made a stop in my hometown of Mobile, Ala., while barnstorming its way north . . . Jackie spoke to a big crowd of black folks over on Davis Avenue." *Newsweek*, not to be outplayed, then asked Aaron to talk about . . . Jackie Robinson. From the October 25 issue: "I was maybe 14, 15. The Dodgers were on a barnstorming trip across the South . . . I skipped shop class to hear him speak in a little community place on Davis Avenue." *Newsweek*'s Richard Turner played Artful Dodger: "Just a coincidence," he says. "I'm sure he's told that story a million times." *Time*'s Diana Pearson was more direct. "We were glad to have him," she explains, "*first*." BORIS KACHKA

Photographs by Catherine McGann (3).

Knock on Wood

A movie star wonders: Is there room in this town for more than one Woody?

Mr. Harrelson regrets he's unable to chat today. Tomorrow, the next day, and the day after are also looking pretty dicey for discussing his return to Broadway as dreamer and draft-dodger Bill Starbuck in the Roundabout Theatre's revival of N. Richard Nash's modest 1954 success *The Rainmaker.* Bulletins are issued at regular intervals by his publicist and personal assistant—talk about a dodge. "When I'm working, I get obsessed," Woody Harrelson concedes with nicely underplayed penitence when we finally make contact . . . after he's finished three games of full-court hoops. "My ankles have been sprained about 50 times," he says of this second obsession. "I don't like to jump much anymore."

But he does like to stretch. Since the last brew was downed on *Cheers* in 1993, Harrelson, morphing from good ol' boy to Peck's bad boy, went one-on-one with Wesley Snipes in *White Men Can't Jump* and played an overextended yuppie who makes a deal with the devil in *Indecent Proposal,* a white-trash serial murderer in *Natural Born Killers,* and an unregenerate pornographer in *The People vs. Larry Flynt*—a performance that fetched him an Oscar nomination. He spent some of last summer in Minneapolis directing his second play, *Furthest From the Sun,* a semi-autobiographical account of a group of guys in Houston that was pretty much booed out of town. Now he's back on Broadway for the first time since his stint as an understudy in *Biloxi Blues* in 1985. New York critics can't be taken for granted; for every wet kiss to a Calista Flockhart there's a sucker punch to a Quentin Tarantino. "They are going to be gunning, and I think Woody's scared," acknowledges *Rainmaker* director Scott Ellis. "God knows he didn't have to do this, but I think he always wanted to get back to the theater."

"I liked the play," Harrelson says simply. "The movies I was doing, at least half I've been completely dissatisfied with." He also felt an affinity for Starbuck—part Professor Harold Hill, part Elmer Gantry—who over the course of a day arguably changes the weather of a tiny western town and unarguably changes its climate. "I like the idea of this guy coming in and being mistrusted and he has to win these people over."

"We drove over to the theater the other day," says Ellis, "and Woody looked at the marquee with his name on it, and he said, 'I've got butterflies.' "

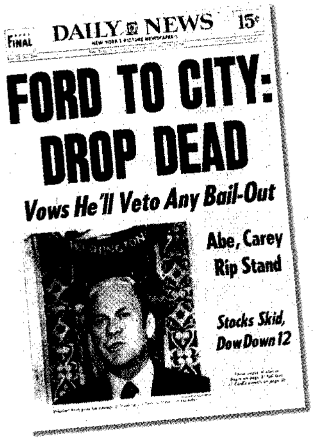
Joanne Kaufman

The Good Fight

Veterans of New York's fiscal crisis reunite for a breakfast of champions.

There was former governor Hugh Carey, playfully sparring with real-estate baron Lew Rudin over who got the city out of debt first. There was Ed Koch, a congressman back in 1975, recalling how no one in Washington would accept that New York couldn't pay its bills: "It was like someone coming out of a concentration camp and saying, 'They're killing people!' and no one believing them." And there were Schuyler Chapin, Richard Ravitch, C. Virginia Fields, Samuel LeFrak, and Arthur Schlesinger Jr.—all looking on as labor *macher* Victor Gotbaum praised the city's blue-blood and blue-collar worlds for joining forces to ride out New York's great fiscal crisis. "We found each other," Gotbaum said, "and it was nothing short of brilliant."

For many who endured it, the fiscal crisis lives on as New York's own private Alamo—a watershed moment when the city came together to fight insolvency. And so at last week's breakfast celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Citizens Committee for New York City—the nonprofit that was born of the fiscal crisis—talk shifted easily to the good old bad old days. "This is kind of like Old-Timers' Day with the Yankees," former Chemical Bank chief John McGillicuddy said. Citizens Committee chairman Osborn Elliott, a former deputy to Mayor Abe Beame, saw it more romantically as a reunion of "warriors who dwelt at the precipice a quarter of a century ago."



FINAL DAILY NEWS 15¢

FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD

Vows He'll Veto Any Bail-Out

Abe, Carey Rip Stand

Stocks Skid, Dow Down 12

In the city's darkest hour, the committee, the creation of then-senator Jacob Javits, recruited thousands of volunteers to join neighborhood associations. Some actually filled vacant city jobs for no pay. The accomplishment harks back to a time when community activism meant more than closing a porno theater or boycotting a big retailer—it meant helping clean the streets and setting up security patrols. "What times we lived through back then—scary, challenging, exhilarating," Elliott said.

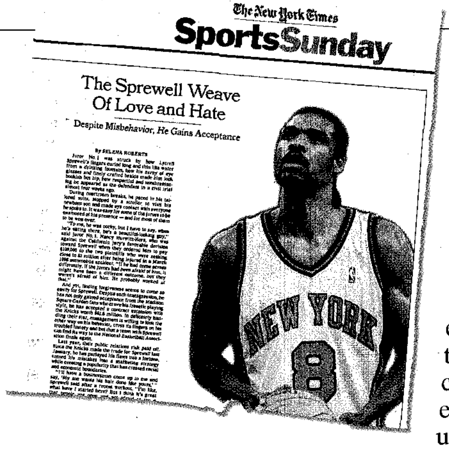
In the warm glow of nostalgia, even Gerald Ford, the legendary bad guy of the crisis, got off easy. "Gerry never said 'Drop dead' to New York City in any form," Carey insisted. Eventually, Ford gave New York a loan, insisting first that Carey personally guarantee it. Now even *that* debt has become the stuff of legend. "Once upon a time," Carey said with a grin, "I was worth $3.6 billion."

Robert Kolker

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

The Color Purple

So what if Selena Roberts gets carried away?



The New York Times
SportsSunday

The Sprewell Weave
Of Love and Hate

Despite Misbehavior, He Gains Acceptance

By SELENA ROBERTS

LAST SPRING, SHE WAS THE first thing I reached for every morning, the only reason I had for getting out of bed: Selena Roberts, Knicks-beat writer at the *Times.* It was a long, dry summer without her.

Now, with the start of the new basketball season, she's back, and the *Times* let us know last week, splashing her preview as the centerpiece of the Sports Sunday section. Yes, her prose was tinted a little purple, describing Latrell Sprewell's fingers as curling "long and thin like water from a drinking fountain," but Roberts, if occasionally overwrought, is still the best sportswriter in town. To compare her with the rest of the journalists who cover the Knicks is to observe—as she did last week about the change in Sprewell's play during the game against Chicago—"the difference between Muzak and rock 'n' roll." Indeed, after Roberts filed her report on the team's game-five playoff win in Miami, in which she noted that Allan Houston was "curled around Dan Majerle as tightly as a stripe on a candy cane," *Times* executive editor Joseph Lelyveld posted a memo imploring the entire staff, "Do yourself a favor, if you haven't already done so, and slowly read the first five sentences of Selena Roberts's lead story.... That's writing—heart-stopping, incandescent, all-star writing."

I often wonder if she has a list of metaphors stored up, merely waiting for the appropriate scenario to arrive. A close loss to Philadelphia frustrated the Knicks "like trying to catch a dollar bill swirling through the air." John Starks walked "with the excited bounce of Pooh's buddy Tigger every time he approached the scorer's table." When she covered the Nets in '97, their very short four-guard lineup looked "as if it had just come out of the spin cycle."

And she can report as well as she can write. Last season she told us about the adolescent friendship that had quietly formed between the team's malcontent newcomers Sprewell and Marcus Camby. She visited Allan Houston's mother back home in Louisville, Kentucky, and watched her cleaning up in the basement, in the kitchen, all over the house while her son led the Knicks to a playoff win over Indiana, because she was too nervous to watch. There was her vignette in which Larry Johnson got benched late in a foregone loss to Charlotte and whispered to Jeff Van Gundy, "I let you down," while his coach gave him a consoling pat. And Chris Childs told her, in what might still be the only remotely critical on-the-record comment from a Knicks teammate on Sprewell: "Latrell is whatever the opposite of easy is."

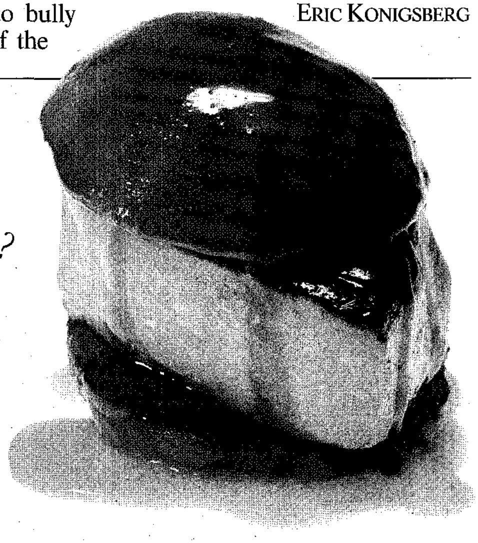
It's true that other New York sportswriters sometimes get deeper into the more rarefied NBA circles—the *Post's* Peter Vecsey's pearls of scuttlebutt from the league's front offices come to mind—but Roberts is the one the players respect. When she shows up after practice, the Knicks high-five her. She doesn't try to bully them like some of the older sportswriters, and never mind any feminine wiles—Frank Isola of the *Daily News* flirts with the players more than she does.

But when Roberts works the floor, the rest of the press corps pricks up its ears. One slow Saturday after practice last season, none of the other guys had anything to write about and were standing around looking for their story. Roberts sidled up to Dennis Scott, a onetime king of the three-pointer who was a Knick for about a minute, and asked him why he was shooting so cold. The other writers didn't even pretend not to be listening. And the next day, they all produced their own versions of *her* story. When Selena Roberts sneezes, every other sports page catches cold.

ERIC KONIGSBERG

Peaking Duck

Is New York being force-fed foie gras?



"IT'S LIKE DRIVING A BMW," PROCLAIMS Scott Campbell, chef-owner at Avenue, as he doles out sautéed foie gras with caramelized figs at Peter Kump's cooking school. "A luxury item that certain people just want to indulge in." Wafer-thin fashion flacks and underpaid reporters are swarming the test kitchen at a feast celebrating Michael Ginor's new book, *Foie Gras: A Passion.*

In the bull-market gold rush that has New Yorkers uncorking $1,200 bottles of 1970 Château Pétrus and popping white truffles like bonbons, foie gras—the fattened liver of a duck or goose—has become the roasted free-range chicken of the *fin de siècle.* Once the revered specialty of Michelin chefs, the firm beige block of fat is now being hawked in every corner bistro around town. Ginor's Hudson Valley Foie Gras churns out most of the American supply, a fattier version of its French counterpart (farmers here force-feed the birds for 28 days compared with the standard 18 days in France). Ginor, his corpulent figure a testimony to his love for the luxe liver, couldn't be happier about his product's newfound mass appeal: "You can sauté it, poach it, you can make it sweet, savory, even spicy!" Traditionalists, however, like Le Bernardin's four-star chef, Antibes-born Eric Ripert, lament the new liver mania: "If I saw foie gras paired with Indian spices on a menu," he sniffs, "I'd run."

But it may be too late: Customers are stretching their jaws around Anne Rosenzweig's foie gras club sandwich at the Lobster Club, munching on foie gras rolls at Inagiku, slicing into foie gras empanadas at Patria. Wall Street raiders gorge on three different foie gras appetizers at the financial district's Bayard's—including a whole roasted version carved tableside. Can it be long before we see hungry hordes lining up for their Quarter Pounders?

MAURA EGAN

Photograph by Gideon Lewin from *Foie Gras: A Passion.*

THE SCENE

All the Trimmings

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

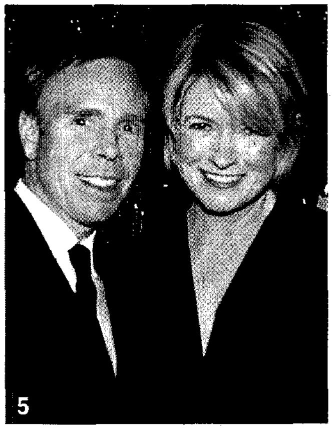
THE SUBTERRANEAN LAIR SERENA'S WAS AWASH WITH ANIMAL prints and pretty young things when the CFDA hosted a party for accessory designers on November 1. Seventh Avenue royalty like Nicole Miller and Kenneth Cole—who wore a pair of his own black leather lace-ups—popped in, and Cynthia Rowley, clutching one of her own pastel handbags, chatted with the CFDA's executive director and fashion's den mother, Fern Mallis. But tonight's stars were the unsung heroes of fashion, the people who outfit swanlike necks, delicate wrists, and coiffed crowns with their baubles, belts, and bags. Despite their bright-red name tags, though, it was still a guessing game for some: One guest well-versed in Calvin and Ralph (Lauren himself was once a struggling tie designer) confided, "I'm not sure who people are. I recognized Colette Malouf [known for her architectural hair jewelry], but I confused Tony Valentine [shoes] with Rafe Totengco [handbags]." There was one accessories designer, at least, who was unmistakable. Arriving late, with her husband, Andy, in tow, she had her name emblazoned right there on her own oversize leather tote, just in case there was any doubt: KATE SPADE. MAURA EGAN

1

2

3

4


5

6

7

8

9

1. Janis Savitt and Kenneth Cole at the CFDA party. 2. Philip Johnson and Anna Wintour at the Dia Center for the Arts annual fall gala. 3. Tyra Banks and Miss Universe, Mpule Kwelagobe, at the Absolut Africa benefit at the Puck Building. 4. Elton John and Moby at *Interview*'s thirtieth-anniversary party at Canteen. 5. Tommy Hilfiger and Martha Stewart at the New York Council for the Humanities benefit dinner honoring Stewart. 6. Lou Reed and Ana Condo at *The Class of Click* book-release party at Broadway City. 7. Virginia Madsen and Azzedine Alaïa at the Assouline Publishing new-books party at the Madison Avenue Bookshop. 8. Robert F. Kennedy Jr. and Mitsuko Akimaru at the opening of the Stream store in SoHo. 9. Barbara Smith and Florence Henderson at the launch of *B. Smith* magazine at Smith's restaurant Three-Twenty.

Five years ago, the city of New York experienced something very special. Something... quite extraordinary. It was a birth. A birth of a radical new era in sports and fitness. They called it Reebok Sports Club/NY. And it was like nothing that had ever come before.

But that was then. And this is now.

Now the same brilliant minds have given birth once again. Only this time, they've gone one step further. To a new level. A new dimension. Celebrating one perfect time, two perfect places. Celebrating the future of fitness in the millennium.

ANNOUNCING

THE SPORTS CLUB/LA
NEW YORK

ROCKEFELLER CENTER
45 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA NEW YORK, NY 10111 (212) 218 8600

UPPER EAST SIDE
330 E. 61ST STREET NEW YORK, NY 10021 (212) 355 5100

THE FINEST SPORTS AND FITNESS COMPLEX IN THE WORLD

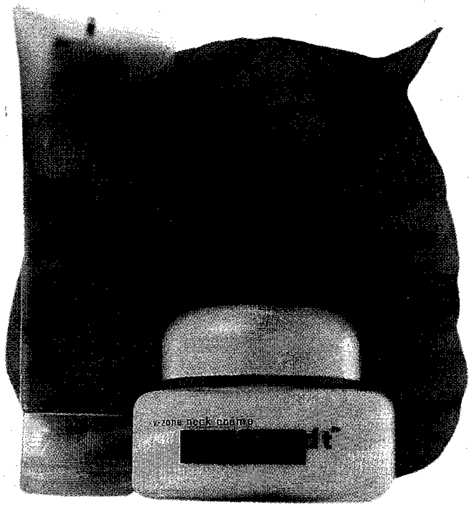
GOTHAMSTYLE

BANANA REPUBLIC cashmere

Over-the-Counter Remedies

When dermatologists started shying away from treating psoriasis in favor of giving botox and collagen injections, they also started enjoying the kind of celebrity status usually reserved for star hairstylists. Now doctors are bringing their clinical creams out of the medicine cabinet to department-store beauty counters: Dr. Fredric Brandt debuts Brandt, a line including antioxidant cream for collagen-enhanced skin, at Bergdorf Goodman this month; the laser-treated can pick up Dr. Jennifer Biglow's Z. Bigatti Labs Re-Storation skin treatments at Henri Bendel; and devotees of Dr. Howard Sobel can firm up with DDF's Retinol Energizing Body Lotion at Sephora. Even hairdressers are turning to their favorite skin doctors for a second opinion: Salon AKS has had its product line endorsed by Dr. Dennis Gross. Move over, Frédéric Fekkai.

Beth Landman Keil

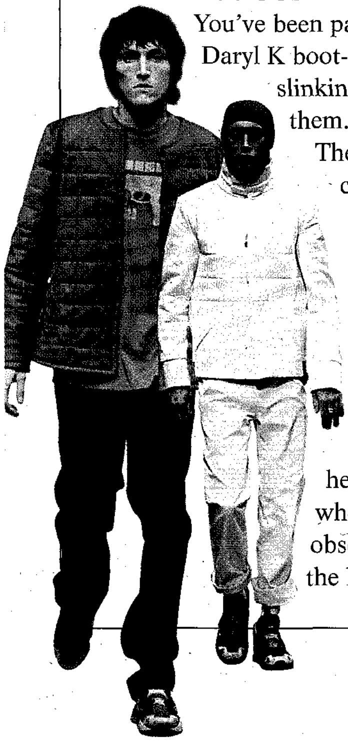


Dolly Llama

Pack away your pashmina and ship off your shahtoosh: This season's must-have accessory is turning out to be llama. Banana Republic features the furry four-legged friend wrapped in a scarf for its winter cashmere campaign, and Holland & Holland's latest spread shows a llama hoofing about with a mink messenger bag and leather totes. Shoe designer Steve Madden has picked up on the Peruvian pet, too; his "it" animal sashays about with a model on Bleecker Street in his television spots. As with any trend, of course, there are some people who say they were there first. "They look so snooty," explains Jo Ann McGrath, editor of *Llama Life II* magazine, "that anything looks good on them."

Suny Sehgal

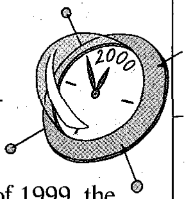
Trouser Pressed

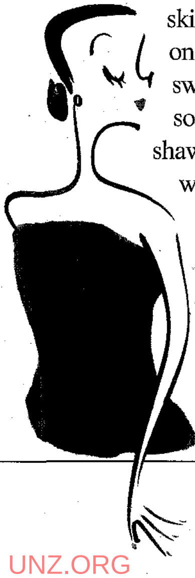


You've been panting over your roommate's Daryl K boot-cuts ever since she took to slinking around your apartment in them. Now you can get your own: The downtown trouser guru has created FIR (Gaelic for "man"), a clothing line for her male fans. The capsule collection is only eighteen pieces strong, and the leather jeans and cotton-and-fur hoodies have already sold out. If you miss the rest, you can always head to the women's racks—where male shoppers have been observed covertly slipping into the larger sizes.

David Amsden

MILLENNIUM WATCH





Now that you've committed yourself to a high-ticket party and a ball-gown skirt for celebrating the last hours of 1999, the only challenge is to find the right top. Cashmere sweater sets were over by the end of last season's charity circuit, and so were those damn shawls. Here's something everyone else won't be wearing: Zitomer's "millennium vest," a form-fitting mink bustier ($800). Sure, you may regret the extravagant purchase while you struggle to keep the strapless top above waist level as you boogie on the dance floor, but at least it'll keep you warm later, when you're searching the city streets for an empty taxi.

B.L.K.

Photographs: clockwise from bottom right, Michael Kraus; Dan Lecca (2); Joseph Scafuro. Illustrations: from left, Sharon Watts; Ingo Fast.

© Disney

ABC PRESENTS THE DISNEY COLLECTION

For a limited time only, ABC will offer beautiful hand-made rugs featuring your favorite Disney characters.
Choose from over 100 colors to create your very own Disney character rug.
All the rugs are custom made in Nepal of fine, 100% wool.
Call (212) 473-3000, ext. 450 for further information.

MICKEY UNLIMITED

Bronx, NY
055 Bronx River Ave.
(718) 842-8770

Delray Beach, FL
777 South Congress
(561) 279-7777

ABC
CARPET & HOME

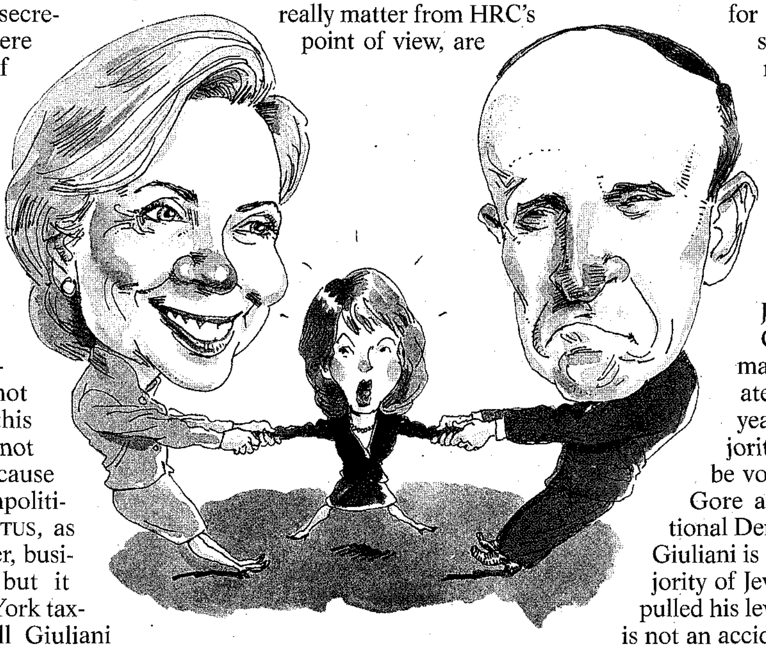
Manhattan
881 & 888 Broadway
(212) 473-3000, (212) 674-1144

London, UK
ABC Carpet at Harrods, 3rd Fl.
(+44) 171 730 1234

THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

The Zabar's Vote

The battle for Pat Moynihan's Senate seat will ultimately focus on the 8 percent of voters, many of them liberal New York City Jews, still uncertain about Hill or Rudy.



FACT: IN DECADES, NO NEW YORK Democrat has won a statewide election without corralling around two thirds of the Jewish vote.

Fact: Most polls show Hillary Clinton at around 50 percent with Jews.

Question: Guess where she's going this week?

Answer: It ain't Grossinger's.

She'll start off her week in Israel, says her White House press secretary, Marsha Berry, where she'll speak at a dinner of the Rabin Foundation, and then skip up to Jordan, where she'll meet with Queen Rania (don't worry, Queen Noor is still kicking; this is the son's wife). Tête-à-têtes with political leaders are not yet scheduled, but you can be relatively certain they will not include Arafat. I got this from Marsha Berry and not the campaign people because this is one of those "nonpolitical" trips of official FLOTUS, as the Secret Service calls her, business; yep, it's cheesy, but it probably is costing New York taxpayers less than the bill Giuliani stuck us with in making us endure that whole charter lunacy.

Anyway. Hillary's got a problem here. In fact, you could say that this is *the* problem, the central question of this campaign, at least from a mathematical point of view. The *Times* had a big poll last week, which it ran on the front page, about how voters' perceptions of Mrs. Clinton have grown more negative in these past months that she's been traversing the state, and mostly about how small the undecided vote is in this election that's still a year off. Only about 8 percent of likely voters haven't made up their minds.

What the *Times* story didn't explore is, Who are they? According to other recent polls, they're a little of this, a little of that. "Undecided" is supposedly higher upstate than down. A little higher among white Catholics than among Jews, although it should be noted that we're dealing here with really small numerical subgroups—in a poll surveying 700 people, maybe 125 will be Jewish—that don't mean a thing.

So to blazes with these polls. I've done this long enough now to have earned the right to go by hunch, and my hunch is this: The undecided, or the ones who really matter from HRC's point of view, are downstaters. City people and suburbanites. Democrats, mostly, who vote Democratic but may well have voted for Giuliani in 1997, if they live in the city, and, if they're in the 'burbs, are impressed by the cleaner and safer theater district. And not wholly, but primarily, Jewish.

A couple of numbers. In 1996, in New York State, Bob Dole got about 16 percent of the Jewish vote. In 1997, running in the city, Ruth Messinger got 27 percent of Jewish voters. The state and city are different entities, of course, but basically, that's your hard-shell right and left, 43 percent. The other 57 percent, says one Jewish community leader, "are in between, and they swing. They can vote for either party."

Now, two more figures worth bearing in mind: In 1992, Bob Abrams, running for Senate against Al D'Amato, got about 60 percent of the Jewish vote and lost the election by 2 percent. Last year, against D'Amato, Chuck Schumer took about 75 percent of the Jewish vote and won by 10 percent. Do the math. Democrats need two thirds.

How does she get there?

One possible answer is that she doesn't. "I think Giuliani has to make a mistake for her to get the two thirds," says the Jewish leader. It's not difficult to imagine Giuliani making any number of mistakes in this race, but one category of mistake he seems unlikely to make is with Jews—in his three races for mayor, he's never won less than 63 percent of the Jewish vote.

Of course, this is not a mayoral election. It's a Senate election, in a presidential year no less, when a vast majority of Jews will presumably be voting for Bill Bradley or Al Gore and falling into the traditional Democratic column. Even so, Giuliani is formidable, because a majority of Jews in New York City have pulled his lever three times now, which is not an accident but a habit. Including Jews from some unlikely places: In 1997, he actually beat Messinger on the Upper West Side. Which means Hillary's going to have to fight for votes that at first blush would seem hers for the taking. It's one of the signal changes in New York politics of the Giuliani era—that the local Democratic Party became so, you know, *farblondjet* that the swing vote is now liberal Jews. "The Zabar's vote," as one high-ranking elected Democrat said to me recently.

And how's she doing with them so far? Assemblyman Scott Stringer, who represents the Upper West Side, says that while there's enthusiasm for her among some of his constituents, "there are a lot of people who are certainly taking a wait-

Illustration by Joe Ciardiello.

and-see attitude with respect to her."

Stringer sees hope in the rotten egg the mayor laid last week on the charter vote. "It tells me that the liberal Jews who voted for Rudy have now transitioned into the post-Giuliani era," he says. "We Democrats have to figure out how to exploit that. But she has a shot at those votes now." That may be reading too much into an election in which the turnout was 11 percent; on the other hand, the shocking margin of defeat says that hyperinformed voters, which includes many Jews, were pretty angry about this plangent scam-ola, and he's worse off with these voters because of it and because of his foray as an art critic, which a federal judge threw the book at just the day before the charter vote.

EXPERTS SAY IT'LL COME DOWN TO ISSUES: first, Israel, on which Giuliani's position of fealty is not in doubt and hers is, to some Jews very much so; second, the usual raft of domestic issues, on which more Jews agree with her than with the mayor; third, the twists and turns no one can predict, such as, will she react adroitly if the peace process zigs off in an unexpected or surly direction?

> *"It'll come down to issues: first, Israel, on which* **Giuliani's position of fealty** *is not in doubt and hers is, to some Jews very much so; second, domestic issues, on which more Jews agree with her than with the mayor."*

All true. But I think her success among Jews will also come down to cultural questions, and questions of how she does it. So far, it's looked pretty forced—the revelations about her distant Jewish relatives, the demand for a federal probe into the Ari Halberstam case, the letter calling Jerusalem Israel's indivisible capital. She'll need to be a little subtler than that. But she can't be too subtle—she's got a year to gain fifteen points, and a year may be a long time, but fifteen is a lot of points.

Tick, tock. ▬

E-mail: tomasky@aol.com

THIS IS THE ONLY INVESTMENT TOOL I NEED...
Give me value and accessibility and I'll take it from there.

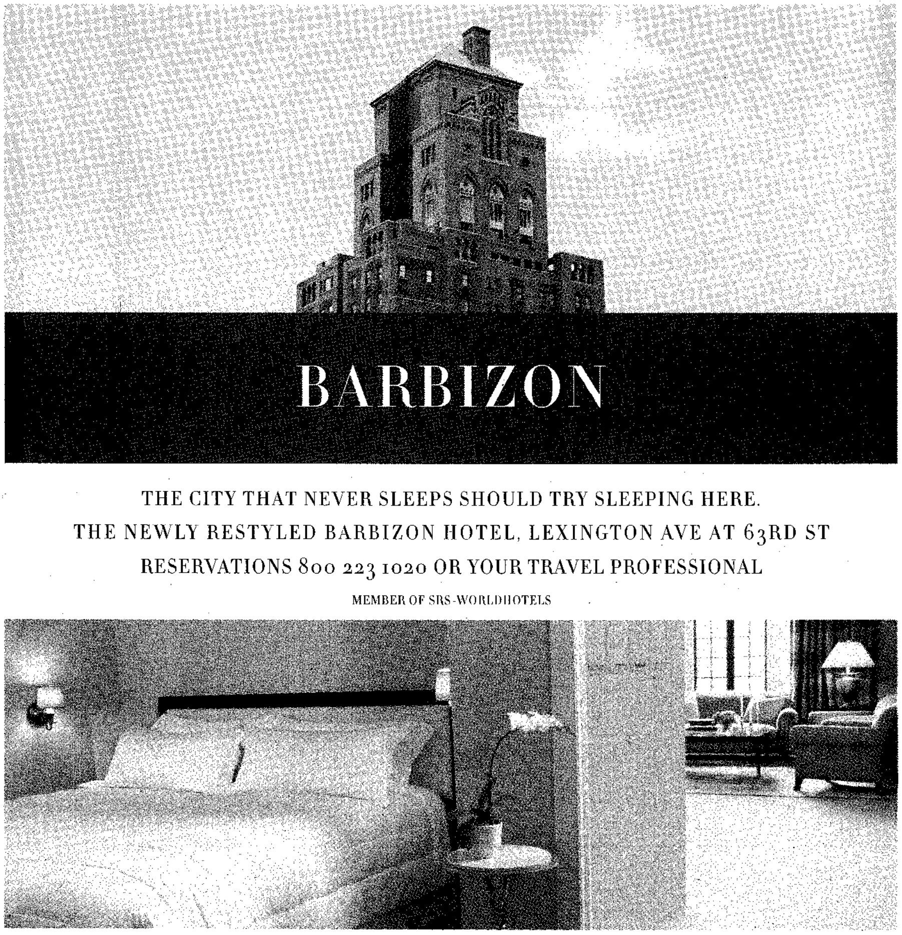
For More Information Call ***1-877-88DATEK***
*$9.99 for Any Online Trade**
*Free Real-Time Streaming Quotes***
*Extended Hours Trading****
24 Hour Customer Support

DATEK ONLINE
www.datek.com

23F-4C

* Up to 5000 Shares ** Real-time quote privileges differ for professional users. *** For Nasdaq Limit Orders only. Represented exclusively by The Island ECN. ©1999 Datek Online Brokerage Services, LLC. Member NASD/SIPC.

power to move the market www.isld.com
The Island ECN member NASD/SIPC


BARBIZON

THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS SHOULD TRY SLEEPING HERE.
THE NEWLY RESTYLED BARBIZON HOTEL, LEXINGTON AVE AT 63RD ST
RESERVATIONS 800 223 1020 OR YOUR TRAVEL PROFESSIONAL
MEMBER OF SRS-WORLDHOTELS

MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

Fast 'n' Hot

What's the hottest new magazine out there? It's not the one about celebrity cachet and power. It's the one about the new economy, stupid.

THE MOST SURPRISING THING about Mort Zuckerman's media career—perhaps the most surprising thing even to Mort Zuckerman—is that it is going to make him an incredible amount of money. What he stands to make in the media business may surpass even his margins in the real-estate business.

It might or might not be ironic that the media property that is going to make him all this money is the one he has had the least to do with. Zuckerman, whose properties include the *Daily News, U.S. News & World Report,* and (until its sale a month ago) *The Atlantic Monthly,* went into the media business, like many rich men before him, to increase his social cachet, celebrity standing, and political power. The property, however, that is going to make him all this money—it is for sale with an asking price of as much as $200 million—is one that is uninterested in (even ignorant of) the chattering classes, deeply resistant to celebrity culture, and blissfully uninvolved with politics.

In fact, that's the formula—eschewing cachet, celebrity, and politics; the Zuckerman antidote, you could almost call it ("Don't believe all the recent buzz about the rise of the individual. As we move into the next century, both our work and leisure activities will require stronger team, organizational, or community affiliations," proclaims the magazine, quoting psychologist Maureen O'Hara)—that has made the Zuckerman-owned *Fast Company* the hottest magazine in the country. Quite possibly there is no one more shocked by *Fast Company*'s unlikely success than Mort Zuckerman himself.

Actually, there is probably at least one other person who is as shocked, and that is Tina Brown.

Talk, of course, was supposed to become the year's hot magazine by applying the Tina formula: highlight and exalt those individuals who by dint of audacity, originality, beauty (or even ugliness; remember her famous profile of the Manhattan dominatrix), obnoxiousness, perversity, brutishness, brilliance, lineage, and/or wealth have risen above the rest of us. All well and good. But if *Fast Company* is hot—its current issue is a *Vogue*-size 450 pages—and if it has gotten hot by creating a world where social class doesn't exist, where hierarchies are flattened, where no one is edgy or ironic or even all that verbal, where the group replaces the individual, and where you can be really, really successful, even billion-dollar successful (success is ultimately the point about *Fast Company* as well as Tina Brown's magazines) without having to become Ronald Perelman, well, you can see how it might be hard for both visions of success to be hot at the same time.

HOT IS NOT SO MUCH A DESCRIPTION OF A magazine as a status. Although it is less codified than "best-seller" for books, or "hit" for movie, or "front-runner" for politician, it is no less meaningful. Achieving heat is how a magazine without limitless resources (i.e., a consumer magazine not published by Time Inc., Hearst, or Condé Nast) survives its start-up phase (there are many other, potentially mortal, issues that occur after that phase).

Heat happens quickly, customarily within a magazine's first year—that is, before its numbers (circulation, renewal rates, demographic profile) are audited and disseminated to the advertising agencies who will or will not put the magazine on a media schedule. Heat, in other words, is not reality—but heat helps create reality. Heat is a big first weekend. Heat is an unexpected showing in the Iowa caucuses. Heat is the Big Mo.

Heat starts at the newsstand. A really successful magazine, reliably positioned up in the front even with special racks, sells only half the copies it puts out. So when, for instance, *Wired,* in 1993, sold out its first issue, then the second, then the third (although the total number of copies sold was a fraction of an established magazine's), rumors of heat began. Then there's the mail drop: the first 250,000 or so subscription offers sent to a list of names of people who have bought other similar magazines. A "soft offer," that is, "no risk, no obligation, first three issues free" (as close as it comes to "we pay you"), customarily entices 1½ to 3 percent of recipients to return the no-postage-required card (less than half of whom will ultimately write a check), so when word began to circulate that *Spy,* in an early drop, was hitting 7 and 8 and 9 percent, that was hot.

But most of all, the estimate of heat lies with a group of recent college graduates employed by multinational advertising agencies who are known as media buyers. It is their taste and hankerings and inclinations and general feeling for the Zeitgeist (and sometimes what parties they have been invited to—although the *Talk* party does not seem to have helped *Talk*) that most of all determines the temperature of a new magazine. "God, you are so ass-kicking hot!" said a young woman with a name tag that put her in the media department at a worldwide ad agency to Alan Webber, the former *Harvard Business Review* editor and nebbishy co-founder of *Fast Company.* We were sitting together on a magazine-industry panel where I was ignoring him (and what

STATE OF THE NEW ECONOMY
21
es for the 21st C

Illustration by Scott Menchin.

I thought, at the time of its sixth or seventh issue, was his pretty lame magazine) to talk to one of the *Wired* art directors. (In another instance of missing this particular next big thing, I commiserated with the father of my high-school classmate Bill Breen, who took a job as senior editor at *Fast Company* after his stint at the short-lived environmental magazine *Garbage*. I agreed with his father, a television career man, that it was almost impossible to make a career in the magazine business outside New York.)

MY THEORY IS THAT A HOT MAGAZINE IS like a motivational speech (*Fast Company* is sort of *Harvard Business Review*–meets–Montel Williams). The hot magazine defines a world and then convinces you that it's your duty to be part of it—most often by suggesting that you are the only one who isn't already part of it.

In the *Cosmo* world, everyone was maniacally and euphorically dating but you; in the *Playboy* world, everyone was having sex but you; in the *Rolling Stone* world, everyone was in the counterculture but you; in the *Vanity Fair* world, everyone was a celebrity (or at least knew celebrities) but you; in the *Wired* world, everyone *got it* but you.

Each of these magazines created an entirely coherent, fully operational, minutely detailed fictional world into which the magazine itself was the only door.

In the *Fast Company* world (which emanates from a colorful, open-plan, architecturally nuanced office in Boston's North End—rather like the office of the magazine in the television show *Suddenly Susan*), everyone works for a rational, progressive, evolving company, is approximately the same age, and is involved in a gratifying personal economic leap forward—except you, the reader, who still works with no equity for a bunch of old-fart jerks at a Paleolithic top-down company.

"Work is personal," declares *Fast Company*. "It is the ultimate promise of the new world of business—a world in which people work not only to achieve material comfort but also to have a sense of mission and fun."

Unlike *Wired*, once the bible of the techno-hip but increasingly a *Fast Company* imitator, it's not about who's smart and who's not; it's about just joining—and anyone can join (if you're a joiner). "There has never been a better time to make a radical career change—to transform yourself from a prosecutor into a video-game producer, from a jazz musician into a business consultant," advises the magazine.

Fast Company is the opposite of *Manhattan, inc.*, the breakthrough cultural cross-over business magazine of the eighties. Where *Manhattan, inc.* transformed business journalism, deifying the individual executive, entrepreneur, and CEO—creating the notion of the business celebrity—*Fast Company*, populated by people who say things like the best use of their time is to "just listen to others," celebrates the group and is disdainful of the lone wolf. Helena Cronin, a "neo-Darwinist" who is profiled in the magazine's current issue, takes issue with Andy Grove's famous credo "only the paranoid survive," saying that today competition favors the generous (although it does seem that her point about altruism is that it gets you what you want).

> *"In the* Fast Company *world, everyone works for a rational, progressive, evolving company, is approximately the same age, and is involved in a gratifying personal economic leap forward—* **except you.** *"*

Fast Company, which has never put a celebrity on its cover, is about as far as you can get from *Vanity Fair*—there is no New York or Los Angeles in the *Fast Company* world; there are no dinner parties; there is no décor; there is no gossip; there is no power or power center or power people in a disintermediated, disaggregated, and distributed world.

And yet, it succeeds, becomes hot, on the same basis as those other magazines. It creates a strikingly catholic, homogeneous, uncomplicated fictional world. I know it is fiction, because I know many of the sensitive, honor-the-group-dynamic, new-economy executives you find in *Fast Company*'s pages—and in real life they are serious motherfuckers.

But that is hardly the point—or it *is* the point, to be able to turn reality on its head. In the *Fast Company* world, you can believably climb great economic mountains without being corrupted, without offending anyone, without losing your friends, practically without leaving your dorm room. Indeed, for a magazine that proclaims itself to be about change—a handbook for the new economy—it is most fundamentally about how you can remain as you are. Arrested adolescent development, in other words. "The magazine for the *Friends* generation," says *Advertising Age* columnist Randall Rothenberg.

My wife, who carries a grudge against many businessmen and their bad behavior, now quotes from *Fast Company*, and, ever-so-annoyingly, marks articles with Post-it notes for me to read.

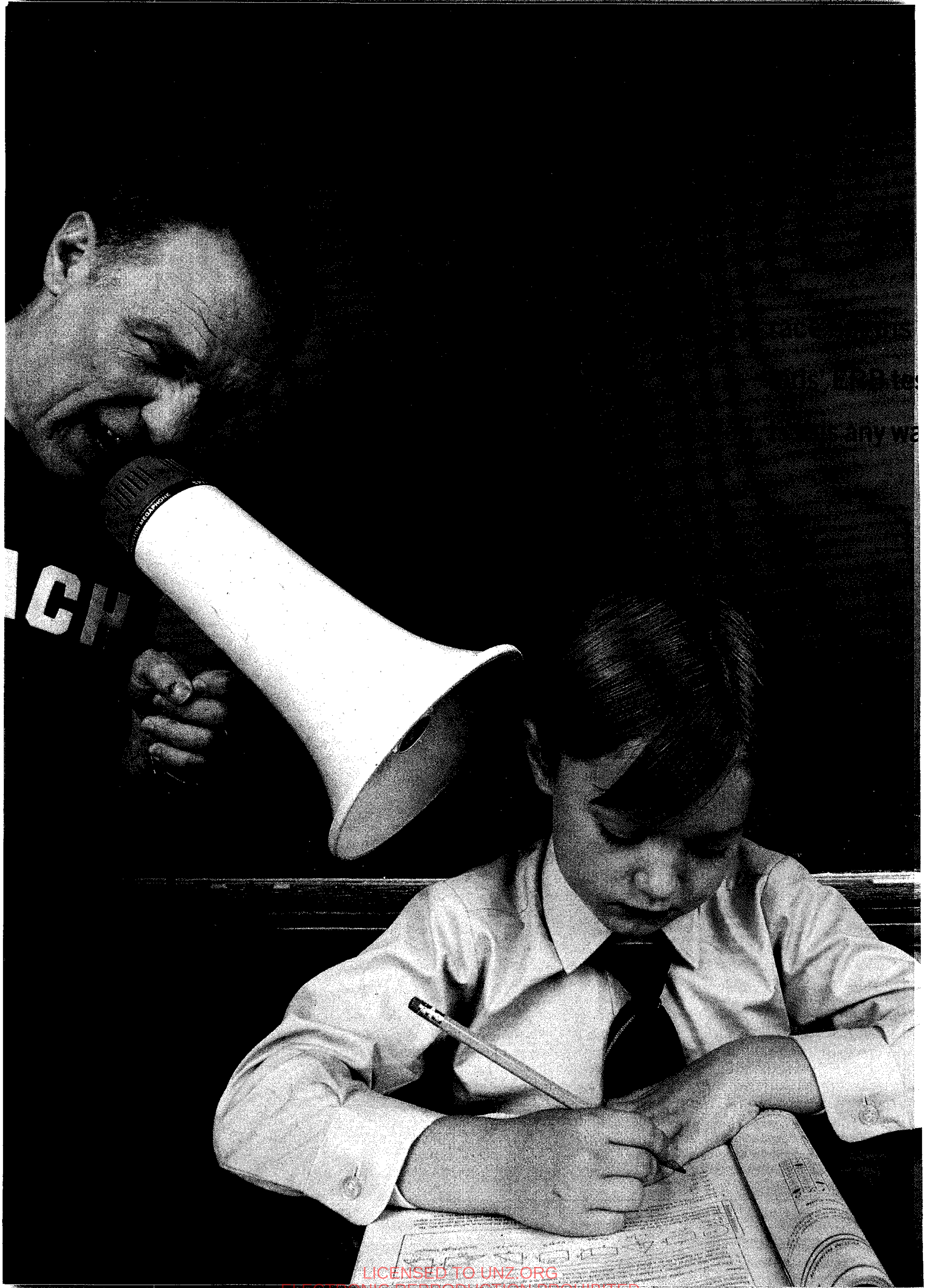
THE QUESTION THAT IS MOST FREQUENTLY asked is not why *Fast Company* (which is not much read by the New York media set) is succeeding but why *Talk* is failing. These are, though, I think, the same question.

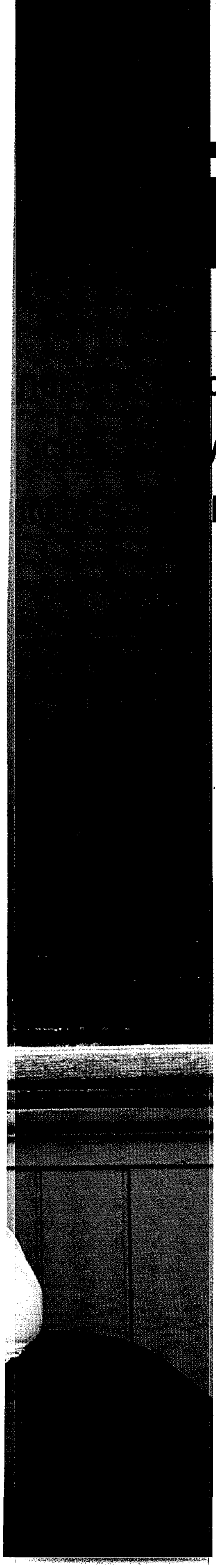
Tina Brown's idea of success and glamour seems suddenly—overnight, practically—hoary, creepy, and seriously out of touch (Liz Taylor and Arnold Schwarzenegger? Huh?). In the world of Tina Brown—and that of *Fast Company*'s chairman, Mort Zuckerman—a mogul is the sexiest thing. In the *Fast Company* world, it's middle managers we get goo-goo-eyed over. Now, these worlds are not necessarily that far apart. Mort and Tina's world is the world of the old yuppie; *Fast Company*'s is the new yuppie. But the old yuppie wanted to separate from the pack (big house, prestige car, trophy wife), whereas the new yuppie is very much a group animal (kids move in groups, as every trend-spotter knows), hanging with his office buds (each as rich on stock options as the other).

Obviously, the central fantasy about success—who is one and who isn't one, who will be one and how might I become one—hasn't changed. But in a relatively short period—no more than 24 months, really—the context of success, and its style, and its faces have changed profoundly (and comically). The Dilbert cubicle–Diet Coke–technopark–networking–business plan world has created wealth in such vast proportions that it makes the Mort-and-Tina-Hollywood-Hamptons version of success look shabby and worn.

Which, of course, brings us to Martha . . .

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com


ACH
MEGAPHONE



ling at Four

l, as some parents try to boost their
means necessary in order to get them into the right
hildren? By Ralph Gardner Jr.

On a night last fall, a 4-year-old stayed up 45 minutes past his bedtime—and it almost changed his life forever.

The next morning, the boy was scheduled to take the independent-schools standardized admissions test, a full-bore IQ test known colloquially as the ERB. But his parents, Cynthia and David, had gone out the previous night and forgotten to tell their baby-sitter to have their son in bed by 7:30. He went to sleep at 8:15.

They may have forgotten because they had little reason to be concerned. They already had a daughter at one of the city's top girls' schools. And both parents had attended Manhattan private schools themselves. They thought the knew the ropes. Besides, they believed their son Andrew* was a very smart little boy.

"I thought I'd have a choice of schools," Cynthia says. "He was a bright penny. He caught things quickly. You could see the wheels were spinning."

But when he arrived at the offices of the Educational Records Bureau on East 42nd Street, Andrew wasn't exhibiting his normal sparkle. "It makes a difference," his mother insists. "He's an early riser."

Cynthia began to worry as soon as his examiner led him off to the testing room. "I just had a bad feeling, and sure enough the tester comes out and says, 'I think you've got a tired little boy,' " she remembers. "My heart sank. It was just awful. I could have kicked myself. How could I blow it like that? The results proved me right. He didn't even pick up his pencil to do the mazes, and the tester noted this. His scores were very skewed. He did well on the verbal and abysmal on the mazes."

One might accuse Cynthia of overreacting. After all, how meaningful can a single test be—especially when the test-takers are 4-year-olds, a demographic group notoriously susceptible to hunger, fatigue, and the sounds of traffic? Unfortunately, she wasn't. With fewer families, flush with their Wall Street winnings, fleeing the city for the suburbs, private schools have become more selective than ever. And even though admissions directors insist the test is only one variable they use in deciding which children to accept, those without high scores need not apply to the top tier.

Parents, aware of the exam's power, have turned their children's fourth year, a year that rightly ought to be devoted to imaginary tea parties and playing tag with friends, into a yearlong study hall filled with snap vocabulary and arithmetic quizzes—at what cost to their children no

Photographed by **LEGO/CUT THE FAT**

one yet seems to know. "She could learn to cut a spiral at 4 or 6," observes a preschool head, referring to one common developmental test. "But if you lose the time for a tea party and the kind of creative thinking and social interactions, it's gone. They could learn to read at 4, 5, 6, or 7. But if they're forced to read at 4, they're missing something. There's only a certain amount of time and emotional energy.

"Every January, I have very sad feelings about the process," she continues, "that children are made so anxious, that parents are made so anxious. I'm really a teacher. My job isn't about next year. My job is to make it right today.

"I used to think things would change," she concludes. "I used to think it would get worse and worse and then get better. But now I know it gets worse and worse and worse and worse."

Some ambitious families, believing their child's destiny, not to mention the family's honor, depends on scoring in the 98th percentile, are even having their toddlers professionally tutored to ace the test. "It's no longer a level playing field," says Elisabeth Krents, the director of admissions for the Dalton School's First Program. "There are people who are teaching the test to 4-year-olds. As a school that prides itself on ethics, I have a real hard time with what's happening."

Krents recalls the mother—perhaps less sophisticated than some—who admitted that her kid had been tutored. "She proudly told me, 'The ERB coach I got told me my child only needs coaching three times a week as opposed to five times a week.' "

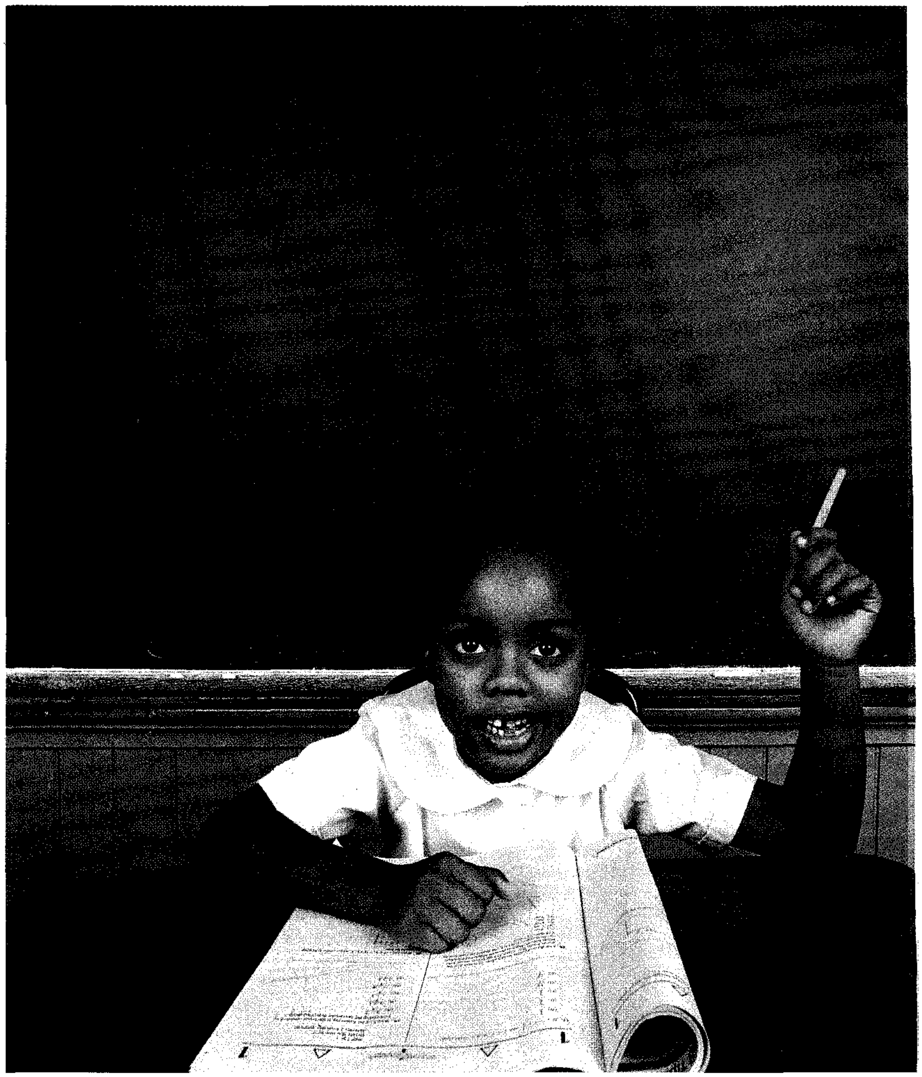
Krents doesn't know where the child ended up for kindergarten, but it wasn't Dalton.

THOUGH THE EXAM IS COLLOQUIALLY known as the ERB, the Educational Records Bureau is simply the organization that administers it. The actual exam is the revised Wechsler Preschool and Primary Scale of Intelligence—the WPPSI for short. It is composed of verbal and performance subtests designed to explore everything from a child's vocabulary to his ability to perform fine motor skills and solve math problems. The test usually runs between 45 minutes and one hour in length.

"The ERB test has been described as shooting flies with a bazooka," says John Dexter, the head of the Trevor Day School. "It's a full-battery IQ test. It's quite a good test. Whether or not it's a first-class admissions tool is often discussed."

Perhaps the most important thing any parent should know about the test is its limitations. "They don't measure creativity," explains Alan Kaufman, a professor of psychology at the Yale medical school's Child Study Center. "They don't measure social intelligence. They measure a relatively small band of mental functioning. It's not going to predict life success. The best things IQ tests predict is achievement in school and how well you'll do on another IQ test when you're older."

The test also isn't always good at predicting how children who score in the middle and lower ranges will do in school. "My son graduated with honors from Harvard and he couldn't put the damn blocks together," boasts a psychologist.



"It should not be used as a gatekeeper," warns Kaufman, an author of ten books on intelligence testing and co-author, with his wife, Nadeen, of several tests for children in the WPPSI age range, approximately 6 years old and younger. "It should be used to help us understand how children learn best."

Admissions directors make clear that the ERB is only one of the tools they use. Barbara Root, admissions director at Convent of the Sacred Heart, says it accounts for perhaps one quarter of the data they collect on each child. Other factors include the child's visit—where he's closely observed by teachers and admissions officials and plays "games," such as making spirals, designed to test his readiness for the rigors of kindergarten. Many admissions directors also visit the 4-year-old in situ at his or her nursery school. Finally, they interview the parents to see what sort of impression they make. "Are these people we can work with when their child hits a bump?" is how Barbara Root puts it. "That's kind of what you're assessing at the interview."

Grace Ball, head of lower-school admissions at the Riverdale Country School, says she goes on instinct. "It's my gut feeling on what happened when the child was here and not the ERB," she says. "But that's not true at every school."

In a report this year on the kindergarten-admissions process and ways to make it perhaps a little fairer and kinder, Edes Gilbert, the former head of the Spence School, notes that while the WPPSI remains a valuable tool, she objects to the fact that "in many cases the scores coming from ERB provide reasons *not* to accept."

Styling by Heidi Bivens; hair and makeup by Blair Jaffer; casting and location by Snyder & Co.; uniforms by Craft Uniform.
Previous pages: models, Gary Ray and Tyler Somberg/Generation. This page: model, Maiya Baum/Generation.

The exam results also include observations on the child's test-taking behavior—things like self-confidence and motivation—that are monuments of diplomacy. However, admissions directors know how to read between the lines. “They're the red-flag phrases,” explains one preschool head. “ ‘He had to be refocused,’ ‘could be refocused.’ Parents will recognize the words but won't realize how powerful they are. If you never had to say it, the child never had to be refocused. Many schools want the children where it's not an issue.”

“Everybody does lip service to ‘I want to take nice care of the kids,’ ” she continues.” But behind the scenes, she says, schools follow a different set of rules: “It's, ‘We're not going to admit you because your numbers aren't right,’ or ‘We're not going to admit you because your connections aren't right.’ ”

Fears that a low ERB score will set off a domino effect—preventing a child from gaining acceptance to a top grammar and high school and from there into an Ivy League university—are propelling some parents to pay psychologists, whose professional license allows them to order the test, to give their kids a crack at the exam before they take it for real from the ERB. “They're going to three different psychologists at $2,000 a pop,” contends Victoria Goldman, co-author with Catherine Hausman of *The Manhattan Family Guide to Private Schools*. “Not only do your kids get run through the test—they get a ten-page report and a psychological evaluation.”

“The tests don't measure creativity,” says Yale psychologist Alan Kaufman. “They don't measure social intelligence. They measure a relatively small band of mental functioning. They can't predict life success.”

This fall, Lydia Spinelli, head of the Brick Church School, was shocked to find a psychologist's flyer on her school's bulletin board, offering to tutor her 4-year-olds for the exam. It even had tabs with a phone number that parents could tear off. “I ripped it down immediately and sent it to the head of ERB,” Spinelli reports.

The Educational Records Bureau, which declined to comment for this story, warns parents against having kids coached. “A perceptive tester can discern a child's exposure to the test,” a brochure explains. “This invalidates the results.”

What that means in layman's language is that 4-year-olds squeal. “They tell you all sorts of fabulous things, and they'll tell you if they've seen the test before,” a professional tester explains. “It's not something you have to dig for.”

However, apart from depending on the artlessness of preschoolers and the occasional bungling, greedy psychologist, the ERB appears to have few if any mechanisms in place for policing the process. And unlike the SAT, where there are multiple versions of the exam, the WPPSI comes in only one version.

Furthermore, even children who aren't coached may enjoy an advantage if they attend certain “traditional” preschools that “teach to the test.” They don't sneak the kids the answers. But instead of allowing the toddlers merely to whittle away the days of early childhood playing dress-up or chasing one another around the schoolyard, they'll expose them to games that resemble the tasks they'll face on the test.

For example, children at one preschool, and not even one of the city's more “academic” nurseries, as those that teach to the test are euphemistically known, perennially performed less well on one section of the WPPSI than they did on others. “Over the years, our kids have always done poorly in mazes,” says a school parent. “They didn't coach, but they got some games in that had mazes.”

Dr. Kaufman contends that children who take the test a second or third time enjoy an unfair advantage. “All of [Wechsler's] tests have a well-known practice effect,” he explains. “You are going to earn an overall score ten IQ points higher.”

The difference is smaller for children, the psychologist adds, around five points. However, that slight difference may be more than enough to bump a child's score up from the average into the above-average range, where the city's first-tier independent schools like to see it.

Children who don't attend such “feeder” nursery schools may be at a disadvantage. “If a child hasn't been exposed to the same materials and teaching,” observed Dalton's Elisabeth Krents, “that can affect their performance on an ERB test.

“I look at ERBs differently now,” she adds with a sigh. “It's too bad. It's the only piece of standardized information we have. What it's caused us to do is look more closely at the children at the interview and when we observe the child at their school.”

PERHAPS THE MOST UNFORTUNATE AND enduring aspect of a poor or average test score—even for well-adjusted parents—isn't that it may prevent one's children from getting into Horace Mann or Collegiate and from there into Harvard or Yale but that it might undermine their belief in their son's or daughter's specialness.

“I doubted myself; maybe I overestimated my kid,” Cynthia admits, referring to her disappointment when Andrew's scores arrived in the mail. “Maybe I'm looking at him with loving eyes, and maybe I'm wrong. He's very cute and animated and bright. But maybe that doesn't mean he's smart in an academic sense. I stopped trying with him. Before, we'd talk about the days of the week, or I would try to get into more detailed discussions. Now I felt it wasn't going to make any difference. I was so disappointed.”

The nursery-school director did little to raise Cynthia's spirits when Cynthia sought her advice on which schools her son should apply to. Based on his ERB scores, the first tier seemed out of the question.

Cynthia tossed out the name of a school that, before Andrew's unfortunate test performance, she'd have considered a safety school. “She said, ‘You know, it's a hot school,’ ” Cynthia remembers. “I said, ‘Oh, my God! I thought it would be almost a given.’ ”

The only hope the preschool head offered, according to Cynthia, was to have Andrew retested in the fall if he “turned a corner” over the summer. However, come fall, the nursery director resisted having him retested—apparently having decided that Andrew's low springtime scores had settled the issue—until she read the teachers' report. “It said, ‘Andrew moves from activity to activity,’ ” Cynthia remembers. “I think she thought it would say, ‘and is unable to focus.’ Instead, the report said, ‘is able to focus and direct his energies creatively.’ So she sent me to Rosalind Blum.”

ROSALIND BLUM, AN ELEGANT, SIXTY-ish woman who for 30 years served as school psychologist at the Saint David's School, enjoys a more favorable reputation among parents who find their way to her Upper West Side apartment than she does among some of her peers.

“Rosalind Blum has always been known as someone who parents will be referred to if their ERBs aren't good,”

**Students' names and identifying details have been changed.*

sniffs a psychologist who works closely with the private schools. "Over the years, she has gotten the reputation of someone who gets very high scores."

Blum, whose love of children remains undiminished after decades in her field, makes no excuses for her testing techniques. "Children have a wonderful habit of saying, 'I don't know,' " she explains. "I say, 'You're fooling me,' or 'I want you to try.' You can never change the directions of the test. It has to be given exactly the way it is in the manual. But you can encourage the child as much as you want."

Blum will even allow a child to sit in his mother's lap during the test if that makes him feel safer and more cooperative. "There's nothing wrong with having a parent here if they keep their mouth shut," she asserts.

She'll also give children a little extra time to complete the test if they need it. Her practices apparently haven't endeared her to the folks at the ERB. "Occasionally, I'll call them or they'll call me," she says nonchalantly. "They might want to know if I've tested the child and when."

While Blum might sound like every striving parent's sugarplum fairy, there's really no such thing as a neutral tester. "There shouldn't be that much difference from examiner to examiner," Kaufman observes. "However, the reality is that people have their own personalities. Some examiners establish better rapport with children."

No one understands that better than the nursery-school directors. The ERB administers the test not only at its own offices but also at some of the preschools. And when the nurseries find a good tester—not necessarily an easy grader but one who seems to enjoy a good relationship with children—they do their best to have him return year after year.

A bad or novice tester can have unfortunate consequences. One mother recalls the crisis that enveloped her preschool several years back when its old, established tester was replaced by a newcomer. "People didn't get in anywhere," she says, perhaps indulging in a bit of motherly hyperbole. The following year, "[the head of the nursery school] said, 'I'm going to get the old tester back.' She did, and my kids did fine on the test."

CYNTHIA'S LAP WASN'T REQUIRED WHEN Rosalind Blum administered the test to Andrew. His cooperation had been purchased in advance with the promise of a trip to Noodle Kidoodle. His mother sat in the waiting room and listened to the proceedings through the open door to the psychologist's office.

"She would say something like, 'Andrew, what's a knife?' And Andrew would sit there and say, 'I don't know.' And I'm thinking, *Of course you know what a knife is. This is what Mommy uses to slit your throat.* I'm dying out there. I wanted to lean out the window and scream at the traffic, '*Quiet!*'

"She would say, 'I know you know. I bet you're a good guesser. If I came back to this word a little later, would you tell me the answer?' And he said, 'Yeah,' and he did."

The test continued. "She said, 'You go to lunch and you have $2, and lunch costs $1. How much money do you have left?' Andrew says, 'Zero.' And I'm thinking, *Of course it's zero. He left a dollar as a tip.*"

When the ordeal ended approximately 80 minutes later, Blum sent Andrew outside with a lollipop and called Cynthia into her office. "The first thing she says to me is, 'You have a very smart little boy on your hands,' " Cynthia remembers. "I could have cried. It was as if she was saying what you thought all along was correct. It was the validation you're look-

A Kindergarten Crib Sheet

While buying the answers to the WPPSI isn't suggested—unless your kid can keep his mouth shut, in which case he'll probably score in the ninetieth percentile without expensive tutoring—it doesn't hurt to know what to expect. The test is composed of two sections, a verbal scale and a performance scale, and five different subtests within each section.

The verbal tests are designed to measure how well a child expresses him- or herself in words. The performance tests are intended to examine the child's nonverbal intelligence, and how he uses his hands to manipulate things and solve problems. Here—without giving away the answers—are some of the challenges your little one is likely to encounter.

VERBAL

- **Information**—The purpose of this test is to probe a child's general knowledge of the environment, not the easiest thing to prep for. A typical question might be something like "What color are cherries?"

- **Vocabulary**—Being able to parrot four-syllable words is less impressive than knowing what a one-syllable word means. The tester might start off with something simple like *tree,* eventually moving up to more complicated, abstract concepts such as *anger.*

- **Similarities**—The tester might ask the child something like "How are a pear and a peach alike?" "They're both fruits" wins more points than "You eat them."

- **Arithmetic**—In addition to asking the child to count blocks, or showing him or her a picture of hands holding different numbers of pennies and asking which has the least, the tester will also pose purely verbal simple math problems, such as how much money the youngster has left after he buys something. This subject could be a slam-dunk for any little kid who ever shook down his mom for penny-candy money.

- **Comprehension**—A test of a toddler's common sense and social awareness. "Why do we need firemen?" is the kind of question on this subtest.

PERFORMANCE

- **Mazes**—No secret here. They start off simple, getting successively more labyrinthine.

- **Block Design**—The tester shows the child an abstract design. The youngster is then asked to duplicate it using blocks. This tests not only his or her ability to analyze patterns but also hand-eye coordination.

- **Object Assembly**—A fancy term for puzzles. Not exactly the kind you buy in a store, but close enough to make the investment worthwhile.

- **Picture Completion**—The tester might show the child something like a picture of a foot without toes, or a sailboat missing half its sail, then ask what's been left out.

- **Geometric Design**—Kids are asked to copy a printed design. It might be something like a triangle in a circle. One of the purposes of this subtest is to examine the child's fine motor control—in other words, his or her pencil-wielding dexterity.

The key to acing the test isn't spending money on fancy tutors but spending time with your kids. "What parents should do is take their children to museums, expose them to culture, read to them, talk to them," suggests Dr. Alan Kaufman, a psychologist at the Yale University School of Medicine's Child Study Center and an expert on children's IQ tests. The time for intensive hands-on parenting doesn't start a month before your child takes the ERB but shortly after your epidural wears off. "Infants one day old are absorbing from the environment everything they see and hear," Kaufman says. "The moment they're born, their mind is like a sponge."

ing for. He scored in the 95th percentile.

“I felt like I’d suddenly been given a reprieve from a death sentence,” she continues. “We’re back in the game, back in the crapshoot, back to the top tier. Advance me some chips and give me those dice, because we’re going to play.”

SARAH, ANOTHER MOTHER WHOSE child applied to schools last year, never for a moment thought she’d have a problem getting her daughter Claire into kindergarten. She already had a sibling in school. Besides, her mom was convinced of her brilliance. “I did zero to prepare Claire,” she admits. “I thought she would score in a narrow band in the nineties. Claire’s teacher [at nursery school] had wanted to see the scores. She wanted to see what really high scores would look like.”

Unlike Andrew, Claire had gotten a good night’s sleep before trotting down to ERB headquarters one Saturday morning. Her problem, according to her mother, was hunger. “We waited an hour,” Sarah recalls. “One tester didn’t show up that day.” So the little girl’s 10:30 test didn’t start until 11:30. “Which was close to lunch. Now, knowing what I know, I’d have probably left after ten minutes.”

“She would say something like ‘Andrew, what’s a knife?’ And Andrew would sit there and say, ‘I don’t know.’ And I’m thinking, ‘Of course you know what a knife is. That’s what Mommy uses to slit your throat.’ ”

Claire’s scores were dismal. Her older sister’s school offered to retest the child themselves, a courtesy they extend to sibling families. “That was another mistake on my part,” Sarah says. “We should have had her privately retested.”

The school was inundated with siblings last year, enough to fill most of the class. They decided they couldn’t take all of them. Claire was one they turned down. “At worst, she would be in the middle of the pack,” her mother argues.

“There’s nothing even to talk about,” she insists. “Can’t smart people see it doesn’t make sense? It’s like talking about gun control. It’s so obvious there shouldn’t be handguns.”

Despite Claire’s scores, her mother continues to believe in her abilities. “That’s why this whole thing stinks so much,” she says. “I know her best. A tester who meets with her for 45 minutes does not know my child.”

The family is happy at the school Claire now attends. But her resentment at her older daughter’s school lingers. “I can’t believe I can’t let go of this anger,” she confesses. “It makes me crazy.”

PSYCHIATRIST AND SPORTS-PERFORMANCE therapist Teresa DeLuca won’t coach 4-year-olds. She wants to make that clear. “I was taken aback the first time I got a call,” she says. “I said, I’ve worked with CEOs. I’ve never worked with pre-kindergartners.”

However, she *is* willing to counsel parents—about two dozen couples at last count—about how to ace their own interviews at their first-choice schools. “Most of my clients are CEOs or vice-presidents of investment-banking houses or young kids who made a tremendous amount of money in the market with IPOs,” DeLuca says, sitting in the Park Avenue office of her company, Couch Time. “My goal is to get them in a calm, relaxed state. If a person has a high position in their company and is used to being on the other side of the desk, we work on their ability to listen to criticism and respond to it in a positive way. That usually takes some practice.”

DeLuca’s $750 fee includes three sessions to help parents hone their people skills. She also assists families in assembling their kindergarten applications, her staff checking them for “continuity, grammar, and content.”

“I’ve had clients who have said, ‘My secretary filled it out, and I don’t know what she meant by that,’ ” the psychiatrist confides. “And I say, ‘Stop! This is your child. You need to write this.’ ”

To remind self-involved parents of the purpose of their visit, DeLuca asks them to bring along a snapshot of their child, which she places on her desk during the session. “Sometimes parents get sidetracked,” she says gently. “One of them might say, ‘I saw this magazine article about this weight-loss drug. Should I take it?’ ”

She may ask the family to bring their pre-kindergartner to the third and final session, but only if she senses the child’s relationship with his or her parents is so problematic that an admissions director will have no trouble spotting it.

“If both parents are working and the child is being cared for by a nanny,” DeLuca explains, “sometimes the parents don’t have much ability to discipline or control the child. If it’s not working in my office, can you imagine how it’s going to work in the interview?”

DeLuca’s counsel culminates the night before the big day, when she calls the parents at home—either their shared abode or separate ones, depending on their marital status—and reviews what they’ve studied. She knows from experience that families will phone her shortly after the interview if all went well. If she doesn’t hear from them by the end of the business day, she’ll call them. “One of the parents usually loses their temper—not yelling and screaming, but they become sharp, arrogant,” she explains.

While the private schools certainly aren’t immune to the charms of an Internet mogul who’s eager to bankroll the retractable dome on the new field house, the maddening thing for some parents about kindergarten admissions is that money alone usually isn’t enough to seal the deal. A-list kindergartens are also looking for kids who can do the work.

“I try to explain to the parents that the interviewer is not their opponent,” DeLuca says. “When people really want something and don’t have the control to get it—we live in a society where instant gratification is almost the norm—they lose common sense.”

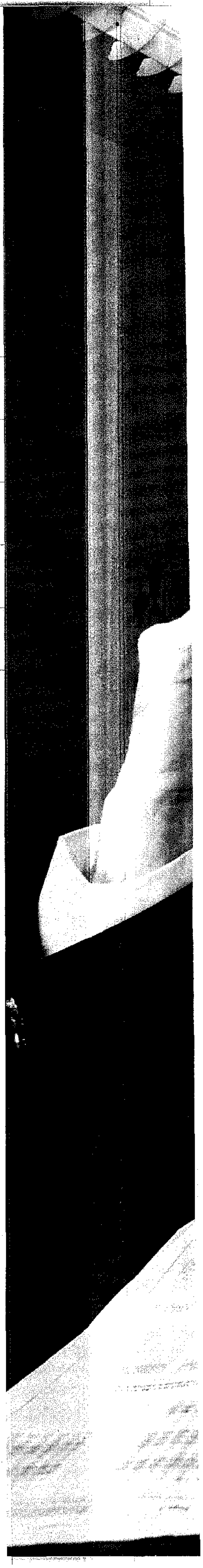
PARENTS MAY THINK THE BLAME FOR THE sharper edges of the kindergarten-admissions process lies with the schools. The schools return the favor. “In the sixties and seventies, it seemed as if parents in the independent schools knew a great deal more about child development and education,” observes the Trevor Day School’s John Dexter. He says that despite the popularity of books such as Daniel Goleman’s *Emotional Intelligence* and the “multiple intelligences” theories of Harvard psychologist Howard Gardner, “it hasn’t percolated into the hearts and minds of parents. They still seem driven into a very traditional lockstep type of education. Now the question is just focused on, *how can I get the highest test score out of my kid?*”

It’s hard to blame parents if the schools use test scores to weed out some of the applicants. On the other hand, there might be something more important at stake than whether a child gets into his parents’ first-choice kindergarten. By paying excessive obeisance to tests, parents may be squandering an irreplaceable part of their son’s or daughter’s childhood.

“People are so concerned about shapes and colors,” laments the head of one preschool. “They’ll say, ‘You teach shapes and colors, don’t *(continued on page 112)*

Tales Out Of School

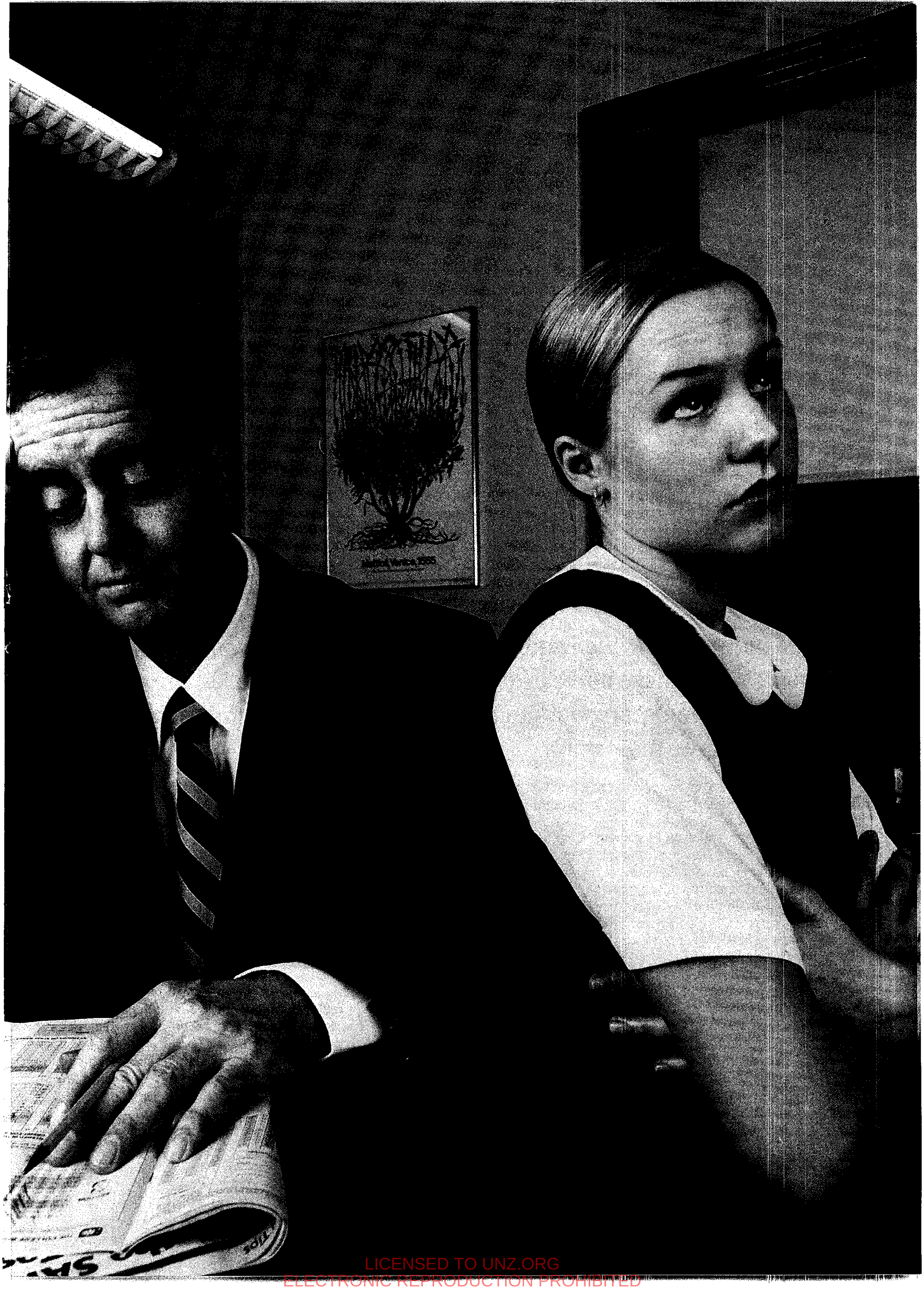
A majority of students at the city's best high schools, whether they're struggling or not, now hire private SAT tutors. Like, why settle for a 760? By Nile Lanning



It came as a great relief to my parents in 1985 to learn that my older sister was suffering from a mild form of dyslexia. At last there was a reasonable explanation for the extracurricular help in math that she needed in order to keep up with her Dalton peers. In those days, private tutors were considered somewhat shameful acquisitions to Upper East Side households. To admit to a tutor then was, from a child's point of view, social suicide. From a parent's, it was that and more: acknowledgment of intellectual inadequacy, faulty parenting, and general mediocrity.

One evening, I receive a call from a private-school junior wanting to hire me to elevate her SAT verbal score from a 760 to an 800. When I sigh and explain that a 760 already exceeds that of the average incoming freshman at Harvard or Stanford, a panicked youthful voice informs me that nothing less than an 800 will do, and that if I feel I can't guarantee an 800 by fall, then surely I know someone who can? It is a call I have received with increasing frequency in the three years since I began tutoring. Apart from their nearly uniform affluence, the teenage populations of such renowned private schools as Trinity, Horace Mann, Brearley, Dalton, Collegiate, Spence, and Chapin bear little resemblance to their eighties counterparts. More than ever, these students—perpetually fearful, painfully conscious of the weight of their grades and SAT performance upon their futures—are relying on the help of tutors to inflate their scores. It's become a reverse status symbol: Many tutors and independent college counselors now estimate that nearly 100 percent of Manhattan private-school juniors and seniors are paying for some kind of extracurricular SAT preparation.

Photographed by LEGO/CUT THE FAT



"The frenzy over college admissions today is staggering," says Robert Koppert, director of college counseling for the Dalton School. "There's a real anxiety different from anything we saw even just a few years ago. The uncertainty has almost paralyzed the parent community, so that they feel they are not doing their jobs as parents if, on top of a $20,000 tuition, they don't offer their child every opportunity to keep up with his or her peers." Parents who seek to give their child an edge by paying for expensive private tuition are not, Koppert says, "trying to be especially manipulative of the system. They are simply trying to make an inherently difficult process—that of getting into college—somewhat easier and more humane."

The attitude of most private schools toward extracurricular tuition is one of extreme skepticism if not outright disdain. But students who follow their schools' advice and don't take SAT prep end up feeling burned. "They told us what we were doing in class was rigorous enough and that we didn't have anything to worry about," says Laura,* a senior at an exclusive all-girls' school. "My PSATs weren't great, but I figured I'd have improved in time for the SATs. And I took them last spring and just broke 1,200, and meanwhile everyone else was getting, like, 1,400s and 1,500s. And they'd all been tutored. So I had to spend my summer playing catchup, and even now I feel totally disadvantaged and much more nervous and like I have a lot more at stake in November than the other girls."

Which is not to suggest that the other girls are slacking off. Emily, Rachel, and Jessica—a lovely trio from another exclusive same-sex school—are impaired only by the kind of drive that leads them to leave plaintive messages on my machine pleading for more work.

Rachel: "Could you fax me some word lists? I think I'm going to have some time over the weekend."

Emily: "Jessica's aiming for an 800 on the writing and I only got a 720, so could I do an extra essay? Should I do it from Kaplan or Barron's or both?"

Jessica: "I took a complete literature test and I got four wrong, so I'm going to take two more tests tonight and study the dictionary of literary terms. Do you have time for a phone session tomorrow before school?"

These are bright, literate, good-hearted girls who not only have the brains but as often as not a letter from Daddy's good friend who established an eponymous foundation at the school of their choice. Not to mention one or more parents and siblings who will provide them with legacy status. And to top it all off, these are exactly the girls most likely to hire an outside college consultant. These are the girls, in the words of Lisa Heilbrunn Rattray, a former master tutor for the Princeton Review and one of the city's busiest tutors, "for whom a 1,400 isn't an accomplishment but a stigma, a permanent reminder of the fact that they made 200 points' worth of mistakes that a select few of their peers did not."

The line between guidance and writing-for-hire can be difficult to maintain. While I have never been offered money to take a kid's test, I have experienced parents' anger when they discovered that my intention was to work with, not for, their child.

ASHLEY WAS NOT MY TYPICAL STUDENT. She did not live on Park Avenue. She attended a private school but not one of *the* private schools. She lived in a building but not one of *the* buildings. Ashley's mother's first name ended with an *i*, and there was a tanning bed in the living room. Ashley was from California. What Ashley had in common with my other students was her money. Ashley had a lot of money. She had a car and driver, a surgically altered nose, a country estate, the home phone number of Donald Trump, and a personally inscribed life-size photograph of Leonardo DiCaprio on the ceiling over her canopy bed. She even had her own two-bedroom apartment that adjoined her stepparents'.

Ashley was referred to me by an independent college counselor who, as is often the case in such situations, had been hired by the family without the school's knowledge. I was to work on Ashley's college essay with her, territory that is defiantly gray for all good tutors. The line between guidance and writing-for-hire can be difficult to maintain—especially with parents who are eager to pay a stranger to compose an essay that will (they assume, indifferent to the message they are sending their child) reflect better upon the student than anything the student might have devised. While I have never been offered money to actually take a kid's test, on more than one occasion I have experienced parents' anger when they discovered that my intention was to work with, not for, their child.

Ordinarily, most of the college essays that I am asked to work on follow a predictable path. Either there is a poignant tale of a youthful episode involving an expensive summer trip to a Third World country during which some cement got mixed and the poor people got helped, or there is a doleful recounting of a grandparent's prolonged illness and the impact it had on Young College Candidate's life. Once in a while there is an ill-conceived attempt at humorous self-revelation—say, an accounting of an especially hilarious loss of virginity or The Time I Got Caught Shoplifting Sportsacs at Bloomingdale's and What It Taught Me About Beating the System. Last fall when I worked with Ashley, however, it appeared a new trend had emerged. Call it "My Dinner With Clinton." Ashley very nearly did. And she wasn't the only one.

Although I've had male students who attended Democratic fund-raisers and spent nights in the White House as personal guests of the Clintons, only the girls have thought to base their college essays on the experience. (I have grown accustomed to my girls' wanting to write about the achievements of their fathers, their brothers, their ex-boyfriends. I have even grown accustomed to their tendency to mark themselves incorrectly, invariably to their detriment, when I assign them mock SATs to take on their own time. I have never had a boy mistakenly lower his grade in this way. I have never had a boy think to base his college essay on anything but his own accomplishments, his ability to take a calculated risk, his contributions to the community, his opinion on global warming. But that's another story altogether.)

When Ashley and I sat down to discuss the subject of her college essay, she was adamant that she had it all worked out, that it was going to be fantastic and unlike anybody else's. The previous week, Ashley and her parents had attended a

---

**Students' names and identifying details have been changed.*

Democratic fund-raiser for President Clinton. It was not, Ashley pointed out unself-consciously, the first time she had met the president, but it was the first time she had been seated at his table. Ashley was excited to relate that the president had called her by name and that Hillary had been "way cool." There had been, Ashley noted with a slight moue of dissatisfaction, some guy seated to her left who kept bugging her with all these stories about secret terrorist attacks that take place every day, but she had ignored him to the best of her abilities. *Was it So-and-so?* I murmured, naming a prominent Cabinet member. Ashley said that sounded right, but the point was that it had been incredible, amazing, to have been so privileged as to sit in that room with only 29 other people: Just think of the consequences, Ashley enthused, if the room had blown up! I promised to think of the consequences and suggested that, in the meantime, might she not like to consider writing an essay that wasn't about the experience of eating while seated near President Clinton but about herself. After all, I continued, ignoring Ashley's look of disgust, your basic college application asks for an anecdote of significant personal history illuminating some aspect of the candidate's character and/or growth.

"Duh," Ashley replied, "that's what I'm doing."

"But what exactly are you illuminating?" I persisted, genuinely curious.

"That I come from a good family," Ashley replied, annoyed and proud.

For the record, Ashley wrote two essays in the end. The essays were fine. I didn't have the heart to tell Ashley that all of her hard work probably didn't matter, that she could just as well have written about her dinner(s) with President Clinton, that with the letter of personal recommendation from Mr. Laurence Tisch her stepfather had arranged, she should have no trouble gaining admission to her first-choice school, NYU's Tisch School of the Arts.

And yet, as I learned in a conversation with Ashley's mother this fall, the Tisch letter fell through; it seems that Mr. Tisch's cooperation in the writing of the letter was contingent upon the successful completion of a business deal with Ashley's stepfather; when the deal soured, so did Ashley's shot at NYU. Ashley is, her mom reports, a perfectly happy freshman at a second-tier college.

"JUST TELL THE TAXI DRIVER you're going to Shangri-La. They all know where it is," the woman, the mother of a new student, repeated over the phone.

I laughed politely, presuming that she was making the kind of lame joke parents (usually fathers) not only make but expect me to laugh at. It's one of the things I factor into my hourly rate.

I did not know East Hampton very well; I was lucky enough to have a boyfriend with a shacklike residence on a nearby lake, but he was a recent boyfriend and I was a recent tutor. So far, practically every one of my city students had a house in the Hamptons. So the arrangement was convenient.

I felt stupid telling my taxi driver to take me to Shangri-La, but that is exactly what he did, no questions asked. The house will sound fake in description; suffice it to say that I mistook the foyer for the living room (perhaps it was the baronial fireplace or the full complement of chaise longues and old masters), and that on my second visit, when I got lost trying to find a bathroom, I counted three swimming pools on my wander before paging the kitchen on the intercom and asking one of the staff to rescue me.

The boy's name was Paulie. He was 14. Tall, thin, vaguely good-looking in an unformed kind of way, Paulie was preparing for his SSAT, one of two standardized exams required for boarding-school admission. Plagued by a large hank of blond hair that flopped perpetually in his eyes, Paulie suffered from a restless energy that sent him bounding from one seating arrangement to another until finally he would simply stand and jog from one foot to another while I attempted to teach him something about words—how to read them, how to write them, how to use them to his advantage.

I grew used to Paulie's mother's bellowing over the intercom when I arrived: "Paulie, Nile's here, did you take your Ritalin?"

Previous pages: models, Chris Lutkin/Suzelle and Kristen Bell/CED.

"It makes him very angry," she would confide to me, referring to the Ritalin. And it did—veins would bulge from his neck, his face would grow red, and he would curse his mother viciously over the smallest thing.

We set to work on a reading-comprehension passage that should have been easy for a child of 10. Paulie couldn't concentrate. "Can I stand?" he asked, knowing that I preferred him to exercise his sitting ability for as long as he could bear it.

"Go ahead," I said, trusting him enough to know that he wasn't just seeing what he could get away with.

Paulie placed the relevant material on top of a leather wing chair and took a deep breath. Standing on one leg, he swung his left arm over his head like a pitcher warming up. It seemed to calm him. He read the passage that way.

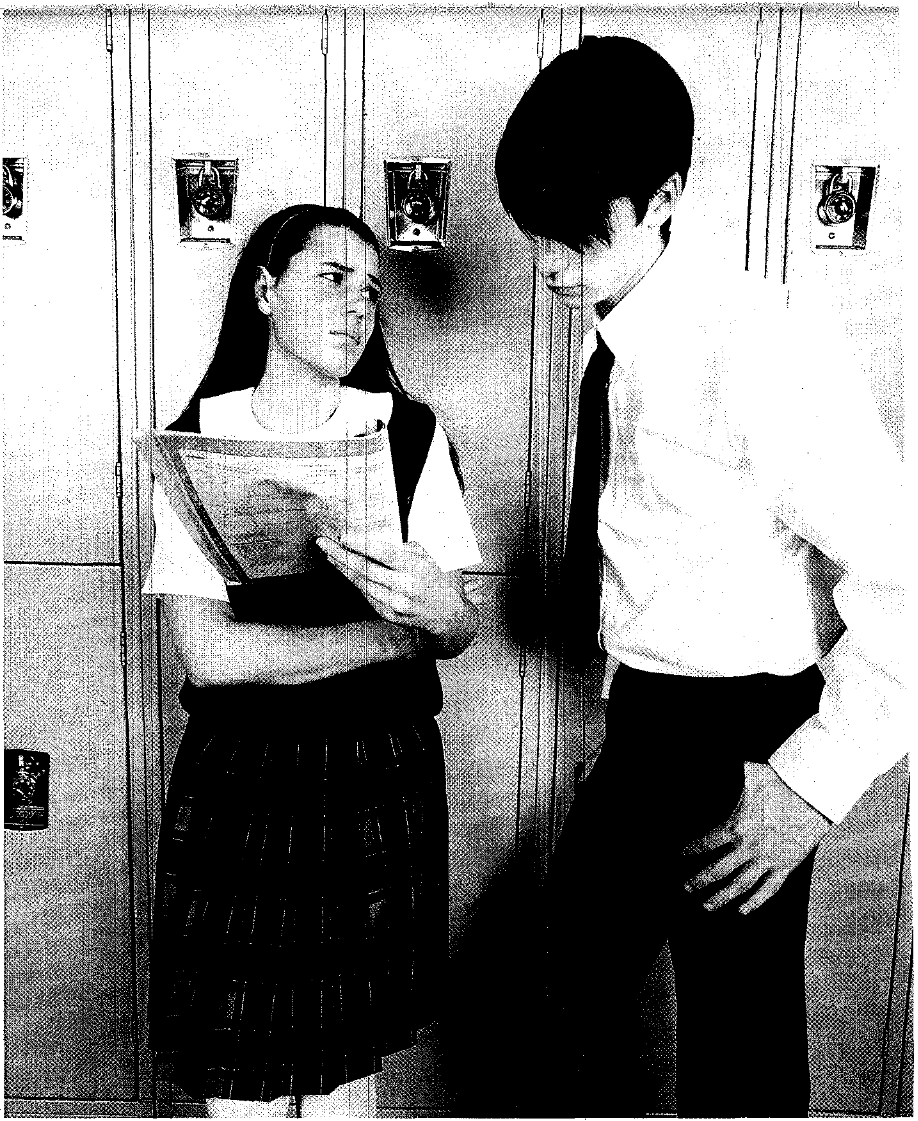
Afterward, I asked him a few questions about what he had just read. He was able to answer with some accuracy.

"Good job," I told him. I meant it, too. Paulie smiled and pushed the hair out of his face.

"Yeah, whatever," he said. "Just don't tell my mom."

"I wouldn't dream of it," I said.

IT'S NOT LIKE IT'S A RULE THAT ALL OF MY students are required to live on the Upper East Side in the area bordered by Fifth and First Avenues between 72nd and 96th Streets; they just do. Philippe was the rare student who exceeded this inadvertent residential boundary. Philippe lived in SoHo, on a small street that ran perpendicular to Hudson and Varick. Philippe's parents were first-generation French immigrants who owned one of the city's more celebrated French restaurants.



It is understood that Deepak is to attend Harvard. But, just in case, his parents have on the payroll four tutors, an independent college counselor, two coaches, a physical therapist, a nutritionist, and a sports psychologist.

There were two entrances to Philippe's loft, both accessed by private elevators. The entrance into the kitchen was by far the more impressive: the rack of copper saucepans that ringed the perimeter of the room, the two Sub-Zero refrigerators and matching meat freezers, the professional range, the marble cutting slabs that split neatly at the back in a series of small grooves to allow for the insertion of multiple knives and cleaver and carving forks that stood at attention like obedient children.

Philippe did not cook. He did not speak French. He rarely ate a meal with his parents or spent any time with them at all: They were always at the restaurant, and when they weren't, they were sleeping or arguing. Philippe played no sports and appeared to have no friends other than Herbert, a butterscotch-colored guinea pig who made piteous squeaking sounds whenever he was removed from Philippe's company.

Philippe was a junior at one of the several Manhattan private schools that charge as much as their more prestigious counterparts—Trinity, Dalton, Brearley, Collegiate—but cater to students whose academic ability is, if not exactly outright impaired, certainly below the standard of your average Harvard-bound Horace Mann student. Uninformed parents such as Philippe's often presume that because they are paying the same enormous fees as parents of, say, a Fieldston freshman or a Spence senior, their children are receiving an identical education.

It was clear within moments of our first meeting that Philippe's mother, Marie, was a genuine—if somewhat uncomprehending—fan of her son's. Equally clear were Philippe's natural intelligence, his sweet nature, and his bumbling manner that, in one so young and earnest, passed for charm. Why, then, were Philippe's PSAT scores among the lowest I had ever seen? Unlike the reputations of the admissions committees of tony secondary schools and of many college counselors, which rest upon the elite colleges to which their charges are admitted, mine rests entirely upon my ability to raise a student's score signifi-

Models, Emily Blau/Life Styles and Noah Voumard/Life Styles.

cantly; whether that entails a jump from a score of 300 to 500 or 600 to 750 is irrelevant. At least to me. Which is not to suggest that I don't prefer working with the brighter, more motivated kids—I do, only I find that the brighter kids come at both ends of the score spectrum and that there is always a good reason for a smart kid's getting a lousy score. So what was up with Philippe? Was it his second-rate school, was it the lack of any reading material in the house other than *Royalty* magazine and diet cookbooks, or was it the fact that the two adults of the household addressed each other in French when they were home, which they never were?

As I took Philippe through a few preliminary drills at our initial session, one thing became very clear. While he was evidently lacking the educational backbone I took for granted in my Fieldston and Deerfield Academy students, he was genuinely excited at the prospect of absorbing new words into his limited vocabulary. But his progress was disproportionately slow in view of our hard work. When I tried to talk to Marie about the growing host of emotional troubles Philippe was clearly suffering (among them intermittent agoraphobia, hypochondria, and depression, a combination that resulted in an extremely poor attendance record that went some way to explaining his overall poor academic record), she was reluctant to admit that there was anything wrong. When pressed, Marie acknowledged that Philippe's father refused to allow Philippe to see a psychiatrist. Even the school, she confided, had recommended someone, but her husband would not have it. Instead, over the course of the year that I worked with Philippe, there was a series of cash handouts and expensive gifts. Once, Philippe showed me an envelope with ten $100 bills. It was from his father. "What should I spend it on?" Philippe asked. I suggested he take a friend to a play or a Knicks game. "Do you want to go?" he asked. I had forgotten. He didn't have a lot of friends. "Maybe," Philippe said, brightening momentarily in anticipation of the look on my face, "maybe I should spend it on drugs." He laughed and shook his head.

For the record, after a great deal of hard work, Philippe was accepted at a small college on the East Coast. He is now in his sophomore year and reports that he enjoys participating in intramural badminton and that he has a girlfriend who is teaching him to cook.

I MET DEEPAK TWO YEARS AGO, WHEN HE WAS a sophomore. His college counselor likes to joke that he intends to do nothing to further Deepak's chances of acceptance to Harvard: Deepak is as close to a sure bet as there is, with his stellar academic record, winning personality, and desirable ethnic background. Additionally, Deepak is a nationally ranked athlete already under the scrutiny of all the coaches at the Division 1 schools to which Deepak's parents intend Deepak to apply. It is understood that Deepak is to attend Harvard.

But, just in case, Deepak's parents have added four tutors and an independent college counselor to a payroll that already includes two coaches, a physical therapist, a nutritionist, and a sports psychologist. Deepak estimates, with only a touch of youthful hyperbole, that it costs his parents $500,000 a year to support him; luckily, his grandparents own a bank. I joined the payroll immediately after Deepak fractured his right elbow, when his parents called me on the theory that he might as well make use of his unexpected free time. With the same powerful discipline he applies to his athletic career, Deepak tackled word lists, raced through countless grammar drills, and pounded out multiple twenty-minute essays on SAT-sanctioned subjects such as "It is better to give than to receive" and "The world was not built in a day. Agree or disagree."

Soon Deepak's scores had risen into the impressive low 700s. His injury had healed. Summer was approaching. Deepak was looking forward to getting back to his game. His parents called. They wanted me to set up a schedule of work Deepak could take on the road with him. They wanted me to arrange for a series of phone sessions. Seven hundreds weren't good enough, they said. What if he was injured again? What then? I had no answer for them. ■

Scores for Sale

TUTORS: Private tutors generally charge between $100 and $400 per hour and are drawn from the standard pool of Manhattan bohos—actors, writers, grad students supporting their artistic/educational habits by tutoring rich kids. The ability to significantly raise scores is only part of what makes a tutor "hot." Youth and sex appeal always generate business, and a background of breeding and privilege similar to the students' puts both parents and kids at ease. Being white is a plus, unless you're teaching math, in which case you really want to be Asian.

I am always impressed when a parent asks about my educational background and qualifications for the job. I would estimate that only three have ever done so. And I am still waiting to be asked for a reference, though, to be fair, referrals tend to come through fellow parents and their children's social circles. It is rare that my name is given to a student by a faculty member or even a college counselor, in spite of higher scores being in everybody's interest. School administrators "believe and always have that they have the last word on your child," says one private college counselor. More significant, she adds, they feel they must justify their exorbitant tuition; to admit to the need for outside tuition is to admit to a failing of the school.

In any event, parents spring for the extra thousands such coaching costs in part because many feel that their child's school will promote only its top candidates for the top schools. While this is not necessarily always the case, one senior at a top Manhattan school who is applying early-admission to Harvard this fall feels that she was encouraged to make Oberlin her first choice over Harvard—not because her scores and grades and overall exceptional record were dubious in any way but because admission to Harvard is never a certainty, and failure to gain admission would lower her high school's first-choice statistics.

PRIVATE COLLEGE COUNSELORS: What do they actually do for their several-thousand-dollar fee? Some expound upon the importance of the mock interviews they conduct and the care they give to the compilation of a suitable list of colleges for your child. But the suggestion that by hiring the right college counselor parents can guarantee their child's admission to select schools infuriates many of the legitimate college coaches. Alexandra Self of the College Entrance Specialist offers the most fruitful account of what a good college counselor can provide that schools cannot. "First and foremost," she says, "I really get to know my kids. Only then can I see how to help separate them from the pack, how to profile them in a way that will be most appealing to the schools. I cannot imagine anyone putting together a list of colleges for a student without knowing the individual child as well as his or her numbers. Otherwise, any idiot with a computer can make up a list." N.L.

Bringing feuding promoters, aging rock stars, *Rugrats,* tractor pulls, and *Ragtime* into his big tent has made Bob Sillerman the biggest mogul in the concert biz. To his partners, his acts, and his sponsors, he has the golden touch. But should fans be picking up the tab? By Kevin Gray

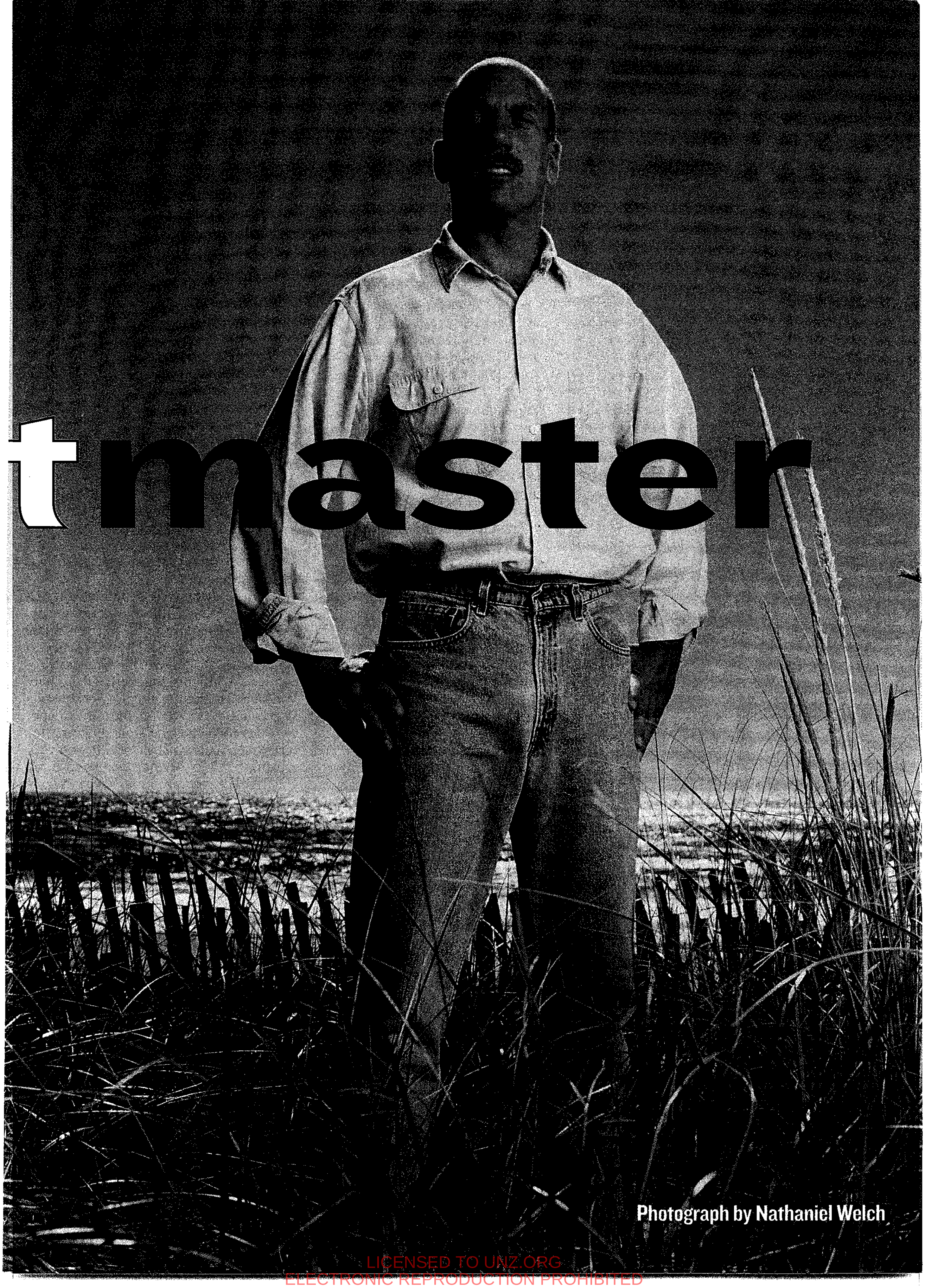
Ticke

It's only rock and roll: Far right, Bob Sillerman at his Southampton estate; clockwise from top, SFX performers Tom Petty, Cher, and the Backstreet Boys.

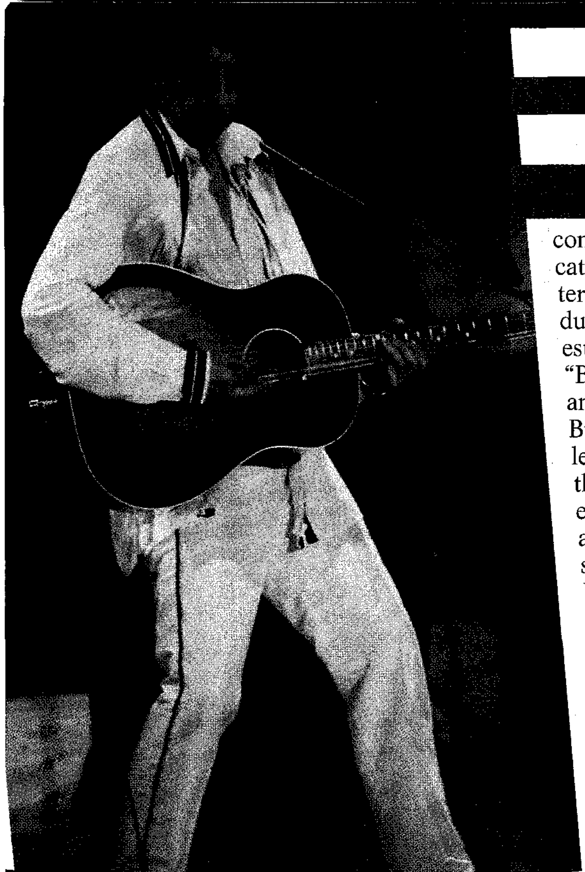
Saba

Photographs: from top to bottom, Justin Thomas/Retna; David Atlas/Retna; Jeff Christenson/Newsmakers.

tmaster



Photograph by Nathaniel Welch



Taking it on the road: From top, SFX acts today include Bob Dylan, the Dixie Chicks, and Rod Stewart.

BLACK THUNDERCLOUDS come rolling over Bob Sillerman's catered beach bash, threatening to scatter the 100 friends gathered below the dunes of his $6 million Southampton estate. For several minutes, his annual "Bobecue," with its bow-tied waiters and Billy Joel soundtrack, seems a bust. But Sillerman, 51, the tanned and athletic founder of SFX Entertainment, the world's largest live-event promoter, scoffs at the worried looks of new arrivals. "What's a little rain?" he says, flashing a toothy grin beneath an Uncle Sam top hat, his American-flag pants billowing in the gale.

Sillerman bounds across the beach, biting potato chips out of one man's mouth, lifting a shrieking woman into his arms, posing beach-boy-style in the sand. He looks more the triathlete he is than the shrewd billionaire who made a killing flipping radio stations in the eighties and now controls a dizzy-making chunk of the live-entertainment business. Bench-press buff, a terror on the basketball court, charming to friends and prone to corny jokes, he has spent $2 billion snapping up a string of promotion houses, music halls, sports-marketing firms, and Broadway-theater outfits. Several awe-struck bankers recently lent him $1.1 billion to take his act to Europe. "The guy is an absolute genius," says one. "He's making people rich."

He is also cornering the market on the season's biggest rock spectacles (or at least the ones playing to the boomer crowd willing to shell out $100 and more for the choicest tickets), buying up the tours of every aging superstar act from Tom Petty and Rod Stewart to Cher and the odd coupling of Paul Simon and Bob Dylan, which he personally brokered. "I'm very much a product of the sixties," he tells me, "and these two artists, to me, represent the heart and soul of that time."

But Sillerman's aims aren't exclusively about feeling groovy. A brash deal-maker (he once told a blustery banker, "Don't waste my time telling me how great you are"), he is scaring the patchouli off the very mavericks who built the industry. Conjured into being during the free-for-all sixties, the rock-concert business was ruled for years by fierce regional chieftains like the late Bill Graham, who battled over turf and talent. Now a huge chunk of that once-balkanized trade is suddenly under one man's thumb. Critics accuse Sillerman of using his market dominance (in some cities, he controls every concert venue) to dictate artist contracts, drive booking agents out of business, and inflate everything from ticket prices to the costs of T-shirts, parking, and popcorn. "There's no question that he's doing all this on a monopolistic model," says one stalwart competitor, Woodstock producer and veteran New York concert promoter John Scher. "It's amazing that the government is letting him get away with it."

Sillerman's buying spree has, in fact, drawn Justice Department attention to possible anti-competitive practices. When SFX considered buying Seagram's Universal Concerts in July, the Justice Department made it clear to SFX that DOJ would look long and hard at the deal. Seagram, eager to put through a quickie deal to pay off debt, eventually sold instead to House of Blues for $190 million. "It flatters me that they think I might be a Bill Gates," says Sillerman calmly. "But what we do hardly approaches that scale. It's not our plan to own everything. Nor would we want to."

What he does want, Sillerman says, is to be the Sam Walton of pop music, bringing rival promoters—from New York's godfather of gigs, Ron Delsener, to San Francisco's famed Bill Graham Productions—into his big tent. Of course, Wal-Mart is about selling low-cost goods to the masses. SFX, on the other hand, provides high-end one-stop shopping for the 90-decibel-minstrel set. If you're a touring band, Sillerman wants to book you, market you, promote you, and merchandise you. If you're a fan, he wants to sell you the ticket, the T-shirt, the sixteen-ounce beer. And if you're an advertiser, he wants you to know all those fans are there for the picking.

"Bob's got the star-power charisma of a Harrison Ford and the smarts to pull this entire fucked-up industry together," says Arnold Stiefel, who manages Rod Stewart, the first mega-act to sign with SFX. "He's making it all work where it used to be lazy and unfocused." Stewart himself praises Sillerman's marketing genius. "I'll pay him the highest compliment I can," says the rocker. "He's my kind of geezer."

With this summer's $110 million–plus buyout of bankrupt Broadway producer Livent, Sillerman's begun flexing his muscles in the live theater, as well. SFX took over Livent's houses in Chicago, Toronto, and New York, where *Ragtime* is coming to the end of its two-year run. SFX's Pace touring unit, a road-show powerhouse, is bringing shows like *Jekyll & Hyde* to the

Photographs, top to bottom: Luciano Viti/Retna; Michael Green/Associated Press; M. B. Charles/Retna.

heartland, titillating tots with *Rugrats*, revving up motorheads with monster-truck rallies. All of which Sillerman wants to sponsor with monster ad deals.

While Sillerman's star rises over countless stages, he's managed to stay true to his roots—even if those roots now spread determinedly through the smooth Southampton sand. As the chancellor and chief benefactor of Southampton College, he has raised more than $7 million for the campus with his annual "All for the Sea" benefits, featuring SFX acts such as Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers. Sillerman's private beach blowout, on the other hand, with its filet mignon, grilled tuna steaks, vodka-heavy bar, and swaying Japanese lanterns, is one of the East End's most exclusive. Not because it features studio moguls and arriviste rappers, but because it *doesn't*. Barefoot electricians mingle with grocers' wives in Gap dresses. Fast-food franchisers hug the children of pool cleaners. Sillerman, a self-made billionaire, weaves through them all, a jockish roustabout and the life of the party. "It's like this all-American picnic in somebody's backyard," says Jane Finalborgo, whose husband, Vic, owns the local gourmet food shop Catena's Market. "Not only do they invite me, but all my relatives and their kids. They just want real friends. A real life. That's not what you expect from a guy who's been doing what he's doing."

ENTERING HIS SLEEKLY MODERN midtown office, Sillerman stops next to a crinkly aluminum Bill King sculpture, a leggy hip-jutting colossus with spindly arms akimbo and a defiant barrel chest that easily serves as Sillerman's personal calling card. "We call him 'Peckerman,' " he jokes.

Music man: Left, Sillerman with his wife, Laura; right, with Jane Buffett and singer-songwriter James Taylor.

"These guys hated each other," Delsener says of the other promoters. "They didn't want to give up their secrets."

As always, Sillerman looks cool and controlled in a charcoal suit and a silk floral-print tie. For a man in the midst of negotiating the takeover of Europe's biggest concert promoters, he is remarkably calm. His office, with its fresh spray of Cymbidium orchids, black-and-white photos of his wife breast-feeding their baby daughter, and a steel wedge of desk the size of a grand piano, is new-man macho. "I know what I want," he says, sitting beneath a life-size portrait of himself with his daughter on the beach at sunset, "and I try to get it."

Sillerman began his latest buying in an unlikely place, on an empty football field a few miles from his house, where he accidentally stumbled on a marketing gold mine. He was planning the "All for the Sea" benefit with Ron Delsener when he noted something odd about the rock trade: It rarely attracted national advertising. "For its size," he says, "it was incredibly inefficient. If you were Bill Graham in San Francisco, you might have a great venue like the Fillmore, but you weren't getting big sponsors. It's one event in one place with a few thousand people. But what if you owned dozens of venues?"

Sillerman thought that if he could unite the promoters, cluster their amphitheaters, centralize bookings, and sell the total package to national sponsors, he'd create an unstoppable league of live entertainment. Easier said, of course, than done. Years earlier, Delsener had tried the same thing, only to see his efforts crumble amid bickering and suspicion. "These guys hated each other," says Delsener. "They didn't want to give up their secrets. And no one had the type of money Bob had to just buy them out."

Indeed, he had the money—and a second motive. At the time, his company, then called SFX Broadcasting, was a chain of 72 mid- and large-market radio stations that often sponsored local concerts but missed out on the lucrative ticket and concession sales that went to promoters. He wanted a piece of that action. "Bob saw this great opportunity for all kinds of cross-promotion," says Mitch Slater, the other half of DelsenerSlater Enterprises. "He's clearly a visionary, a guy who sees things other people don't and then seizes it."

Sillerman's opportunity came in 1996, when Delsener and Slater complained that they didn't like their partnership deal with Houston-based Pace Entertainment. The two companies had teamed up to buy the Garden State Arts Center, but DelsenerSlater was getting only a third of the venue's proceeds. "Bob said to us, 'Why didn't you come to me?' " recalls Slater. Over lunch at a midtown Italian restaurant, Sillerman agreed to buy DelsenerSlater for $27 million in cash. He brought on Slater, 38, and Delsener, 63, to jump-start the concert division. He moved their staff of eighteen from a cramped brownstone into his spacious offices. The two men then began introducing Sillerman around the insular concert world, opening doors long closed to outsiders. Most promoters vowed never to sell—at first. But armed with fistfuls of cash, and promises of big earnings, he preached a gospel that was hard to resist. "Every one of these guys could be bought," says Don Fox, owner of New Orleans's Beaver Productions and a rabid SFX critic. "He's like Santa Claus. He gave them the biggest payday of their lives. These people? They just took the money."

Sillerman quickly snatched up dozens of outfits in San Francisco, Boston, and Washington, D.C., among other cities. He targeted those with a stable of amphitheaters, which the promoters had built a decade ago to steal business from stadium owners. Sillerman kept each business intact, drawing its seasoned chiefs into SFX with blocks of stock options. Finally, in the spring of last year, he assembled his unruly bunch in a Nashville hotel to deliver his marching orders. "He walks in wearing jeans and a T-shirt, and the first thing he tells us is 'We're all gonna make a lot of money. We're gonna have a lot of fun. But most important, we're gonna have a lot of

Photographs courtesy Southampton College.

Special SFX: Top to bottom, Sillerman ventures include the Broadway production of *Ragtime; Rugrats* on tour; and monster-truck rallies in middle America.

fun making a lot of money,' " recalls Gary Becker, CEO of Pace Motor Sports.

The Becker family had sold Pace's three successful units, including its concert business and Broadway touring outfit, for $190 million in cash, stock, and debt just a month earlier. The family liked Sillerman's get-rich bravado but feared a corporate culture would destroy their chummy club. Sillerman set them straight. He works well with entrepreneurs because he's one of them—he speaks their language and has no problem spreading credit along with cash. "Most of the business things we've achieved," he says, "have been other people's ideas that I've been able to embellish a little."

In his buying spree, Sillerman had forked over hefty goodwill payments—money given above a business's tangible bricks-and-mortar assets. In several cases, it equaled two thirds of the selling price. In the end, the goodwill run-up was over $1 billion. And Delsener, who had sold first—and relatively cheap—was reportedly furious. "He was Sillerman's consigliere, his ace in the hole," says one veteran promoter. "And then he got the least money. He practically gave the business away."

Delsener denies this, insisting he could have retired rich "long before Bob Sillerman showed up." When I ask him about the inflated payouts, he turns humorously gruff. "He tells us what he pays after the fact," says Delsener. "We say, 'How much? You could have got it for half that, you stupid fuck.' He says, 'I know.' Tell him I said that."

"Could we have paid less?" Sillerman says. "In some cases, maybe. Definitionally, when something is auctioned off, it means you're paying more than someone else. If you think it's worth ten, we think it's worth eleven. Somebody has to think we're paying too much."

MOST EVERYBODY THINKS Sillerman is paying too much, including the very promoters who have grown rich on lavish SFX buyouts. "They overpaid for us and they overpaid for everybody," says one promoter with Bill Graham Presents, which sold to Sillerman for $68 million in cash and stock, or seven times cash flow. "I'll tell you flat-out I sold for the money. When was I ever going to get a golden opportunity like this again?"

For Sillerman, it was worth it to sew up the industry quickly rather than dicker with doubters. Today his 120 stages form a rock-and-roll Super Bowl for advertisers. With 25,000 events in 1998, he delivered 58 million demographically desirable consumers with a single contract. "These are people voting with their feet and their wallets," says Sillerman. "If you go see Tom Petty or the Spice Girls, you've chosen to do it. You're excited. You're not doing this passively—like watching TV at home. You're spending money, and you're very receptive to hear direct or subliminal messages." Indeed, SFX's ads in trade magazines aimed at advertisers read, "Remember that magical moment when your daughter's eyes widened to meet her favorite characters live on stage? . . . It's exciting, it's magical, it's completely engrossing. And we found a way to package it."

In a business that still has its share of sixties-style idealists, Sillerman's hard-sell tactics have many competitors cringing. "It's all we can do to keep sponsorship *off* the stage," says Scott Welch, who manages Alanis Morissette, one of the few artists bypassing SFX promotion. "It's a corporate mentality. The act becomes the reason to sell beer, the reason to sell parking."

Such hand-wringing hasn't stopped major brands from diving into the mosh pit. In quick order, Sillerman has locked up $70 million in sponsorships. His music halls are turning into marketing malls, from Kendall-Jackson (wine-tasting tents), Smirnoff vodka (banner ads), and Johnson's Kids Hair Care (shampoo samples) to its biggest catch, Levi's, which zipped up the rights to an entire second stage in most of SFX's amphitheaters for $15 million over three years.

"If you want to reach the entertainment buyer, we've got the only national model," says Irv Zuckerman, who founded the St. Louis–based Contemporary Group concert-promotion company in 1968 and sold to Sillerman for $92 million in cash and stock. Zuckerman himself had tried to reach national advertisers years earlier, but with limited success. "Bob has delivered on every one of his promises to us. He's a great jockey. He's the one you want to ride this horse."

Taking a cue from sports marketing, Sillerman is shrewdly selling the million-dollar naming rights to such venerable houses as the Garden State Arts Center (now PNC Bank Arts Center), and he wouldn't mind re-tagging Jones Beach Theater, Irving Plaza, and the Beacon Theatre, the core of his New York inventory. To pack these places with fans (and, critics say, to squelch competition), Sillerman is slipping rockers the equivalent of backstage coke: the biggest paychecks of their lives. According to insiders (Sillerman won't divulge the sums), he's given Rod Stewart $350,000 per gig, twice what he was getting two years ago. Sillerman juiced up Dylan and Simon, who several promoters say dislike each other, with a combined $500,000. On his own, Dylan pulls in one fifth that amount.

SO HOW DOES SILLERMAN PAY FOR IT ALL? He doesn't. You do.

Top seats for Stewart now cost $80; for Dylan-Simon, they were $125. If you think those sound like scalper prices, you're not alone. Critics call it the back-alley trade moving to the front office. Sillerman calls it tiered ticket pricing. It's based on the Broadway and sports model, where the closer to the stage (or game) you are, the more you pay. Artists, who get up to 70 to 85 percent of the gate, are singing all the way to the bank.

Photographs, top to bottom: Catherine Ashmore; Photofest; Jerry Wachter/Globe Photos.

It's a brilliant strategy. If Joe Wall Street can fork over $300 to feel Mick Jagger's spittle, then clearly the market will bear the front-row increases. The problem is that the "inventory" on cheap seats is meager. For next spring's Crosby, Stills, Nash, & Young reunion at Madison Square Garden, for example, ticket prices range from $30.50 to $201. But if you buy a cheap seat, you'd better bring oxygen—even in the fourth tier, tickets are $76. Moreover, wealthy concertgoers tend to be conservative concertgoers—leaving up-and-coming bands and the younger concertgoers who support them out in the cold, according to Sillerman's critics.

"The middle-income consumer is getting bitten in all this," says Jules Belkin of Cleveland's Belkin Productions. "A guy who makes $32,000 a year and wants to go to four or five shows with his girlfriend, he can't do it. So then he goes to just one. How is that benefiting anybody?" And John Scher, who held his three-day Woodstock tickets to $150, retorts, "We are cannibalizing our own business."

Why would Sillerman, a brilliant strategist, do something so shortsighted? "The leopard doesn't change his spots," says Morisette's manager, Welch. "Look at this guy's history. Look at what he does. They keep trying to color it something else. Let's just cut the bullshit and call it what it is. A stock play."

"Bob can take a dollar bill and in 25 minutes it's $100," says Bruce Morrow. "You don't ask how; you just appreciate it."

According to SFX's most recent, third-quarter report, cash flow was up 123 percent for the first nine months of this year over last, to $169.3 million. But when interest on the $1 billion–plus debt is factored in, along with depreciation, amortization, and other charges, SFX shows a net loss of $15 million. Though Sillerman is closing the debt gap, investors have bailed in a big way on his stock, which is down 30 percent from a high of $51 just three months ago. It doesn't help that some key insiders, including the Beckers, cashed in huge stock blocks at their first opportunity.

And while his play dates climbed 13 percent this season, attendance rose just 2 percent, which means fewer people on average are coming to his shows. No surprise, then, that Sillerman prefers to talk about his slate of acquisitions and long-term goals. "I believe at the end of the year we will report a profit," he says. "But that is not the way I'm managing the company. We're managing toward free cash flow and we're managing toward growth. We're not managing to increase revenue."

New York theater insiders can't help pointing out a weird echo in all this of Garth Drabinsky, the free-spending producer whose remains Sillerman just picked up at a Broadway fire sale. The Toronto-based entrepreneur created Livent, built theaters in the U.S. and Canada, and got the Ford Motor Company to buy the marquees. Pleading fiscal prudence, Drabinsky took Livent public while producing musicals like *Ragtime* and *Show Boat*, spending enormous sums of other people's money—until he finally ran out of investors and drowned in a sea of red ink.

SILLERMAN HARDLY SEEMS CUT FROM THE same cloth. But at some point, SFX's investors will want results. So far, Sillerman has left every promotion house intact, missing out on the cost-cutting benefits of unifying various marketing, accounting, and merchandising staff. He continues to accumulate debt, having bought up several European promotion houses this fall. "The people in our industry know he's wasting millions of dollars that he doesn't need to," says one SFX promoter. "They throw ridiculous amounts of money away. His only concern is driving up stock prices with a new press release every day."

When I ask Sillerman if that's his game, to push the stock until he can sell the whole calliope to a willing buyer for one flash-point payday, he gives me a textbook answer. "I have a fiduciary responsibility to the shareholders of this company," he says. "It would be irresponsible of me not to consider any and all options, not to look out for their interests." In other words, Sillerman is for sale. And not for the first time.

IN THE WOODSY RIVERDALE SECTION of the Bronx where Robert F. X. Sillerman grew up, he learned early how to put capital to work. While selling greeting cards door-to-door in middle school, he wasn't satisfied with the slim margins. So he started his own company, buying in bulk and marshaling an army of friends as a commissioned sales force. But it wasn't until his father's bankruptcy in the pioneering Keystone Radio Network, when Sillerman was 13, that the business bug gripped his entire outlook.

"He was the consummate salesman," says Sillerman. "Good salespeople are optimistic. That's what I got from the whole thing. When you're in your sixties and you go bankrupt, it can be debilitating. But my father, the very next day, had an idea on how he was going to make his next million. He never did. But he never lost his optimism."

Neither did his son. At Brandeis University, where Sillerman majored in political science, he launched Youth Market Consultants in 1966, offering fellow students discount magazine subscriptions while advising marketers on how to target the teen set. He sold the company in 1972 to Boston's Ingalls ad firm, though he won't say for how much. While making the deal, he met a bright and passionate copywriter named Laura Baudo. At first, she was put off by his swagger. "Bob had hordes of women surrounding him, and I thought, 'Oh, get over your cheap self,' " Laura says with a laugh. "I wanted nothing to do with that." She pauses and adds, "That was moth to flame, wasn't it?"

When Laura sought his help in developing a musical greeting card, she learned what a lot of people learn if they listen to Sillerman closely. "Bob is very much a self-determinist," she says. "That's one thing I liked about him. And he likes conversation. That's not a usual male trait, is it? Other people might think he was attractive because of what was attached to him. He was successful. He dressed well. But I think it was that he really liked to talk and listen. He loves ideas."

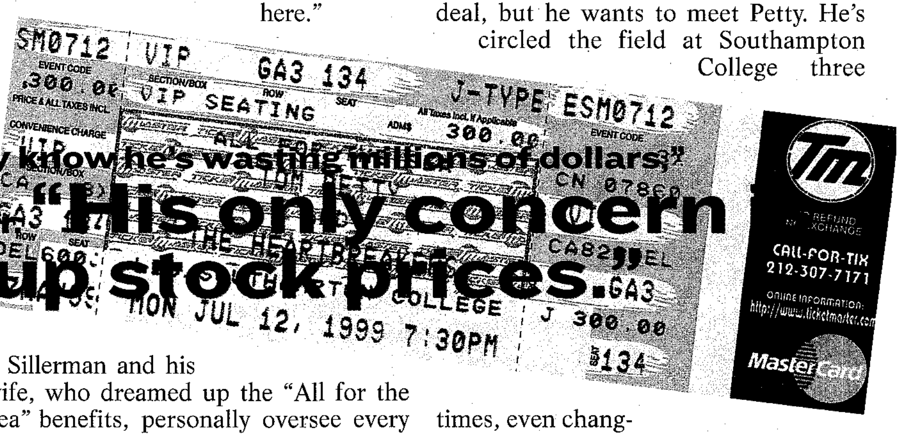
In 1978, Sillerman joined forces with oldies D.J. Bruce "Cousin Brucie" Morrow to buy two tiny stations in upstate New York for $1.875 million.

"Bob can take a dollar bill and in 25 minutes it's a hundred dollars," says Morrow. "You don't ask how; you just appreciate it. It's really this talent to assemble the right people. I want to call it charm, but it's actually quite frightening. He has this ability to absorb and master any skill. Thank God he never became Cousin Bob." On the first day they hit the air, Sillerman cried. Over time, the pair amassed a string of scrappy radio and TV outlets. But Sillerman's frat-boy humor (pretending to steal paper supplies during a crucial contract deal, awarding gold sales pins with the letters SLS for "Sell Like Shit") and his tough deal-making earned him a reputation as cocky but dependable.

"Deep down, Bob enjoys his celebrity and financial power," Morrow tells me. "But he knows people gun for you. He's a sweet guy in his personal life. In business, watch your gloves." By 1993, Sillerman had fought his way into an even bigger arena. That year, he teamed with radio-industry honcho Steve Hicks to take several stations public under SFX Broadcasting. When the Telecommunications Act of 1996 opened the way for ownership of multiple stations in single markets, they devoured dozens of properties to become the nation's seventh-largest chain. That year, Hicks left to become president of Capstar Broadcasting. With backing from his brother Tom at Texas buyout firm Hicks, Muse, Tate & Furst, Steve Hicks bought SFX Broadcasting for $2.1 billion. The transaction netted Sillerman $250 million—and set the stage for his latest takeover.

THE SALE FURTHER INCREASED HIS REPUTATION in Southampton, where he had arrived in the mid-seventies with Laura after following some friends out for a weekend. They quickly began spending every summer weekend, camping out on living-room floors, with Bob dominating the local volleyball nets. As his star rose, he bought nine acres of property and began building two houses. Sillerman imported hundreds of Alaskan clear cedar logs, which were planed in town and assembled onsite. He ruled over every inch of the design, from the living room's vaulted ceilings and the 40-foot indoor pool and basketball court—where a glass wall reveals swimmers, like fish in an aquarium—to the private disco, where the stairs light up as you step down to the dance floor.

"The people in our industry know he's wasting millions of dollars," says an SFX promoter. "His only concern is driving up stock prices."



In his guest house, tons of timber were joined, without a single nail, by a Japanese temple builder using pegboards as a guide instead of blueprints. "These things are not monuments to money," he insists, in a reflective monologue shot through with moments of mysticism. "But in them, you feel this spirituality of the hands that have been laid on the wood to do this. I know this sounds sort of Shirley MacLaine, but there's something about the peacefulness of the men who built it. Every piece of wood supports the other."

In 1992, when Southampton College lost its chancellor—the blue blood Angier Biddle Duke, ambassador to Spain under Lyndon Johnson—Sillerman took over the post at the behest of his old friend Tim Bishop, the school's provost. Sillerman laid out two conditions for taking on the job: that the college scrap several ill-defined liberal-arts programs and focus on its major strengths—marine science and creative writing. As in his business dealings, he also infused the college with his quirky humor. In a blatant publicity stunt that troubled old-guard administrators, he named Kermit the Frog as the 1996 commencement speaker. Thirty-one newspapers picked up the story, a free marketing bonanza that raised the college's profile and drew hundreds of new admissions.

"I thought right away this is a good marriage," says Roger Rosenblatt, editor-at-large for Time Inc. and professor of writing in the newly formed MFA program that was one of Sillerman's pet projects. "When you have a chancellor who is generous with his own money and his own time, it means so much more here."

Sillerman and his wife, who dreamed up the "All for the Sea" benefits, personally oversee every concert. They set up chairs, decorate tents with hanging fish cutouts, pick the area's top caterers. In other words, they roll up their sleeves. "Let's face it," says one administrator, "Bob is a rich guy who jets all over the place. He could just give us this money."

That's undoubtedly true. Sillerman owns a resort on Anguilla. He vacations in Paris and Cuernavaca. He recently flew several friends to Ireland on his ten-seat Challenger jet, then rerouted the whole group to London for a Rolling Stones concert. In truth, Sillerman is unquestionably generous with his friends, paying the college tuition of several of their children.

And he is generous, too, with strangers. In a touching tribute to his marriage, he gathered his friends at Irving Plaza for a twenty-fifth-wedding-anniversary party last February. Before the evening's headlining act, Willie Nelson, took the stage, Sillerman stepped under the bright lights and presented Laura with $100 million to launch the Tomorrow Foundation, a charity to be run by her. "Bob is usually Mr. Entertainment, the Milton Berle of my life," says Irwin Kruger, a McDonald's franchiser who has known Sillerman for nearly 40 years. "Here he was giving this lovely speech, saying, 'We've been so lucky, and we're not just giving back but thanking everybody.' "

"I think Bob, more than anything, has changed from somebody who was looking outward and is now able to look inward," says Laura, who notes that the birth of their daughter, late in their lives, has "mellowed" her husband. "Bob has become extremely conscious of wanting other people to get the first helping, of attention, joy, even credit. That's a good thing to know about yourself, that there's enough to go around."

TOM PETTY IS WEARING A grungy green army jacket, wandering around backstage with a willowy blonde young enough to be up past her bedtime. It's a hot night. Sillerman is making believe it's no big deal, but he wants to meet Petty. He's circled the field at Southampton College three times, even changing out of his Petty T-shirt because that might not look cool. His buttery cowboy boots are losing their shine in the dust. And the roadie patch on his faded-to-white Levis isn't getting him anywhere.

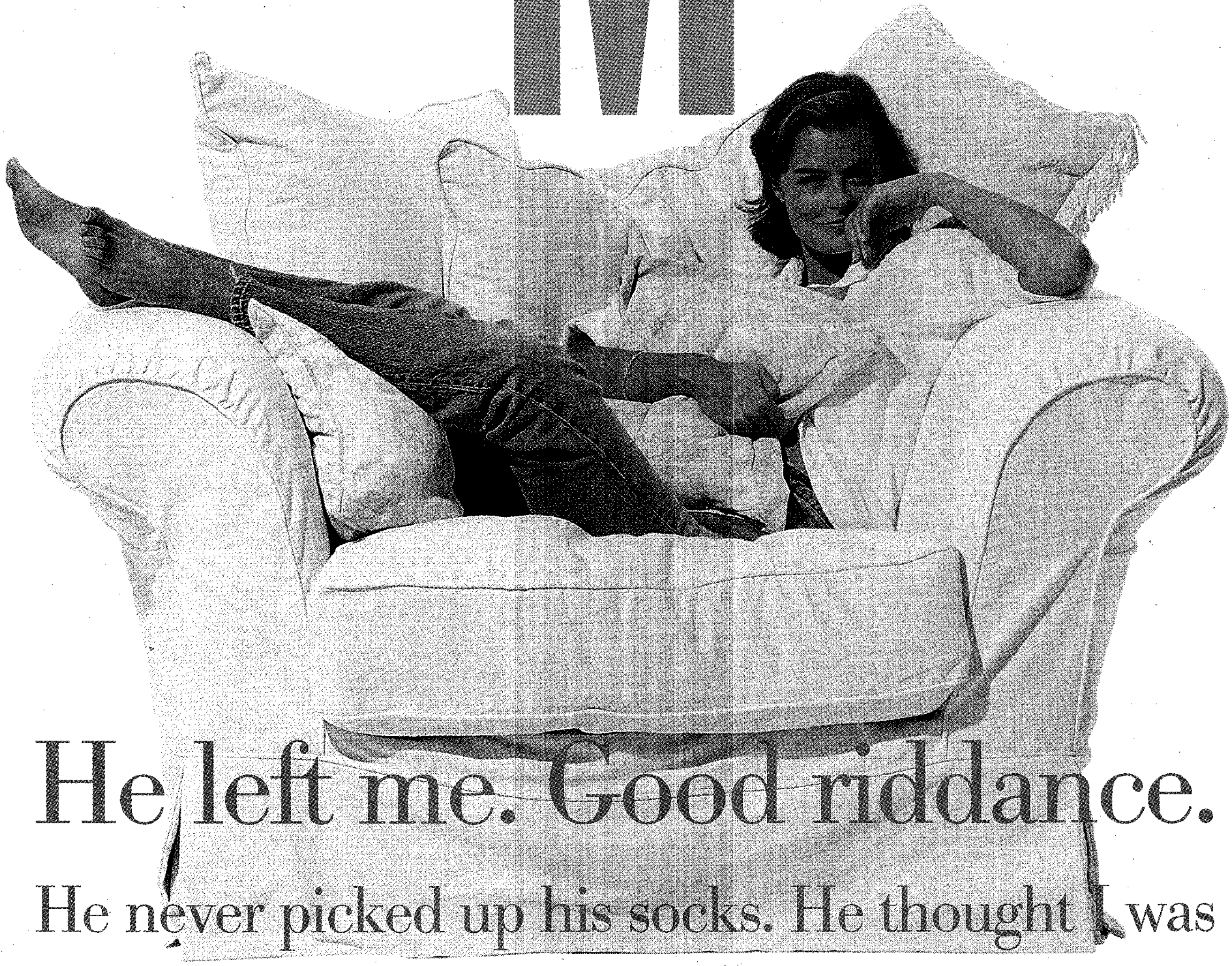
He flips open a Motorola cell phone and tells the housekeeping staff to prepare a room in case Petty wants to stay the night. Snapping the phone shut, he sidesteps a caterer lugging buckets of chilled Thai calamari and exits the VIP tent onto the field. An eardrum-rattling organ is punching out the hypnotic riffs of Petty's "You Got Lucky," testing the sound system of his Arabian-themed stage set. "Isn't this amazing?" says Sillerman, gazing—like a flower child finally seeing Woodstock—at the velvet draperies and rococo set. "This place was absolutely empty this morning. I watched them raise the roof."

Although it's a benefit, this event could serve as the blueprint for Sillerman's grand plan. The show is heavily sponsored. Hundreds of Revlon gift bags line the entrance to *(continued on page 91)*

MONTAUK

M

BOHADESIGN



He left me. Good riddance.

He never picked up his socks. He thought I was his mother. He didn't make me laugh anymore.

He's gone. Who cares... I kept the sofa.

sofa by montauk
www.montauksofa.com

NEW YORK
51 MERCER ST.
212.274.1552

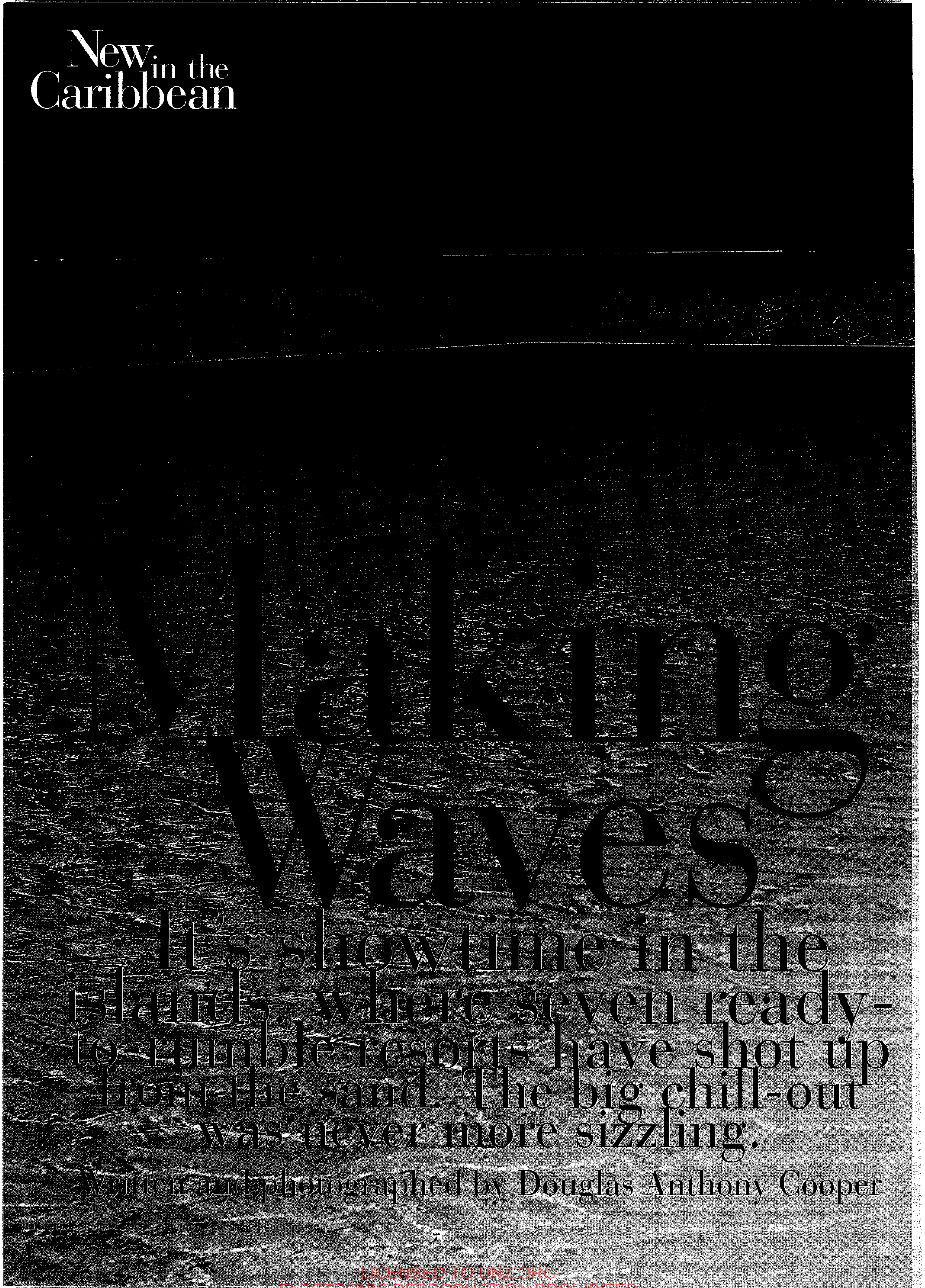
CHICAGO
223 WEST ERIE ST.
312.951.5688

WASHINGTON D.C.
1643 WISCONSIN AVE N.W.
202.298.7080

TORONTO
280 KING ST. EAST
416.361.0331

MONTREAL
4404 ST. LAURENT BLVD
514.845.8285

VANCOUVER
1062 HOMER ST.
604.331.2363



Making Waves

It's showtime in the islands, where seven ready-to-rumble resorts have shot up from the sand. The big chill-out was never more sizzling.

Written and photographed by Douglas Anthony Cooper

TURQUOISE DELIGHT
The lost-edge pool at Parrot Cay.

New in the Caribbean

AT THE AIRPORT IN SAN JUAN, WHILE OUR luggage is taking a sweet eternity to arrive, my date insists upon teaching me to swing-dance. And so we twirl between the carousels, oblivious to the bemused passengers. This is a novel experience. Soon, in an unrelated episode, a woman I have never met before places heated stones on my oiled body. This, too, is new. Ah, the new. How we love it. But a few days later (yes, at a resort just 45 minutes away), another woman I have never met before places heated stones on my oiled body. How quickly the new becomes old.

In the Caribbean, resorts are perpetually opening like so many hopeful flowers. Or—when I'm feeling less charitable—juddering to life like so many Frankenstein monsters. It is a difficult thing to capture a location at the eureka moment: At the time you choose to visit, some will still be lying on the slab, waiting for that jolt of life-giving electricity, whereas others will already have gone on to terrify scantily clad innocents. It is rare when delivery matches anticipation, but I spend a few weeks trying to find just this as I investigate the latest resorts at every level of price, from the shiny and new to the shoddy and nouveau.

Stirred, Not Shaken

UNLESS YOU'RE A SUPERMODEL, A BILLIONaire, or an East German mole, chances are that **Goldeneye** in Jamaica will be pretty new to you. The property was originally Ian Fleming's estate, and it was here that he conceived James Bond. Later, Goldeneye was bought by Island Records founder Chris Blackwell, who made it available to his personal friends. Only now is it open to the public—not to John Q. Public, mind you, but to John D. Public III: Goldeneye is not for the faint of pocketbook.

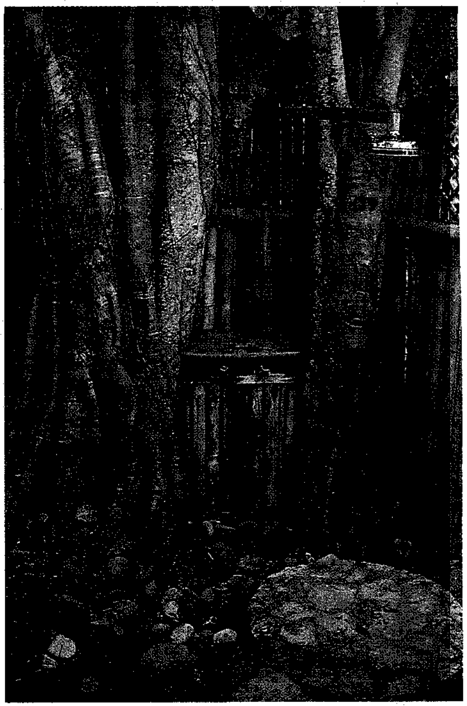
Take the main house, for instance, which I occupy all too briefly with my haughty, tempestuous date. With three glorious bedrooms, it generally houses six occupants, paying a collective $2,500 a night. Each bedroom opens onto a huge outdoor bathroom: You have a choice of an antique ceramic tub raised on an altar or a shower that drains into smooth stones. And when you are nice and clean, you can make your way into the living-and-dining area, equal parts opium den and animist temple, where you can worship or recline upon *echt*-Balinese objects, including totemic sculptures and bedlike chairs.

Long before Vishnu sent his chic avatars to retool the décor, Liz Taylor hung out here, as did Errol Flynn and Noël Coward (whose own decadent estate, Firefly, is a short drive away). Fleming's desk still stands in a corner of the master bedroom—you can write a prurient thriller at it, should you so desire—but chances are you will entertain in a somewhat different mode. An expensive stereo with a changer full of CDs provides a library of reggae and world music: Chris Blackwell, the owner, sold Island Records for a whack of cash in 1989 and now operates a new label, Palm Pictures, and a handful of the most sophisticated hotels in the Caribbean.

Goldeneye's fifteen acres include four slightly lesser villas. Naomi Campbell, for instance, prefers the two-bedroom farthest from the main house: It's nicely private and is $400 a night. A three-bedroom villa is only $1,000. The living quarters are splashed with bright paint and feature idiosyncratic baths handcrafted by locals. Three of the villas have a kitchen and the option of dining indoors or out. A TV-VCR and a stereo ensure that you will never be too far from the benevolent influence of Island Records.

Blackwell prides himself on his eco-sensitivity—this tends to happen to people who spend too much time with supermodels—and guests are invited to plant a tree. Martha Stewart planted a lemon tree; Christy Turlington and Jim Carrey have plaques on theirs.

Dr. No was filmed here, and I'm prepared for rafts of kitsch: naked waitresses painted gold, gymnastic security guards in bikinis, a fat concierge stroking a white Persian. But no: The predominant aesthetic is Balinese, which has more to do with the latest trends in island décor than with sophisticated sexism from the sixties. Bazillionaires in the Caribbean compete, it seems, to see who can be the most authentically Balinese. Virgin CEO and frustrated balloonist Richard Branson did up his entire private island like Bali, and Blackwell poached his designer to renovate Goldeneye in 1998.



WARM AND PEACE **Counterclockwise from top, a secluded cove at Goldeneye; the outdoor shower in Ian Fleming's backyard; Time Out at the Gap's teeming beach.**

Sitting is done low to the ground on impressive cushions. I don't really get this; I've just been to Bali, and nobody there is stealing cultural artifacts from Jamaica. Why can't people be satisfied with an indigenous version of paradise?

At Goldeneye, all meals are included in the price of the room. The resort has no

25 3
HOBIE 16

Sitting on Balinese cushions at Goldeneye, I wonder why people can't be happy with an indigenous version of paradise.

restaurants per se: Chefs are dispatched to your villa to cook for you. A nice touch; I just wish the rotation featured David Bouley. The food, you see, is a bit uninspired. It is here I would have appreciated a flight of pan-cultural inauthenticity: Everywhere else in the Caribbean is doing Asian fusion, for instance, or Californian light cuisine. But Goldeneye seems to think it can get away with a fairly ordinary Jamaican spread. My date expects more than chicken and lamb curries with rice. Dr. No, surely, would have demanded more.

The most Bond-like moment, for me, is a midnight skinny-dip at the main house's own private beach, shielded by huge boulders from the prying eyes of hoi polloi. All the resort's beaches have a covelike quality, which I prefer: They enfold rather than expose you. As for fully clothed extracurriculars, there is only one hard tennis court and no resident pro (although a local pro can be brought in). Still, Goldeneye is nicely tricked out with gadgets, including kayaks, Jet Skis, and a private charter plane so we could stage our own stunts, were we so inclined. Day trips are encouraged: Management will happily set you up rafting or horseback riding. One of everybody's fave things to do at Goldeneye is to take the heli over to Strawberry Hill, another Blackwell resort on the island, where there is a newly opened Aveda spa.

Goldeneye itself is in Oracabessa, twenty minutes from Ocho Rios on the northeast shore of Jamaica and almost midway between the airports at Kingston and Montego Bay. Count on a two-hour drive to either (if you can't afford a chopper).

(Book through Island Outpost, at 800-OUTPOST.)

Ragin' Bajan

OF COURSE, BETWEEN SKINNY-DIPS AND SPA treatments, Bond and his mistress of the moment are occasionally forced to confront less pleasant circumstances. Sports bars, for instance. I did not exactly *plan* to stay at a sports bar—does anyone?—but I was intrigued by a recently renovated property in Barbados. **Time Out at the Gap** is not precisely new; it's part of a program in Barbados to transform dilapidated hotels into cheap and cheerful winners. And Time Out is indeed cheap—a hundred bucks a night ($125 in high season)! But there's such a thing as *too* cheerful.

As we approach by cab, the music from the bar can be heard a block away. The first impression, apart from the live rock band, is moderately uplifting: There's a dramatic sign over an almost credible entryway: a jaunty canopy leading past a jaunty fountain. But the discerning Goldeneyeball quickly falls upon garish lights over the pool tables and TVs blaring live soccer matches. The Whistling Frog Pub offers three happy hours a day, for those who prefer happy hours to meals. And it appears many American frat boys (and their Brit equivalents) very much do. If you insist on a meal, you can always order a flying-fish burger or a Scotch egg for less than $10—no mean feat in Barbados.

I question the wisdom of visiting this funster retreat immediately after staying amid the elegance of Fleming's manse. The rooms are considerably more manic, painted peach, with buoyant floral upholstery to clash with your Hawaiian shirt. You get air-conditioning to chill your soul and a fridge to chill your Red Stripe. Cable TV? But of course. Still, it's a notch more sophisticated than a hostel. Time Out has a "transportation center," where guests can rent Rollerblades or mountain bikes, and a water-sports center on the beach featuring aqueous volleyball, submarine aerobics, and scuba instruction. (Aerobics and volleyball are free, but the rest costs extra.) A bonus: The band plays only until about 10:30 P.M., after which you are welcome to read, think, or sleep.

The hotel features a passable swimming pool, but then, you haven't come all this way for chlorinated water: Just across the street is a happening stretch of beach. Of course, *happening* is not everyone's favorite adjective when it comes to the beach thing. The beach is, in short, populous. And for those who are populist—a category that certainly excludes my date—it's a blast.

"The Gap" refers to the St. Lawrence Gap on the south coast, one of those enclaves thick with souvenir shops, theme bars (Boomer's, Shenanagans, etc.), and young folk in a bleary search for *lurv*. For Barbados—the island that we are nominally visiting—this really is a peculiar introduction. Barbados has a reputation for colonial hauteur; it vies with Bermuda to draw Anglophiles and golfers from around the world. The rest of the island is really quite different from what we are experiencing at the Gap: thematic tourism and tight painter's pants (arr!). The locals, who call themselves Bajans, derive mostly from West Africa, but the shared hallucination foisted upon tourists remains mostly Waugh. A tour of the island reveals numerous restored great houses from the plantation days, lovely colonial mansions in which my date might feel almost at home, stoning local fauna with empty bottles of Bollinger.

It is important to be philosophical, however. As we return to our sprightly nest of cheapness, I instruct my companion in the importance of contrast: how we might not have minded Time Out had we not just boarded *chez* Bond. And she instructs me—a silent lecture; in fact, a single eyebrow raised with exquisite irony over an arctic eye—on the need to decamp first thing in the morning.

(Standard rooms at Time Out are $100 to $125. Call 888-599-6666 or 905-677-1330 to book.)

The New New Things

The twin forces of nature in the Caribbean—hurricanes and entrepreneurial hubris—have conspired to give us lots that's shiny and chic. For your millennial vacation, you might also want to investigate the following:

Room Temperature

On St. John, the most swank and secluded of the American Virgins, the big news may seem subtle, but it's sending ripples through the high-end Caribbean community: **Caneel Bay**, for the first time in history, has air-conditioning. Caneel has had a patrician disdain for air-con from the beginning, so coldish air represents a modest revelation—along the order of a Yale-educated politician's admitting to a weakness for cocaine. Book at 800-928-8889.

Eco Trip

Also new on St. John are **Concordia Eco-Tents**, in Coral Bay. This is the more secluded, less swank end of the island, and the eco-tents approximate camping. Half hotel room, half tent, they bring a whole new level of ecological correctness to the Caribbean experience: the most rigorous recycling program this side of a hippie commune, including composting toilets. Book at 800-392-9004.

Let's Do Launch

Sandy Lane in Barbados is spending $2.5 million *per room* on the renovation; the plan is to sell villas on the property to subsidize the resort. Sandy Lane will be building a 30,000-square-foot spa, monstrous for a 112-room resort, and there will be three golf courses by the time the rebuilding is complete. *(To book, see main article.)*

Sandy Lane is not the only bid to return Barbados to the grooviness of yore. Assuming it ever gets finished, **Villanova**, a renovated great-house, promises another level of decadence, including a dedicated Mercedes to drive you to the water-sports center. They bill themselves as the "first true country-house hotel in the Caribbean"—which may be, euphemistically, a way of noting that they are 25 minutes from the west coast, where everybody prefers to swim. The opening has been pushed back so that the villa can build—surprise, surprise—a spa, which will feature indoor-outdoor treatments (a staple of Asian spas, where they like to massage you beneath the fig trees). The tentative launch date is August; keep tabs on the project by phoning 246-433-1524.

Nouvelle Cuisine

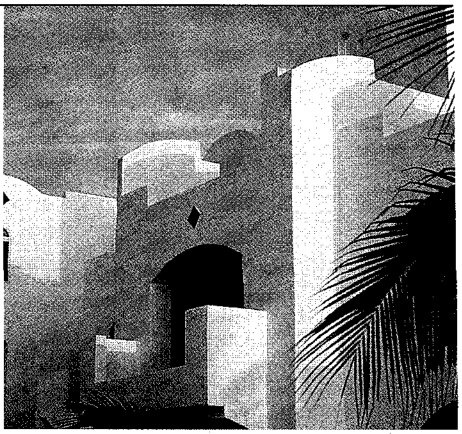
Bill Fischer, who operates Fischer Travel, an agency so exclusive that it has an unlisted number, will be sending armchair chefs to the improbably named **Cuisinart Resort and Spa** in Anguilla, the culinary capital of the Carib. It neither slices nor dices: The Cuisinart will be a luxury hotel—93 lavish chambers with marble bathrooms—that just happens to be owned by the makers of the famed kitchen device and bears an uncanny resemblance to nearby Cap Juluca. While Fischer agrees that the choice of name may be unfortunate, he expects the hotel itself to overcome its moniker. Opening December 1 on Rendezvous Bay, the Cuisinart (God, that sounds weird) will feature tennis and water sports, the first full-service spa on Anguilla (er, wow), and also the first hydroponic farm at any resort, where they'll be growing all their veggies, herbs, and flowers. Cooking classes will be given, natch. The executive chef is Denis Jaricot, formerly of Truffles at the Four Seasons in Toronto, where it has for years been considered the best room in town. Doubles in high season will range from $490 to $1,200 for a one-bedroom suite. Book at 800-943-3210 or 212-972-0880.

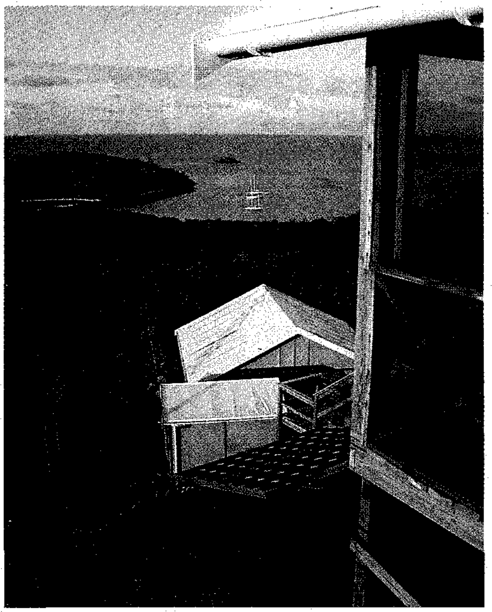
Name Your *Poisson*

La California in the town of Grand Case has gathered a devoted New Yorky following, as hard-core Francophiles branch out from Marigot in search of less touristed Frenchness. The name is deceiving (except for the "La" part); this is classic French cooking: crêpes and omelets for brunch, soupe de poisson for dinner. (134, Boulevard de Grand Case; call 011-590-87-55-57.)

Go for Broke

Used to be you had to hang in Puerto Rico if you wanted to gamble in the American Caribbean, but that's about to change. St. Croix's new **Divi Carina Bay** has been granted a license for the first casino in the U.S. Virgins, which should be ready just in time for the millennium, on December 18, with 275 slot machines and twelve tables. Y2K is going to reintroduce the Stone Age, so who needs cash? Feel free to drop it all at the blackjack table, then retreat to the four-star deluxe property, with 124 beachfront rooms and twenty villas. Call 340-773-9700.





Dr. Go

James Bond groupies who can't afford Goldeneye can always spend a few nights at the brand-new **British Colonial Hilton** in the Bahamas. Okay, not so new: It was built in 1922, and an earlier version of the hotel occupied this site (where Old Fort Nassau used to be) from 1901. This was, in fact, the oldest continuously operating hotel in Nassau until Hilton arranged to run the building and shut it down for a $68 million restoration. In its pre-Hilton incarnation, the British Colonial served as a set for both *Never Say Never Again* and *Thunderball.* Sean Connery lives close by in Lyford Cay; you can bug him when you're not throwing back vodka martinis at the Hilton or lolling on the only private beach in town. Doubles range from $189 to $270; call 800-HILTONS.

The Suite Hereafter

Vieques is a tiny island just off Puerto Rico, and in March—despite the best efforts of Hurricane Georges—it will be

HOW NOW **Left, Anguilla's food-obsessed Cuisinart resort; below left, Concordia Eco-Tents have composting toilets.**

showing off the brand-new **Martineau Bay Resort**, by far the most ambitious effort yet on this diminutive land mass. Built in plantation style by the Rosewood people—the same guys who operate the premier resorts Caneel Bay and Little Dix—Martineau Bay has 136 guest rooms, twenty suites, a lost-edge pool, a tennis court, and (drumroll, please) a spa. Bring the extended family: Teens and children will have their own facilities and programs. Rooms range from $450 to $3,000 for a three-bedroom villa. Call 888-ROSEWOOD.

Virgin Territory

Does Vieques sound too plebeian for you? Feel like renting a whole island? You have a new option in the British Virgins: **Little Thatch Island** is 54 acres of silly opulence, including a vast knife-edge pool, a Balinese pavilion built on a hill and surrounded by bedroom cottages, and a staff of twelve. You'll have your own powerboat and captain, sailing dinghies, kayaks and windsurfers, and a beach cottage with a fully stocked bar. A minimum of three nights is required: Little Thatch is $9,250 per night for one to four people, $10,550 per night for a group of five to ten—pocket change. Call 800-613-1511.

World According to St. Barts

The proprietors of La Mandala, a favorite Asiatic restaurant in Gustavia, have just opened **Boubou's** at El Sereno Beach Hotel (011-590-29-83-01); another hotel hottie is **Bartholomeo** (011-590-27-66-60), this year's gastronomical event in the venerable Guanahani. Lots going on at Guanahani: Rooms have been renovated, and after your morning croissant, you can motor over to a new spa at the Eden Rock hotel, which will offer massages, facials, manicures, and cellulite therapy.

St. Barts is traditionally a place to shop for baubles, and the big news is Jacques Rossell's **Chopard** store in the Gustavia harbor. Model Angie Everhart—not just arm candy, but then, neither is a Chopard watch—will be hosting a huge blowout over Christmas. D.A.C.

Time Out From Time Out

WITHIN MINUTES, WE HAVE BOOKED A ROOM for tomorrow night at **Tropical Escape**, an all-inclusive resort less than two years old in a far more tranquil location. Not that booking a room at Tropical Escape is the simplest matter: In general, the resort takes reservations only through agents in the U.K. and Canada. If you're on the island, however, you can call the front desk and try your luck. Tropical Escape is on Paynes Bay, generally considered the best stretch of the west coast and within walking distance of the most vaunted restaurants in Barbados. This relative proximity is crucial: While *all-inclusive* by definition includes meals, they are the one aspect of Tropical Escape from which you may wish to escape. The dining room is aggressively tropical—with all of the colors generally associated with that condition—and proves a bit extreme when you're trying to revive the synapses over bacon and eggs. The cuisine is interchangeable with the food you'll find at a hundred all-inclusives across the Caribbean: hearty cafeteria fare ladled out in huge portions, largely edible, entirely forgettable. And you can order all the bad wine you can drink.

Turtle Beach would suit Monica Lewinsky—lots of brazen thongs in evidence.

Still, for about $200 a night, the rest of Tropical Escape is refreshingly dignified: a long gracious sweep of white stucco, introduced by a fountain spilling into a white bowl. The public areas come very close to qualifying as tasteful (um, lose the lobby murals). Low arched windows overlook a free-form blue pool: When the sun is strong on the whitewashed walls, you could easily imagine yourself in Mykonos. The rooms are open studios, also washed in white. Chairs and tables are bent from bars of raw iron; pastel fabrics hang in the windows. The floors are cool to the touch with ceramic tiles. I could live like this. More important: My demanding date could tolerate this for a couple of days.

The beach is across the road, and intervening is the Bombas Bar, which quickly becomes our hangout: The bar is really an extension of the beach, with barefoot, semi-naked surf bums kicking back between a graffitilike riot of color—orange, yellow, green, and red. The banana daiquiri has the inviting consistency of a milk shake and the subtle kick of a cornered mule.

And the beach itself? Again, populist, but considerably more charming than the cheek-by-jowl party at the Gap. There's plenty of room to lie down, and even to jog: The beach seems to go on forever. It winds around the coast and disappears from sight. Your core activities—sailing, windsurfing, snorkeling—even paddleboating—are included in the price.

I don't mind the crowds. In my long study of this aquasphere, I've decided that you really want only two kinds of beach experience: You want solitude, or you want multitude. The latter has its champions, and for good reason: It's hard to rent a Jet Ski from a buff local if there are no buff locals about. And my date—as she disappears on the back of a Jet Ski with a buff local—briefly displays populist tendencies.

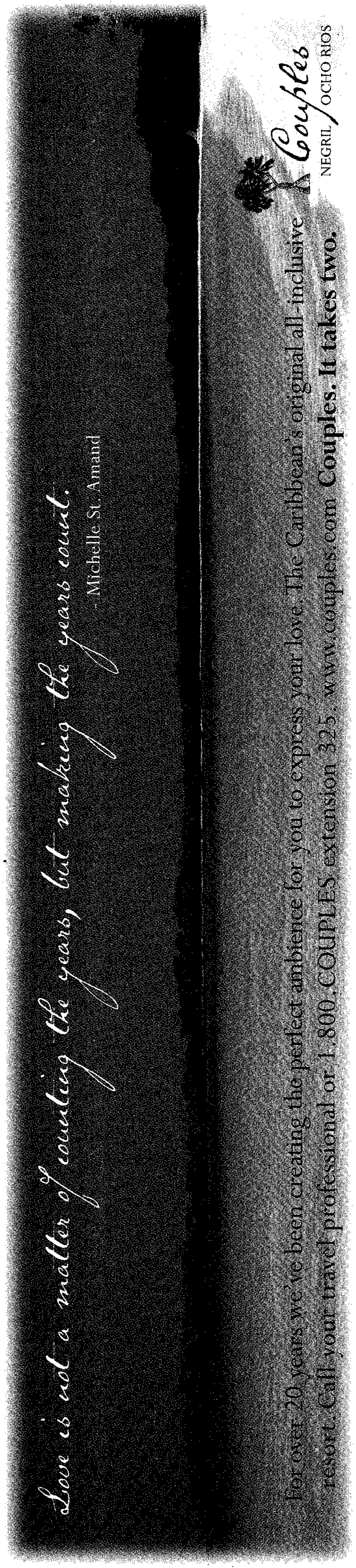
(If you're on the island, book at the check-in desk—246-432-2148—for Tuesday through Saturday stays, or call Air Tours at 246-228-9800 for Sundays and Mondays.)

Darwinian Dining

I HAVE WORRIED ABOUT THE SPIRITUAL health of my date. She has withered, somewhat, since the loss of our private estate in Jamaica—she is beginning to take on the long-suffering look of a Chekhov sister. An haute dinner out should prove the ideal restorative.

We canvass the various experts—our concierge, the local tourist board, innocent passersby—and a consensus seems to emerge: The three hot restaurants at the moment are Sandy Lane, Carambola, and the Cliff, all a short hike from Tropical Escape.

Sandy Lane is a legendary golf resort trying to make a radical transition from warhorse back to prancing foal. The owners have torn down most of the property and are rebuilding it from scratch, at the cost of $300 million. It remains to be seen whether Sandy Lane will rise to the position it occupied in the sixties, when the most glamorous Brits competed to lounge on its private beach. In the meantime, in order to keep the venerable name alive and kicking, Sandy Lane has opened a



Love is not a matter of counting the years, but making the years count.
- Michelle St. Amand

For over 20 years we've been creating the perfect ambience for you to express your love. The Caribbean's original all-inclusive resort. Call your travel professional or 1.800.COUPLES extension 325 www.couples.com Couples. It takes two.

Couples
NEGRIL / OCHO RIOS

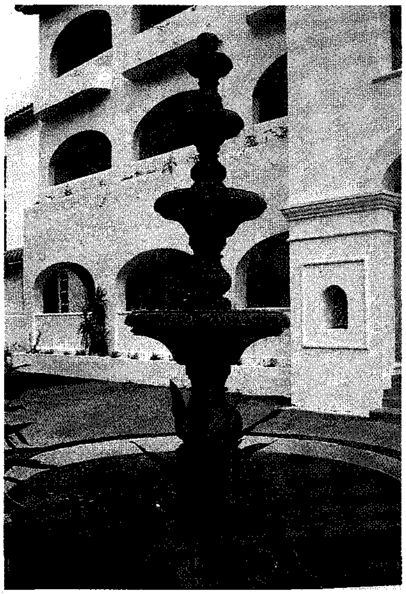
year-old restaurant called the Restaurant, serving French-Asian and receiving serious attention from international critics.

A patio on the second floor of the golf clubhouse, the Restaurant has embarrassingly attentive service and fine (if not quite life-altering) cuisine. I have a mix of Asian hors d'oeuvre to start, including lobster and sprouts rolled in rice paper. A substantial tenderloin—unimpeachable, if not exactly inspired—is my main course. Culinary genius emerges only with dessert: When the chef turns his hand to pastries, he channels the ghost of Buckminster Fuller to create dazzling architectural follies with spun sugar. My particular edifice contains three kinds of crème brûlée protected by a delicate sucrose dome. Unfortunately, the restaurant was so well reviewed that the chef recently decided to leave and set up his own as-yet-unopened establishment. Ah, the food chain. *(Dinner for two with wine comes to $130; reserve at 246-444-2000; double rooms haven't been priced yet.)*

Pockets of the Caribbean have become culinary hothouses, but not since Anguilla have I run across a place this species-rich. The next night, we dine at **Carambola**, whose new chef, Michael Harrison, is Bajan but has done time in haute apprenticeships throughout England and America. At Le Gavroche in London, he prepared dinner for Lady Di, and at Maine's White Barn Inn, he cooked for George Bush. Now, to bring this epic crescendo to a crashing whimper, he is going to cook dinner, at Carambola, for me.

Carambola occupies a particularly dramatic location, on a low cliff down by the water with the waves exploding about fifteen feet below your table. Sometimes, an unusually loud wave will send up a spray that captures the light and threatens to return your calamari to the sea. Service is perhaps a little less formal than at Sandy Lane, but warm and genial. The colonizing power exerting force over this particular kitchen is Continental, via the East Indies: Our soup of the day is a lobster cappuccino, which is as rich and frothy as its name. I have a stir-fry of scallops and shrimp with a roasted-peanut sauce, and my dazzling, fully recuperated companion has the roasted rack of lamb in a honey-mustard crust. And as with Sandy Lane, the experience (dinner for two with wine at Carambola comes to $120; reserve at 246-432-0832) is just slightly sexier than the food itself; it is only at our next restaurant that the two meet in Wagnerian union.

Our final dining excursion on the west coast takes us to **The Cliff**, which competes with the dining room at Malliouhana in Anguilla and—in terms of atmosphere and design—easily kicks sand in the face of that aging champ. At the Cliff, old stone walls have sprouted wrought-iron candleholders sculpted to look like trees, and the dining area is an amphitheater of balconies overlooking the water. Manta rays can regularly be spotted frolicking in the waves below, and Prince Andrew has been spotted at the best table above. The kitchen, too, is quasi-miraculous: Emphasis is on the freshest local catches (sometimes served as sushi), with Bajan-Asian sauces. Specials of the day include, to start, a carpaccio of dolphin—the fish, not Flipper—marinated in a honey-soy sauce and accompanied by Chinese greenery. For the main course, red snapper completes a tower of mashed potatoes scented with saffron; across the table, local shrimp of prodigious dimensions swim in a green Thai curry with coconut milk, fried basil, and coriander rice. I always recommend any dessert bearing the "Please allow ten minutes" warning: In this case, it's a pudding of warm deep chocolate, drenched in vanilla sauce and rum. I would wait hours, on a deserted street corner in Loisaida, for this particular drug. *(Dinner for two with wine is $140; reserve well in advance at 246-432-1922.)*

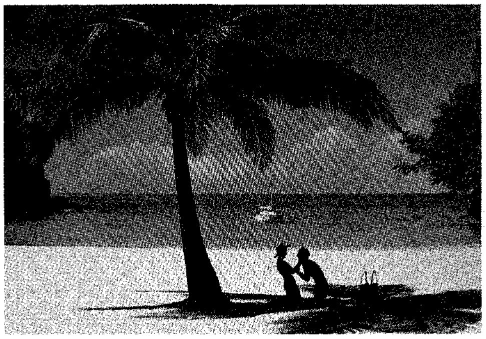


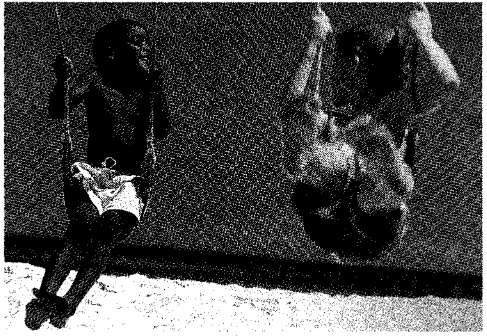
BEAUTY AND THE BLEACHED
Tropical Escape has the complexion of Mykonos.

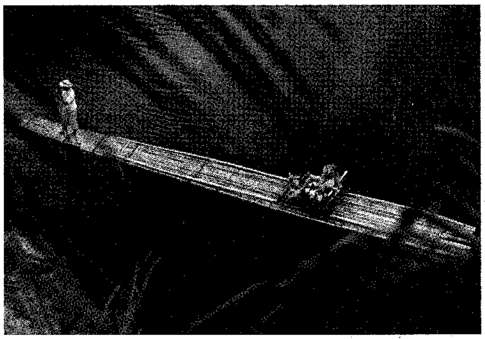
All-Exclusive

MY UNFLINCHING SEARCH FOR NOVELTY IS taking me back, believe it or not, to the land of sports bars. The newest resort in Barbados, **Turtle Beach**, just happens to be—*oy gevalt*—right next to the Gap. After dining our way to modest rapture on the west coast, we steel ourselves for a brutal anticlimax, and we are in a grim

No place like it.







No place looks like it. Feels like it. Or heals like it. No place on earth.

JAMAICA

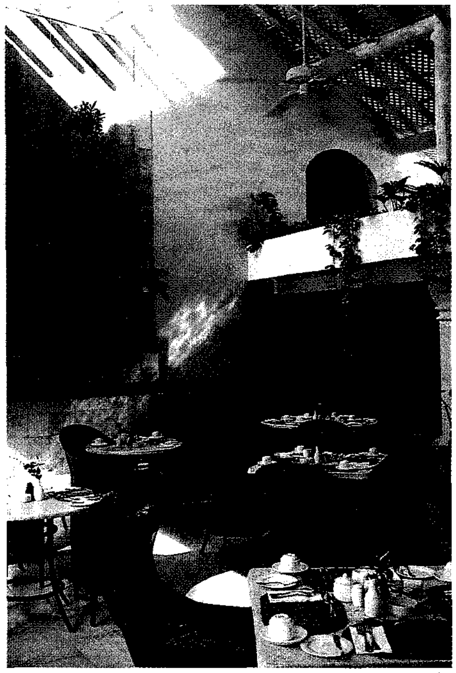
Come to Jamaica and feel all right. *Call your Travel Agent or 1-800-JAMAICA* *www.jamaicatravel.com*

©1999 Jamaica Tourist Board

mood: me fearful, my date murderous.

Well, so much for preconceptions. Turtle Beach might abut the Gap, but it couldn't be farther away, notionally, from the unruly throng at Time Out. It *is* an all-inclusive but suffers from surprisingly few of the shortcomings that plague this category. Turtle Beach is almost elegant. The lobby, for instance, aspires to an operatic stage set: vast, vertical, and stuccoed in pink, with sheets of water cascading down walls. The beach is remarkably clean and crisp for this bit of Barbados, and the resort has this stretch of sand pretty much to itself.

At the foot of the water-drenched walls sits the Chelonia restaurant, where the service borders on French formality: Breakfast is a real breakfast, with fruit pancakes and omelettes made to order. Dinner includes seafood served in peculiar combinations: A roulade of chicken and lobster. Or snapper and tuna dressed with exotic fruits and chive butter. Not quite the Cliff, but a huge departure from the spread at, for instance, Tropical Escape.



This is our first stop on this trip that I can seriously recommend to a family with children—mostly because Turtle Beach is properly equipped to relieve you of the little darlings between the crucial tanning hours of nine in the morning and nine at night. Tearfully deposit them at the "Tommy Turtle Kids Club," where they'll be entertained with treasure hunts and beach games, free of charge, and learn to make almost edible cookies that you will be forced to enjoy that evening. The club will feed your kids for you, plug them into video games, pacify them with television, and even sit the newborn for a modest fee.

Adults are properly looked after as well, with a potted nightlife that includes various lounge acts, calypso dancing, and a series of bars strategically lurking about the property. Speaking of which, Turtle Beach does, in fact, have a sports bar. But it's a reasonably elevated instance of the genre, offering spa cuisine and a light Continental breakfast. I like to think that the Blue Turtle, with its four large-screen TVs, keeps the soccer-obsessed flotsam off the beach.

SALINE SOLUTION **Above, the okay-size stretch of sand at Turtle Beach is clean, crisp, and underpopulated. Left, the resort's Chelonia restaurant is almost elegant.**

Turtle Beach is a largish property, with 167 rooms; all have views of the water and are conveniently modern, with satellite TV, air-conditioning, and voice mail. Furniture is wicker, telegraphing "Caribbean." The pinkish hotel nestles right up against an okay-size beach—1,500 feet long—at which we fail to encounter a single turtle. The activities offered here are astonishingly various: You can snorkel, surf and sail, kayak and Jet Ski, play tennis and engage in all manner of planned communal sports, or just let it all hang out. Amazing how many people let most of it hang out. Turtle Beach would suit Monica Lewinsky: lots of brazen thongs in evidence (as opposed to thongs *as* evidence). A casual hedonistic ethos prevails; should Bill Clinton decide to visit, he would get a special rate at the nearby Royal Westmoreland Golf and Country Club, a Robert Trent Jones Jr. design and generally considered one of the best courses in the Caribbean.

($522 to $840 a night per person for a double-occupancy "junior suite," all-inclusive; call 246-438-4680 or 800-326-6898 to reserve.)

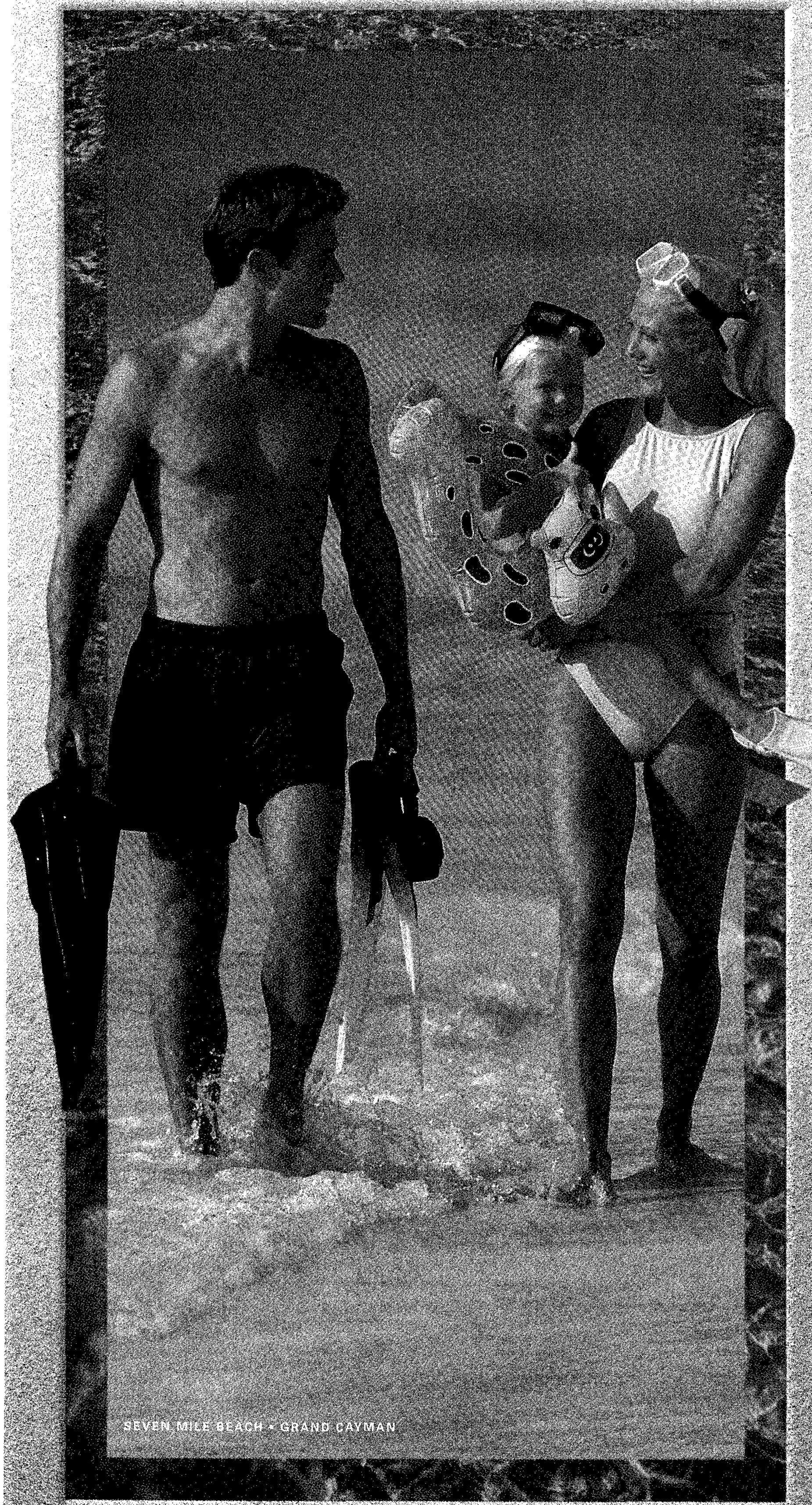
The Stepford Resort

WE ARE ON OUR WAY TO **Las Casitas**, ONE OF only two five-diamond hotels in the entire Caribbean (the other being the world-famous Four Seasons in Nevis). Las Casitas is a hotel within a hotel, an ultraexclusive holy of holies, nestled within the semi-exclusive El Conquistador at Las Croabas, about an hour east of San Juan. Everything at El Conquistador is larger than life: the buildings, the hair, the steaks. El Conquistador is mostly on Puerto Rico proper but has its own private island with a beach, water sports, and snack hut half an hour away by speedboat. On the mainland, there are a dozen restaurants and a whole fleet of swimming pools; Cortés would have approved not just of the name but of the scale of the place, 500 acres, close to 1,000 rooms.

Las Casitas is in many ways the opposite of El Conquistador, a toy town in the midst of radical bigness. Everything in Las Casitas seems smaller than life. The hotel sometimes feels like the set for *The Truman Show:* tiny, utopian, and just a touch unreal. Stuccoed row houses, each a different tropical hue, surround a squeaky-clean public space with a swimming pool, a Jacuzzi, and a café. The public space could not, in fact, be less public: A guard stands at the border entrance, ensuring that none of the Conquistador conventionistas penetrate the privacy of this Legoland. Ideologically speaking, I find Las Casitas a bit scary.

That said, it's all pretty luxe. We get our own two-story townhouse, with a view of the sea far below. We have two bedrooms, one on each floor, each with its own bathroom and sitting area. We get our own brace of butlers—*everybody* at Las Casitas gets a townhouse and butler

Come back from your family vacation without needing one.


SEVEN MILE BEACH • GRAND CAYMAN

When was the last time you truly relaxed on a family vacation? If "never" comes to mind perhaps you should consider our beautiful Cayman Islands. Here, your children can run along miles of sandy white beaches, play in our turquoise waters or simply spend a

Relax Cayman Islands Style

perfect sun day cultivating their imaginations. From luxury hotels with children's programs to kid friendly condos, you'll find everything you need to relax, Cayman Islands style. For more information call your travel agent or 1-800-346-3313 or visit our website at www.caymanislands.ky.

CAYMAN ISLANDS

Grand Cayman • Cayman Brac • Little Cayman

service—and the one who checks us in is a sweet guy with an accent that would serve him well in the South Bronx. I'd much rather hang with this butler than with the bureaucrats behind the check-in desk (who have just a touch too much attitude for this glorified Disneyland).

Every once in a while, we venture into the vast resort that surrounds us. A trip into El Conquistador really is Pee-wee's Big Adventure. We visit the steakhouse, an institution that makes Peter Luger look restrained. I order the "Cowboy Steak" (a rib eye, really), which is by no means the largest on the menu, and I still feel like a Flintstone: I want to pick up my Cowboy Steak by its bone and hammer the table with it, Khrushchev-style: *bam bam. Bam.* My date, however, might not approve, being not so much Pebbles as Marie Antoinette. Dinner for two, with wine, comes to $90.

Of course, should you choose to dine within the invisible force field of Las Casitas, the scale of the experience adjusts accordingly. Le Bistro has only a handful of tables—it may well be the tiniest dining room I've ever occupied outside a private home—and serves tiny, understated courses to match. Escargots in a rich butter come served in their own shells; the magret de canard is brushed with honey and sprinkled with black truffles. Desserts are not ambitious—I'm a bit tired of conquistadorial ambition, anyway—but they are lovely: a simple tarte aux pommes with cinnamon ice cream, and a mocha cake served with a raspberry coulis. Dinner for two, with wine, is $130.

Las Casitas is five years old, but the resident spa, licensed by the Golden Door people from California, opened last December. The spa is by far the most sophisticated institution in the republic that is El Conquistador: Built on three sun-drenched levels, with views over the water and up toward the rain forest, the Golden Door draws on Japanese minimalism, California body worship, and haughty southern decadence.

You get indoor streams and waterfalls, beachlike pebbles underfoot, *faux*-adobe walls, music that changes as you rise from the Welcome level to the Vitality level (the second floor). I suppose it's all a bit silly if you think about it, but then, you didn't come here to think. You came here to drink expensive fruit juice at the price of $3.50 a glass, run the treadmill to exhaustion, then get pounded into a state of ecstatic comfort.

Here I have the best classical massage I've ever had (ask for Rebecca). Other treatments are pleasantly arcane: The "targeted massage with parafango" applies heat in the form of mud and paraffin to some especially sore quadrant of your bod. "Shirodhara" involves dripping warm oil on your third eye—much more pleasant than Chinese water torture—before culminating in an upper-body massage and facial. On the Vitality level, I meet with—no, not George Orwell—a fitness expert, who guides me through a truly professional session employing various computational devices. She figures out my lung capacity (cavernous), my oxygen efficiency (astronautical), my strength (just fine), my endurance (unimpressive), and my flexibility (a joke).

Last, I am treated to "La'Stone Therapy" (gotta love that idiosyncratic apostrophe), a designer massage in which smooth lava stones are heated to a point just short of painful, then placed in strategic pat-

Gambling is accomplished at this new Ritz in a way that would please Steve Wynn.

Salaam Bombay
Indian Cuisine
"New York Times ★★" Reichl, 1995
"One of the top Indian Restaurants" Zagat'97,'98,'99
"Top 10 Marcellino's Restaurant Report" Marcellino'96
317 Greenwich St. 226-9400
PRIVATE PARTY ROOM FOR UP TO 120

OMEN
JAPANESE CUISINE
NEW YORK KYOTO KOBE
OPEN EVERY NIGHT 6PM TO 1AM 212 925-8923
IN SOHO AT 113 THOMPSON STREET (PRINCE & SPRING)

VILLA MOSCONI
Recommended by Gourmet Magazine
• Homemade Northern Italian Specialties
• Four Season Garden for Corporate Parties
• Pasta & Fresh Seafood Daily • Lunch • Dinner
69 MacDougal St. Tel: 673-0390/473-9804

THE INDEPENDENT
"Call for a reservation or you're going to miss a wonderful meal"
New York Magazine
LUNCH, BRUNCH, DINNER
PRIVATE PARTY ROOM
179 West Broadway, NY 212.219.2010
2468 Main Street, Bridgehampton 516.537.5110

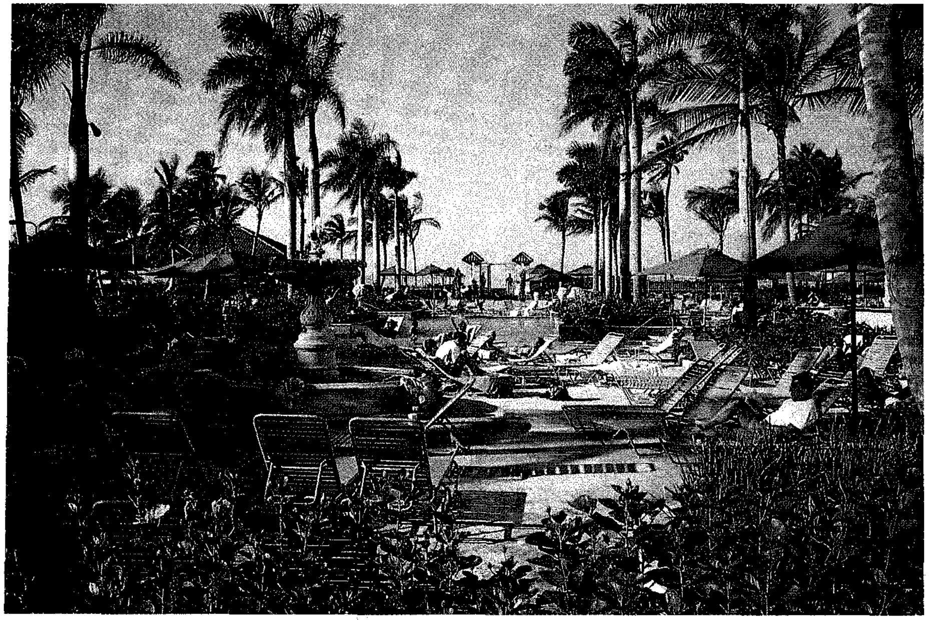
Late Night Dining - See Our Show After the Show!
Asti
HOME OF THE SINGING WAITERS AND OPERA SINGERS
NORTHERN ITALIAN CUISINE
13 E. 12th St. (5th & University)
TEL. 741-9105
CREDIT CARDS
Since 1925 in Greenwich Village

PIG 'N' WHISTLE
IRISH PUB
Renowned for fresh salmon with horse radish crust, steaks, pasta and daily fresh seafood.
CASUAL DINING • LUNCH • DINNER
SNACKS • COCTAILS
OPEN 11:30am - 4:00am
PIG 'N' WHISTLE • ORIGINALITY AT ITS VERY BEST!
165 W 47th St. (6th & 7th Aves.) • NY 10036 • (212) 302-0112

palladin
spirited french cuisine
Chef Jean-Louis Palladin's imaginative menu
Serving breakfast, lunch and dinner
THE TIME HOTEL 224 w. 49th st ■ reservations 212.320.2929

terns all over my body. Weird. Beautiful. Do not try this at home.

You can book a massage at the Golden Door even if you're only staying at the lowly El Conquistador, but you'll get preferential treatment—first dibs on time slots and limited specialty treatments—if you're a guest at Las Casitas. Massages range from $55 to $150.



LOUNGE ACT **Above, the pool scene swings at the San Juan Ritz-Carlton; left, a Golden Door spa has ushered Las Casitas into a New Age.**

(A one-bedroom villa at Las Casitas ranges from $475 in the off-season to $1,275 at Christmas; doubles at El Conquistador can be had from $365 to $595. Call 800-468-5228 to reserve at either property.)

Putting Up a Ritz

MY DATE HAS LEFT. SHE HAS BUSINESS IN Manhattan, and I suppose she wanted to depart on a high note. That's fine. I'm a pretty self-sufficient guy. And even if I weren't, Golden Door has issued me into a state of cosmic whatever.

I am particularly glad that my date taught me to swing at the airport in San Juan. Because just five minutes away is the world's most swinging airport hotel: the newish **Ritz-Carlton**. Okay, *airport hotel* doesn't really do this place justice. Ritz built here because this is where the company found the best stretch of beach in San Juan; by coincidence, it's also within sonic-boom range of the airport. But don't worry about the planes: The rooms have been quadruple-glazed into silence, and the hotel is built in a U shape that effectively shields the beach and pool from almost all of the noise. And if the roar of the jets manages to pierce the perimeter, it is drowned out by the steel band playing "La Bamba" by the pool.

People don't generally associate the Ritz-Carlton with Latin abandon, but this is by far the funkiest Ritz in the chain. When the sun goes down, those steel drums give way to jazz bands and orchestras. Suddenly it's not such a disaster if you get bumped off your connecting flight in San Juan: Just put on your tux and your dancing shoes and book a room at the Ritz.

Of course, everything you tend to associate with a Ritz hotel is present and accounted for here: The ceilings are high, the carpets plush, the furniture dignified. Guests are well-heeled and demanding. Afternoon tea is served in the lobby lounge, as it is at most every Ritz. The bar is stocked with excellent Dominican cigars, and private humidors are available. Paintings on the walls and sculpture by the pool are all part of the hotel's collection of major Latin American artists. Everything is done with the usual nod to plutocratic taste. It's just that the place swings like a roadhouse.

The Caribbean Grill remains open until five in the morning, catering to red-eyed slot addicts. San Juan is the Vegas of the Caribbean, and gambling is accomplished at this new Ritz in a way that would please Steve Wynn: The casino occupies two floors. At 18,500 square feet, it is the largest on the island. And the spa—its décor more Fifth Avenue than Spring Street—can hold its own with the best in America and Asia.

The spa is a separate facility in stone and marble, next to the two lighted tennis courts and a short hop from the outdoor

ADVERTISEMENT

NEW YORK MAGAZINE TRAVELOGUE

NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S TRAVEL ADVERTISERS WOULD LIKE TO PROVIDE YOU WITH MORE INFORMATION ABOUT THEIR DESTINATIONS. SIMPLY CHECK THE APPROPRIATE BOXES ON THE CARD AND DROP IT IN THE MAIL. YOU WILL RECEIVE THE REQUESTED LITERATURE IN 2-3 WEEKS.

NEW YORK MAGAZINE WILL ENTER ALL RECEIVED CARDS INTO A RANDOM DRAWING FOR A CHANCE TO WIN A 6-DAY, 5-NIGHT TRIP FOR TWO TO THE AIR JAMAICA JAZZ AND BLUES FESTIVAL, OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA, JANUARY 20-25.

CAYMAN ISLANDS DEPARTMENT OF TOURISM

RELAX CAYMAN ISLANDS STYLE. DIVE INTO OUR WARM TURQUOISE WATERS, BASK ON OUR SUN KISSED BEACHES. CALL 1.800.346.3313 OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT WWW.CAYMANISLANDS.KY

THE RITZ-CARLTON

WHETHER YOU ENVISION YOURSELF BASKING ON THE WHITE SANDS OF THE CARIBBEAN OR EXPLORING EXOTIC DESTINATIONS, YOU CAN FIND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR AT THE RITZ-CARLTON. 1.800.241.3333 WWW.RITZCARLTON.COM

JAMAICA TOURIST BOARD

COME TO JAMAICA AND FEEL ALL RIGHT! FOR YOUR FREE TRAVEL KIT, CALL 1.800.JAMAICA OR VISIT WWW.JAMAICATRAVEL.COM

BARBIZON HOTEL

THE BARBIZON IS LOCATED IN THE HEART OF ONE OF NEW YORK'S MOST DISTINCTIVE NEIGHBORHOODS, AMID THE FAMOUS BOUTIQUE OF MADISON AVENUE, RENOWNED MUSEUMS, POPULAR RESTAURANTS AND MIDTOWN CORPORATE ADDRESSES. LOCATED AT 140 EAST 63RD STREET. FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 212.838.5700

COUPLES OCHO RIOS

SURROUND YOURSELF WITH THE CHARM AND BEAUTY OF COLONIAL JAMAICA AND THE GENTLE SCENT OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA. 1.800.268.7537 WWW.COUPLES.COM

COUPLES NEGRIL

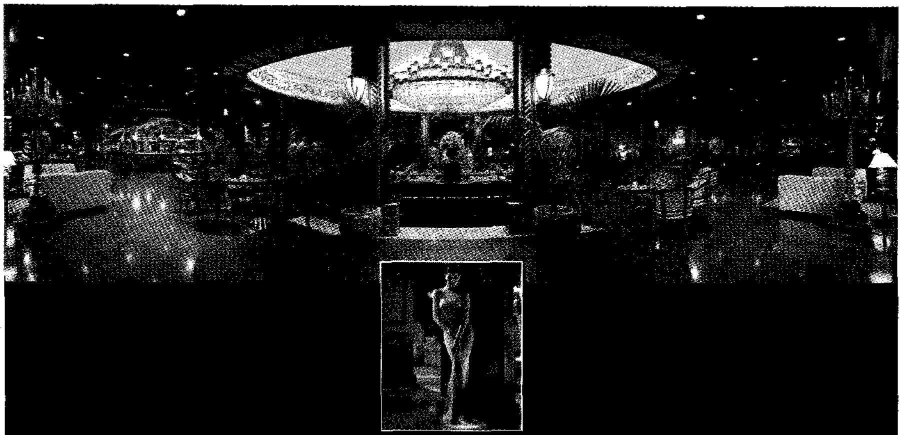
EXPERIENCE A MYSTICAL UNION OF SECLUDED ROMANCE MIXED WITH BOLD BOHEMIAN STYLE. INTRODUCING "NEGRIL CHIC", COUPLES NEWEST ALL-INCLUSIVE RESORT. 1.800.268.7537 WWW.COUPLES.COM

CONTEST RULES: No purchase necessary. Sweepstakes open to men and women, aged 18 years and older, who are legal residents of the continental United States and the District of Columbia. To enter, complete and mail the attached pre-addressed postage-paid card, or fill out a 3 x 5 card with your name, address, and phone number and send it to NEW YORK Magazine, Attn: Promotion Department, c/o "Jamaica Tourism Sweepstakes," 444 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. All entries must be received by December 8, 1999. A winner will be selected through a random drawing. The winner will receive a trip for two to the Air Jamaica Jazz and Blues Festival in Ocho Rios, Jamaica. *Trip includes round-trip airfare on Air Jamaica and hotel accommodations* for six days and five nights. Trip is valid only for travel January 20-25, 2000. Service charges, hotel and departure taxes are not included. All taxes on prizes are the sole responsibility of the prize winner. Prize winner will be notified by mail on or about December 13, 1999. Submission of the entry constitutes entrant's consent to irrevocably assign to NEW YORK Magazine and Jamaica Tourist Board any and all rights to entry, including, but not limited to, intellectual property rights. Acceptance of prize constitutes the prize winner's permission to use his/her name, likeness, city and state, and to be photographed for advertising and publicity purposes without additional compensation except where prohibited by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Void where prohibited by law. All entrants are bound by the Full Rules. To obtain Full Rules, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to NEW YORK Magazine, Attn: Promotion Department, c/o "Jamaica Tourism Sweepstakes," 444 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

NEW YORK. airJamaica®

JAMAICA

January 20-23 Ocho Rios, Jamaica 2000



Warm days. Sizzling nights.
Scorching memories.

WYNDHAM EL SAN JUAN
HOTEL & CASINO
SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO
The Right Way. The Wyndham Way.

For reservations or more information, call your travel planner or: 800-WYNDHAM
www.wyndham.com

'true'
designed by Catherine Angiel
exclusively for gallery eclectic

gallery eclectic

43 greenwich avenue • new york city • (212) 924-4314 & 27 main street • southampton • ny • (516) 287-0463

"Anyone who wants to hire an interior designer... should start by calling Designer Previews."
– NEW YORK MAGAZINE

We will show you the work of more than 100 fine designers and architects and help you select those best suited to your needs.

For further information or brochure
212·777·2966 or 800·367·4816

DESIGNER PREVIEWS

Preview: http://www.dpreviews.com

whirlpool. Hydrotherapy is offered, as are aqua-aerobics and body wraps; the usual array of facials, manicures, and pedicures is supplemented by aggressively weird therapies. Here, too, I have my body heated strategically by hot stones. It is no longer an entirely novel experience, of course, but certain details have been tailored to the Ritz: The stones are dipped in parcha, an oil derived from passion fruit, and the woman who rubs me down is a skillful amateur shrink who also cheerfully regales me with tales of the nude and famous: Seems these hands have been up and down the spinal column of Shaquille O'Neal (lengthy) and that of Sly Stallone (not so lengthy).

The rooms at the Ritz are acceptably luxurious, if not expansive; except for the occasional detail in rattan and wrought iron, you could be in a nice hotel just about anywhere. The nice Ritz people make sure your allergies are tickled daily with freshly cut tropical flowers, and most rooms look out over the sea. Still, I suppose you're expected to spend most of your time by the pool, which I can see from my window. It takes up most of the *U* between the wings of the hotel and is laid out in the complex geometry of an Italian garden, with stone lions spouting water onto the heads of bathing children.

If you're not staying at the Ritz, be sure to dine there: The Vineyard Room, with Frette linens and fancy paneled walls, ranks with the best restaurants in the Caribbean, and again, you'd have to go to Malliouhana to find an equally distinguished wine list. The Vineyard Room hasn't capitulated to the Caribbean's excessive love affair with Asian fusion; the dishes are mostly French, with a pronounced Californian influence. I had a tasting menu—five courses for $85—and spent the next 24 hours in a food-induced stupor. Dinner opened with sashimi-quality ahi tuna served raw with avocado, and progressed through sea bass and breast of duck, culminating in a Black Angus beef tenderloin and finishing with a hot chocolate mousse. A dining room this new is generally trying to show off, but the Vineyard Room, where the chef is quietly perfecting more traditional fare, refuses to dance and sing.

(Rooms at the Ritz start at $275—count on paying upwards of $415 in high season. Call 800-241-3333 or 787-253-1700 to reserve.)

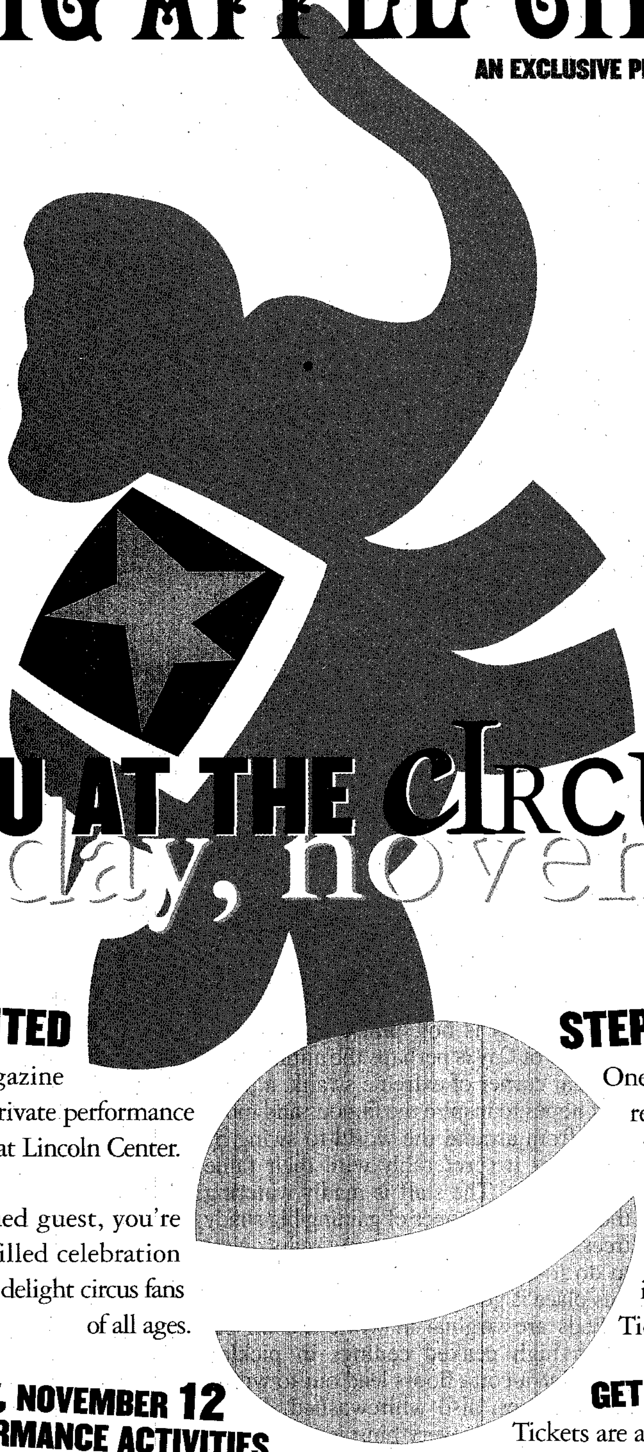
Polly Want a Truffle

IT FEELS ODD TO BE ARRIVING IN THE COUNTRY of Turks and Caicos as a Canadian citizen. In one of the less dramatic international incidents of the past fifteen years, Turks and Caicos negotiated to become a

BIG APPLE CIRCUS

AN EXCLUSIVE PERFORMANCE EVENT FOR

NEW YORK®



SEE YOU AT THE CIRCUS!

friday, november 12

YOU'RE INVITED

Join NEW YORK Magazine for a one-night-only private performance of the *Big Apple Circus* at Lincoln Center.

As NEW YORK'S valued guest, you're invited to a fun-filled celebration that will inspire and delight circus fans of all ages.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12
PRE-PERFORMANCE ACTIVITIES
5:30-7:00 P.M.

Clowns • Games • Face Painting •
Giveaways • Sampling • Demonstrations

CIRCUS 7:00-9:15 P.M.

STEP RIGHT UP

One special ticket price gives NEW YORK readers exclusive entree into this event. Tickets will be mailed to you. Orders received after November 5th will be held at the door. No special seating requests will be accepted. Tickets are issued in the order they are received. Ticket quantities are limited.

GET YOUR TICKETS

Tickets are available exclusively through NEW YORK Magazine. To purchase, send a check for $30 per ticket payable to NEW YORK Magazine:

NEW YORK Magazine
Big Apple Circus
444 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

All children three years of age or older must have a ticket to attend.

New York's charitable partner for this event is New Alternatives for Children, a not-for-profit organization with an exclusive mission to serve severely disabled and/or chronically ill children and their families.

BIG APPLE CIRCUS–COMMITTED TO KIDS & THEIR FAMILIES, NOT FOR PROFIT

AT THE RITZ YOU CAN HAVE IT YOUR WAY.

A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY TO CREATE YOUR OWN FUR-TRIMMED OR LINED COAT IN PRECIOUS FABRICS.

Shown, our 100% cashmere coat with fox collar and cuffs, just one from our **Millennium Collection**. Available in a selection of luxury fabrics and furs, from $695, only at **THE RITZ.**

Ritz FURS

You don't have to spend a million to look like a million.
107 West 57th St., 212-265-4559. Mon-Sat. 9-6. Sun.11-5.

Authentic Hunan Cuisine.
7 private dining rooms, 6 to 80 people.
SUSHI BAR • PARTIES TO 250
JIMMY SUNG'S
RESTAURANT
219 EAST 44TH ST. (Bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves.)
RES: 212 682-5678

For Reservations:
212-246-6773
212-246-6788
863 Ninth Avenue
Corner of 56th St
Fax: 212-977-3857
Bello
Northern Italian Cuisine
Free Parking for
Dinner Customers from 5 pm
ZAGAT 99

World Wildlife Fund
1-800-CALL-WWF

part of Canada, and we, in the end, turned them down.

That must hurt. I hope nobody throws eggs at me as I drive in from the airport. Anyway, I'm here undercover. As an Empire loyalist stationed in New York, I imagine myself the Canadian equivalent of James Bond (which is, unfortunately, a Mountie). **Parrot Cay**, a property on a tiny islet 25 miles off the main island, Providenciales, is the newest of the resorts I am visiting. Barely finished, in fact. And if it proves a glorified sports bar, I'm gonna be glad we denied these guys a place in the confederation.

It is 20 minutes from the airport to the dock, and another 30 by boat to the resort itself. I arrive at night; the boat that carries me to the cay is impressively speedy (and the moonlight would be impressively romantic were I not convinced that my svelte and impossible date was now in the arms of some enemy agent in Manhattan—perhaps a literary agent).

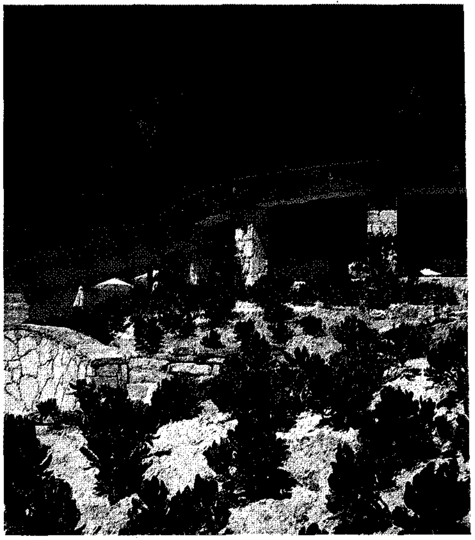
Turks and Caicos is a peculiar experience after lush Puerto Rico. Even at night, Parrot Cay feels kind of desiccated. When I awaken and stumble about, Parrot Cay does indeed look like a desert resort: Most of the plants barely achieve shrub status, and with the washed-out colors of the property itself—white and coral pink—you could almost be in New Mexico. The dry atmosphere tints everything, giving water in particular that precious aura that liquid seems to acquire when you're thirsty: The sea is a deeper, more vibrant turquoise here, and the beach is a saline white.

Parrot Cay is not, praise be, a sports bar. Parrot Cay is perhaps the antithesis, a nascent corner of extreme swank, a place that hopes to inspire the famous and moneyed from around the world to swing by and bless it (preferably with their fame and money). The staff is madly watering those shrubs in hopes of gaining big shady trees sometime soon—twenty years ought to do it—but you can certainly see what this place is going to be.

Beds are virginal in white muslin beneath high peaked ceilings in pickled pine. Terra-cotta floors lead out to wooden balconies, also whitewashed. Under this desert sun, everything is overbright, as in a fading postcard. The main house is a squat cylinder topped by an equally squat dunce cap and features dramatic flourishes like wide balconies off a circular dining room with giant French doors, and a bar framed by a grand stair that cleaves in two. The interiors were designed by Keith Hobbs of United Designers, the guys who did London's Metropolitan hotel and the restaurant Nobu inside.

Parrot Cay hopes to seduce international food fanatics and has hired an appropriate team: Rajah Pillay, the executive chef, comes from Singapore and has presided over serious rooms at two different Four Seasons hotels, in Montreal and Bali. He has plans for Parrot Cay.

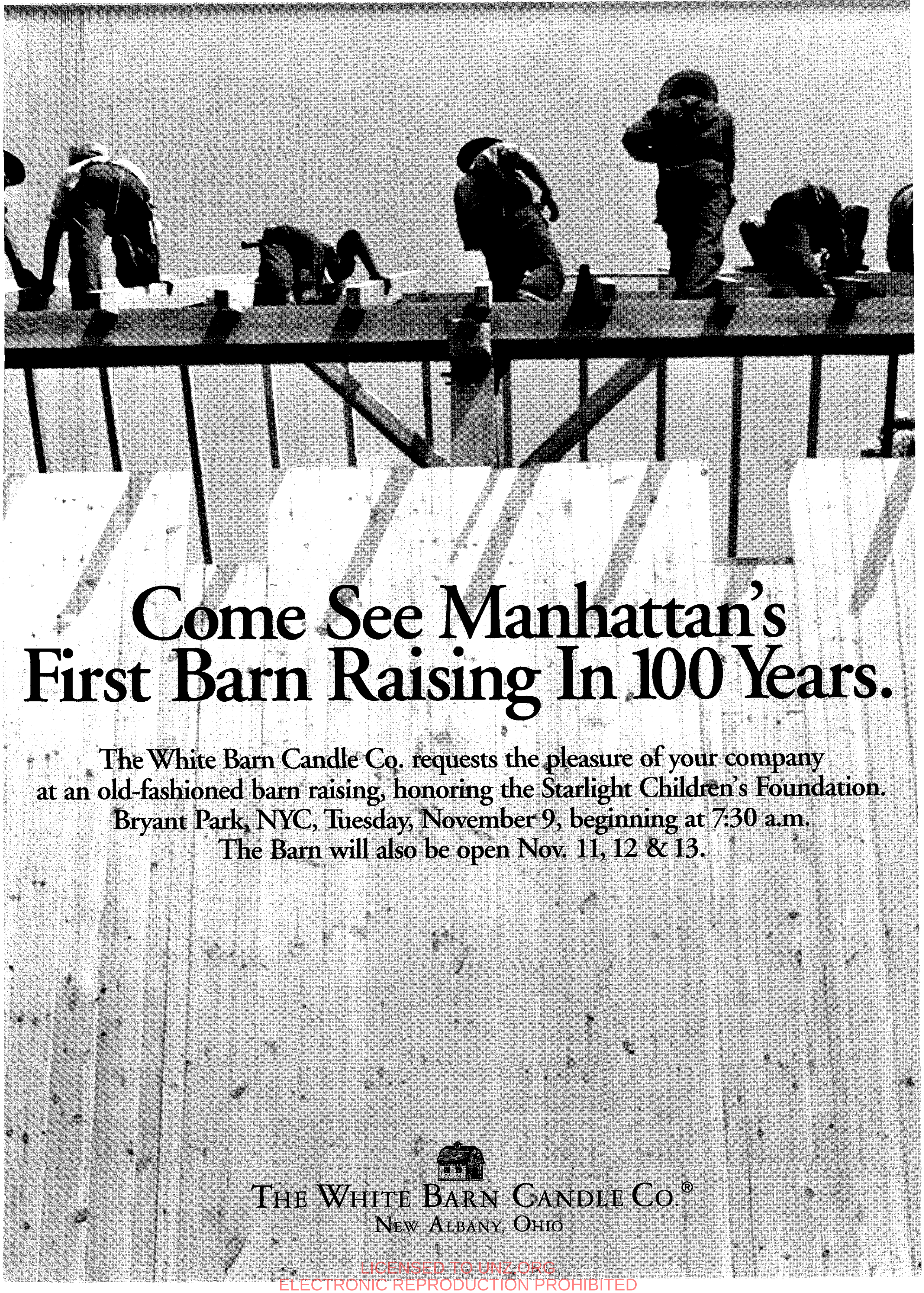
For dinner, I have a superb appetizer, a charlotte of courgette and tomato, sprinkled with sesame seeds and accompanied by local lobster; the main course is mahimahi with a concassé of fresh tomatoes and an olive tapenade—both engaging, vaguely Mediterranean riffs. Dessert is a five-alarm banana flambé. The next night's bid to do the Asian thing is somewhat less successful—a shrimp roll with mustard sauce and a Sichuan chicken dish. (How come this sort of fare is *always* better in a cheap dive?) But I trust these guys to pull the kitchen together.



SWANK FOR THE MEMORIES **Above, the guys who designed London's Metropolitan hotel also made Parrot Cay get smart.**

By the time you book your vacation here, Parrot Cay will have opened the first Asian-style holistic spa in the Caribbean, with Thai and Chinese treatments—$75 to $150—complemented (exacerbated?) by yoga. It already has a lovely knife-edge swimming pool, whose lost horizon blends into the Atlantic; the 6,000-square-foot spa complex will incorporate yet another. Parrot Cay will be a much more exciting place when guests have access to the spa facilities, including Cybex equipment, and fitness classes. No, Parrot Cay does not really exist yet, except as hints and traces of the fabulous resort that it intends to be. Still, reading these entrails, I am convinced it has a tall and handsome future.

(Doubles at Parrot Cay are between $460 and $750, including breakfast, dinner, and round-trip airport transfer. Reserve through Crown International: 800-628-8929.) ▬



Come See Manhattan's First Barn Raising In 100 Years.

The White Barn Candle Co. requests the pleasure of your company
at an old-fashioned barn raising, honoring the Starlight Children's Foundation.
Bryant Park, NYC, Tuesday, November 9, beginning at 7:30 a.m.
The Barn will also be open Nov. 11, 12 & 13.

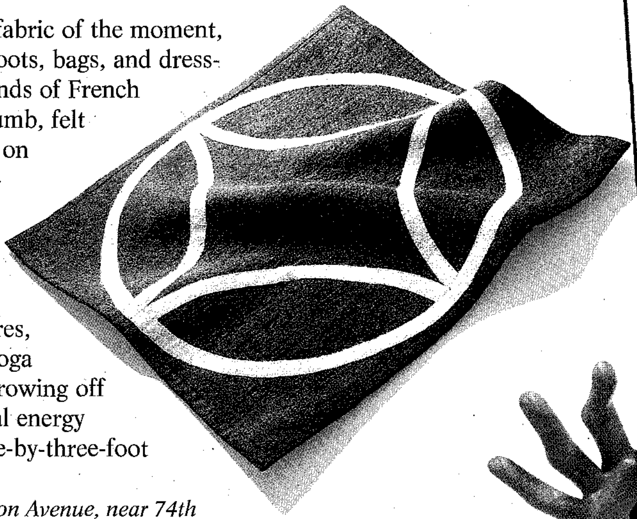
THE WHITE BARN CANDLE CO.®
NEW ALBANY, OHIO

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Deeply Felt



Felt may be the fabric of the moment, popping up as boots, bags, and dresses, but in the hands of French artist Denis Columb, felt even looks great on floors. His handmade Merino-wool Chakra rugs are patterned with circles within squares, affirming their yoga influence and throwing off a certain spiritual energy ($575 for a three-by-three-foot rug).

HOMER/*939 Madison Avenue, near 74th Street/212-744-7705*

Wizard of Ease

For many, the word *marionette* conjures up unfond childhood memories, hours spent trying to untangle hopelessly knotted strings. But sculptor Daniel Oates has come up with a way to eliminate frustration. His enchanted—and enchanting—Darwin the Wizard is manipulated by four strings whose tiny tops are color-coded to the plastic handle. Best of all, the strings can be slipped on and off the handle for taking care of snarls (around $28.50).

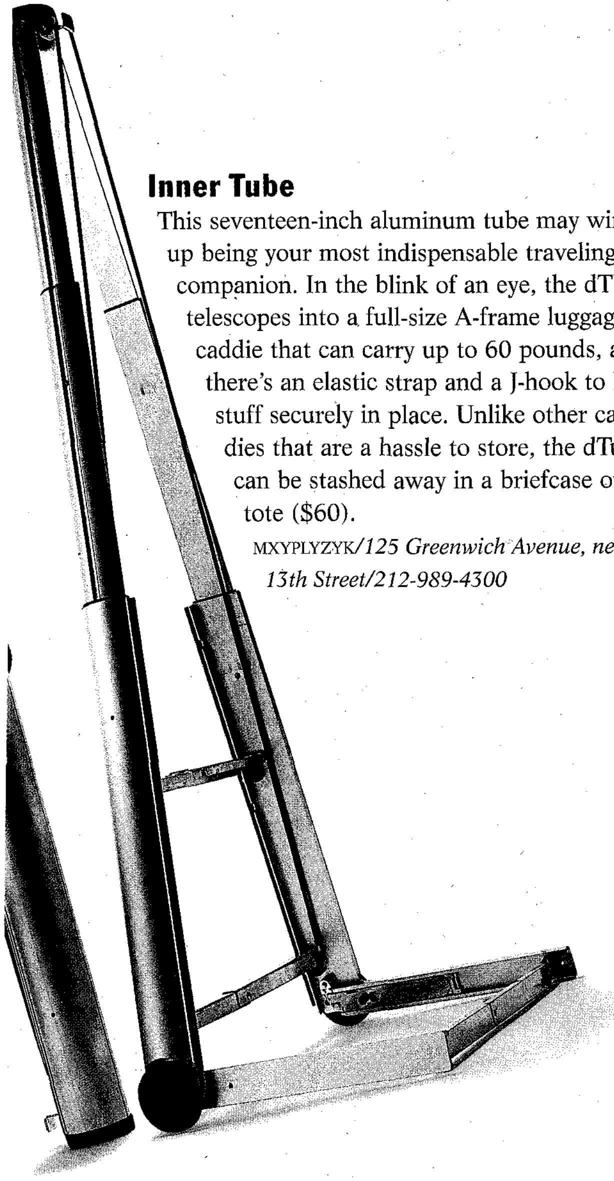
THE CHILDREN'S GENERAL STORE/*Grand Central Terminal/Lexington Passage/212-682-0004; and 2473 Broadway, near 92nd Street/212-580-2723*

KIDDING AROUND/*60 West 15th Street/212-645-6337*

WEST SIDE KIDS/*498 Amsterdam Avenue, at 84th Street/212-496-7282*

Photographed by Nedjeljko Matura

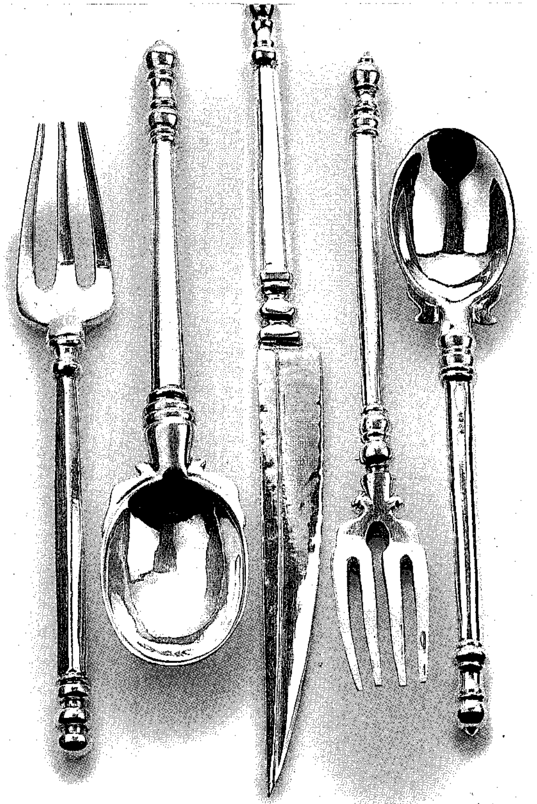
Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.



Inner Tube

This seventeen-inch aluminum tube may wind up being your most indispensable traveling companion. In the blink of an eye, the dTUBE telescopes into a full-size A-frame luggage caddie that can carry up to 60 pounds, and there's an elastic strap and a J-hook to keep stuff securely in place. Unlike other caddies that are a hassle to store, the dTube can be stashed away in a briefcase or tote ($60).

MXYPLYZYK/*125 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street/212-989-4300*



Jasmine Guy

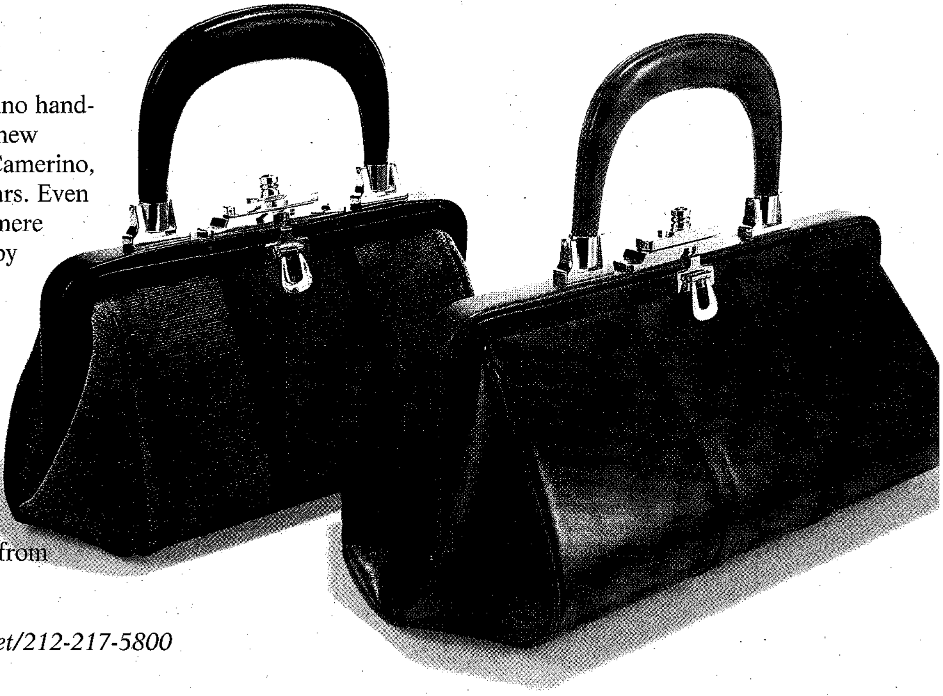
Interior designer Vicente Wolf's client list includes nearly all the city's most prestigious names, and his elegant interiors have appeared in every important shelter magazine. Now this workaholic design guru has opened a shop right next to his studio and filled it with his upholstered furniture and fabrics as well as a trove of one-of-a-kind treasures collected on round-the-world buying trips. To celebrate his new career as a shopkeeper, Wolf has designed Jasmine—his first-ever sterling-silver flatware—and like everything else he touches, it's quite fabulous, in, of course, a subdued way ($900 for a five-piece place setting).

VW HOME/*333 West 39th Street/Tenth floor/212-244-5008*

Kelly's Bag

Barneys is buzzing about Roberta di Camerino handbags, but they're not the work of some hot new designer; the company's founder, Guiliana Camerino, has been creating bags for more than 50 years. Even from the beginning, her purses were never mere accessories but fashion statements coveted by such celebs as Coco Chanel, Joan Crawford, and Grace Kelly. Her creations have always had a cult following, but three years ago Barneys commissioned Camerino to remake some of her old styles—like her doctor's satchels and her jewel-toned cut velvets—and now they're on every glam girl's wish list (velvet, $550; satchel, $695). For a peek at Camerino's even earlier designs, the Museum at FIT has 40 of her bags on view from November 8 through December 31.

BARNEYS NEW YORK/*Main floor*
MUSEUM AT FIT/*Seventh Avenue at 27th Street/212-217-5800*

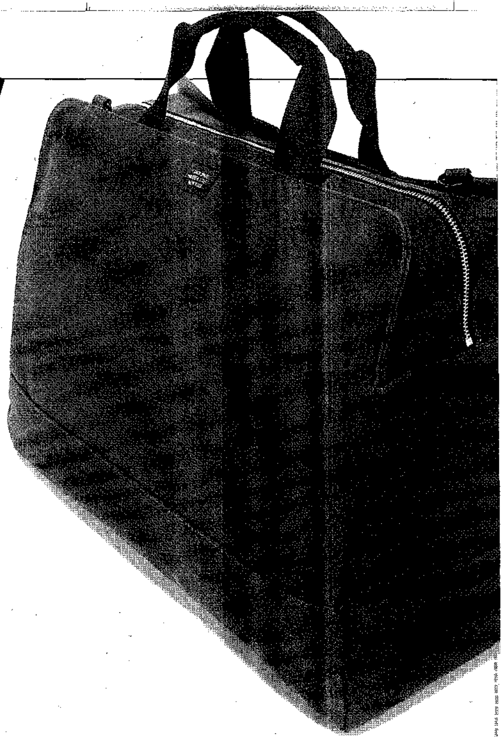


SMARTCITY

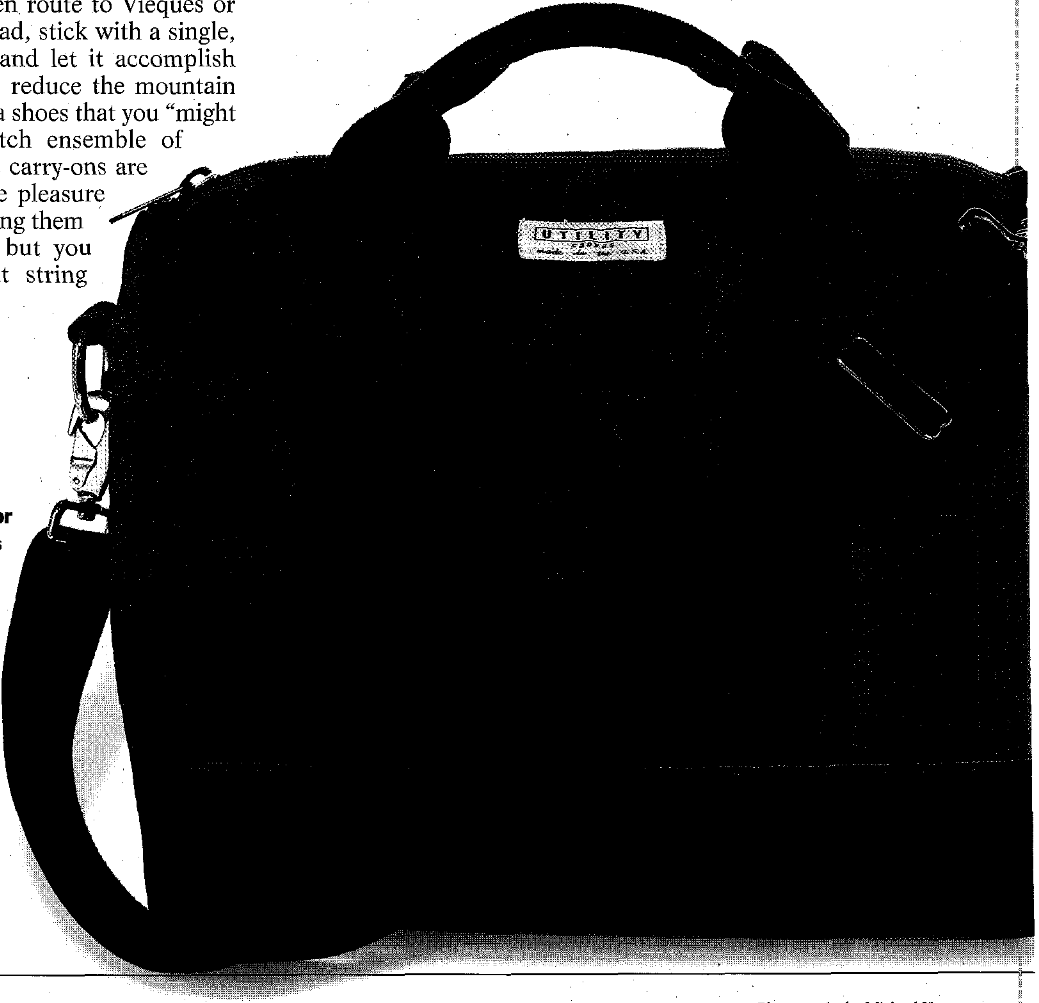
Light Fantastic

Island travel lets you leave your emotional baggage on the mainland. With these carry-ons, you can ditch the rest of your luggage, too. By Shyama Patel

IN THE CARIBBEAN THIS WINTER, YOU'RE NOT GOING to need much more than a swimsuit. Sure, it can be scary waking up each day thousands of miles from your wardrobe. But anyone who checks more than her golf clubs en route to Vieques or Nevis has a problem. Instead, stick with a single, compact, soft-sided bag, and let it accomplish what willpower can't—that is, reduce the mountain of sweatshirts, chinos, and extra shoes that you "might need" to a chic mix-and-match ensemble of beachy essentials. Our favorite carry-ons are bright and sporty, clearly more pleasure than business. You wouldn't bring them on a junket with your boss, but you probably wouldn't bring that string bikini either.



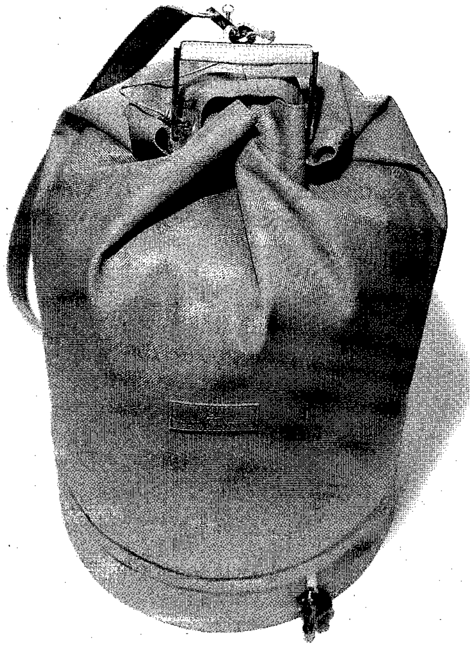
Jack Spade, from the makers of those ubiquitous nylon totes, has plenty of street-chic satchels that let guys in on the trend. The "weekend" one holds twice what you'll need for a couple days' diving off Grand Cayman ($312). ***Kate Spade, 454 Broome Street (212-274-1991).***

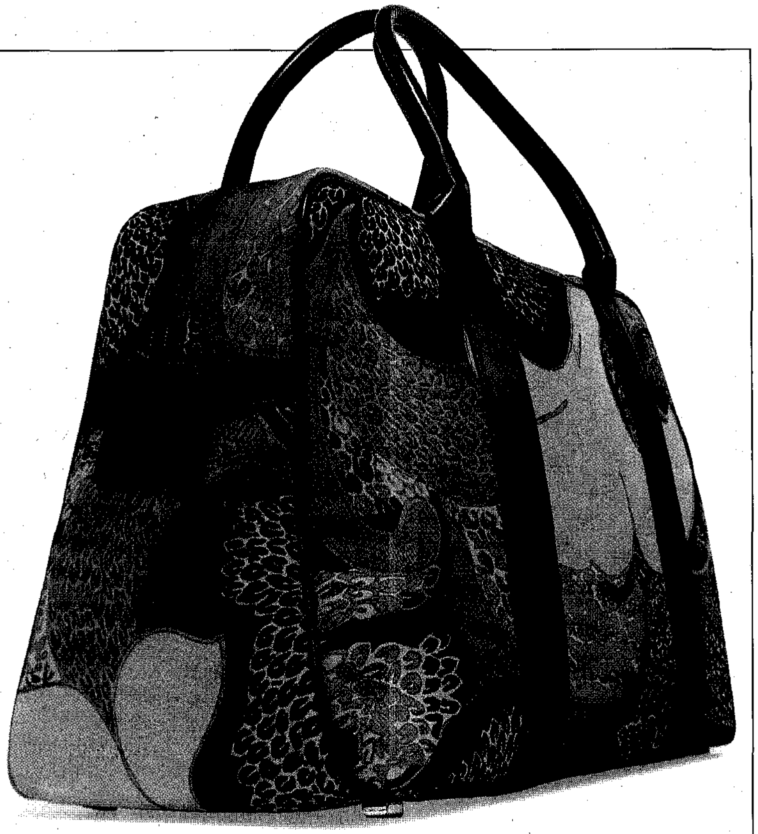


Utility Canvas is the go-to source for sharp, inexpensive overnight bags in sturdy fabrics and eye-catching colors. Try a splashy, compact portmanteau ($68, shown) or a larger one in your favorite neutral ($85). ***Utility Canvas, 146 Sullivan Street (212-673-2203).***

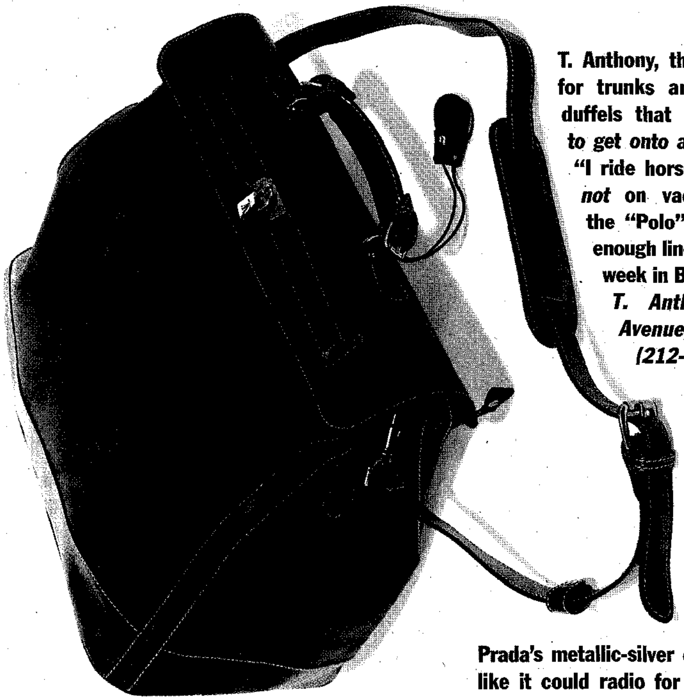
Photographs by Michael Kraus.

Louis Vuitton's latest crop of luggage is a lot less cumbersome than its prized steamer trunk, but the oversize, sailor-style sling pack ($780) packs almost as much, and the shoe compartment underneath can hold up to five pairs of sandals.
Louis Vuitton, 116 Greene Street (212-274-9090).



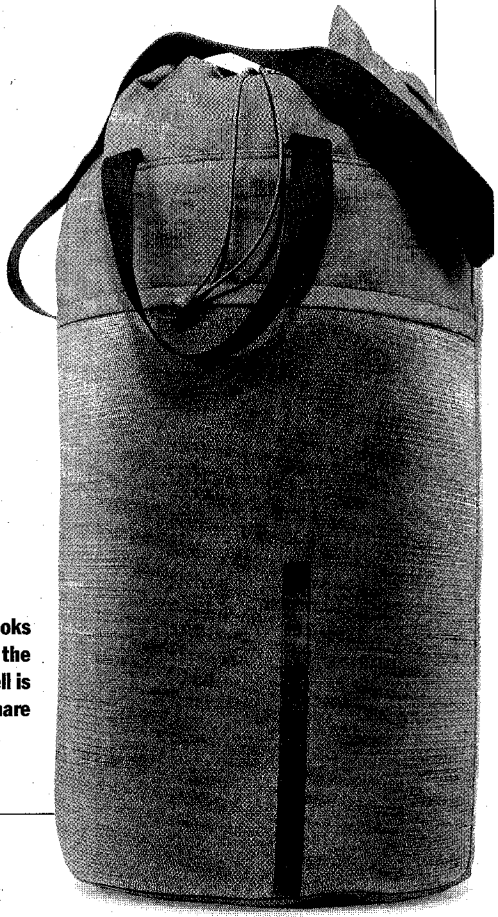


Gucci's new printed carry-on ($770) won't hold much more than a few slinky slip dresses and a stash of bikini bottoms—but for the St. Barts crowd, that ought to be enough.
Gucci, 10 West 57th Street (212-826-2600).



T. Anthony, the pack rat's fave for trunks and hatboxes, has duffels that are a tad easier to get onto a seaplane. For an "I ride horses even when I'm *not* on vacation" look, fill the "Polo" bag ($395) with enough linen and pearls for a week in Bermuda.
T. Anthony, 445 Park Avenue, at 56th Street (212-750-9797).

Prada's metallic-silver cinch-top duffel ($350) looks like it could radio for help if you were lost in the Antilles, but don't be fooled—the tough-looking shell is actually so soft and supple you'd be happy to share your berth with it.
Prada, 116 Wooster Street (212-925-2221).



SHYAMA PATEL

Fair and Warmer

Get 'em while they're hot! *If prices for the runways' best have left you frozen out, these stylish stand-ins won't* **leave you in the cold.**

A winter's sale: From left, Benetton, Zara International, and J.Crew keep you warm for under $300.

THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF COAT SHOPpers: one's got at least ten serviceable ones already but craves something new each winter; the other considers a coat worth having only if "it's going to last forever." This season, designers have plenty for both—from trendy funnel-necks to sleek classics that will look spot-on till Y3K. If four-figure prices give you chills, however, cozy up to these options.

Zara International is crammed with ultratrendy styles, most under $200. The best are wool funnel-necks—try a belted style for flair ($165). Through the **J.Crew** catalogue, a boxy, knee-length funnel-neck comes in cream, gray, and black ($178); or order a hooded toggle coat in camel, navy, or charcoal ($158).

For a seasonless investment, pick from this year's crop of knee-length single-breasted styles, like the black wool-cashmere blends at **Kenneth Cole** ($295) and **Club Monaco** ($279). The **J.Crew** catalogue's wool version comes in camel, navy, light gray, or black ($168). **French Connection**'s similar one is $298 (in black, camel, and light gray). For this season's white coat, try **Benetton,** where a knee-length style is $298, and a slightly shorter version is $218 (if you're not the white-coat type, pick up either one in light gray, charcoal, or black).

Zara International, 750 Lexington Ave., at 59th St. (212-754-1120); J.Crew, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (212-767-4227; 800-562-0258 for catalogue orders); Kenneth Cole, 95 Fifth Ave., at 17th St. (212-675-2550); Club Monaco, 121 Prince Street (212-533-8930); French Connection, 435 West Broadway (212-219-1197); United Colors of Benetton, 597 Fifth Ave., near 49th St. (212-317-2501).

Picks of the Week

Eileen Fisher is unloading samples and slightly damaged fall merchandise for 30 to 60 percent off—from $55 for lambswool-and-cashmere tanks to $263 for a silk jacket and matching pants. *314 E. 9th St. (212-529-5715); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Sat. 10–7; 11/13.*

Chaiken and Capone's taking 60 percent off your fave bootleg pants and three-quarter-length coats, plus stuff from the fall collection (pictured). A chunky knit bag is $45, cotton pants are $80, a three-quarter-length coat is $200. Sizes 2–12. *24 W. 40th St., first floor (212-334-3501); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Fri. 11–7, Sat. 11–5; 11/9–11/13.*

Elizabeth Gillett's festive scarves, beaded wraps, and cozy wool shawls are all at least half off at the sample sale: pashminas are $185, ponchos are $55, wraps are from $75, scarves are from $10. *237 W. 35th St., third floor (212-629-7993); M.C., V.; noon–7; 11/11–11/12.*

Moschillo's sample-and-stock sale features sultry, Euro-chic casual clothes from companies like Richmond Denim and Nude. Prices are half off, from $80 to $300. Sizes 4–8. *730 Fifth Ave., near 56th St., Suite 403 (212-246-6724); M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 10–5; 11/8–11/19.*

Denise Williamson Showroom's samples of cool, youthful downtown duds from folks like Mimsie Carlyle, Alicia Lawhon, and Fake London are at least half off: dresses from $89, pants from $50, coats from $150, and cashmeres from $70. Sizes 2–10. *115 Mercer St., second floor (212-226-5507); cash only; Thurs.–Sat. 10–7; 11/11–11/13.*

Charles Chang-Lima's sample sale has his sophisticated urban women's fashions selling at up to 75 percent off: Jackets are $150–$250, pants are $75–$175, dresses are $100–$200. Sizes 4–8. *215 W. 40th St., eleventh floor (212-302-3121); cash only; Thurs.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. till 1; 11/11–11/13.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

ALWAYS A DEAL

Class Slippers

The colorful beaded evening slides on offer from most high-end shoe designers this fall are great news for comfort fiends—you can look like you've made a sincere effort to dress up but don't have to totter around on stilettos. If you can't stomach forking over upwards of $500 for Sergio Rossi's pony-skin styles, head down to **Buffalo Boots**, where $12 will buy a pretty plastic-and-mesh made-in-China stand-in (pictured). Available in seven colors. *169 Spring St. (212-965-9090).*

Photographs: top, Joe Scafuro; bottom left, courtesy of Chaiken & Capone; right, Shyama Patel.

“MY FIGHT AGAINST CANCER INCLUDES CHEMOTHERAPY,
SWEDISH MASSAGE, AND RELAXING TO
THE MUFFLED RHYTHMS OF TIBETAN DRUMS.”

For Barbara Parisi, there’s more to fighting lung cancer than the latest chemotherapy treatments. She’s focusing on the emotional and spiritual challenge as well. That’s why she’s coming to Memorial Sloan-Kettering’s new Integrative Medicine Center.

The center offers therapies that complement cancer treatment: Touch therapies such as massage that reduce stress; spiritual approaches that encourage healing; art, music and sound therapies for relaxation; movement classes that improve flexibility and strength; acupuncture and other techniques to relieve pain and nausea. Our licensed specialists have extensive experience working with cancer patients. They focus on enhancing comfort and quality of life.

The Memorial Sloan-Kettering Integrative Medicine Center welcomes cancer patients and their families who seek to ease the mind, enable the body and soothe the spirit. Make an appointment, and let us help you channel all your energy to meet the challenge. For more information call 212-639-8629.

Memorial Sloan-Kettering
The Best Cancer Care. Anywhere.

Integrative Medicine Center, 303 East 65th Street, New York, NY www.mskcc.org

MOVIES PETER RAINER

Nicotine Fit

It's easy to pick out the villain of 'The Insider'—that would be Big Tobacco. Who the hero is proves to be a more difficult question.

Smoke: Al Pacino is a *60 Minutes* producer, Russell Crowe an ex-tobacco executive, in *The Insider.*

The Insider BEGINS WITH A MAN, *60 MINUTES* PROducer Lowell Bergman (Al Pacino), being whisked blindfolded in a car to a secret powwow with an Islamic terrorist. Bergman is there to set the stage for a forthcoming interview with Mike Wallace (Christopher Plummer), and he's in his element: Boasting of the "integrity" of *60 Minutes,* he's a muckraking freewheeler par excellence. When Wallace finally comes on the scene, Bergman pampers and cajoles him as if he were a diva. The film appears to be saying: Forget the Hezbollah, this guy can handle *Mike Wallace.*

The real terrorist in the film is, of course, Big Tobacco; this prologue in Lebanon is like a featherweight preliminary bout before the main bone-crusher event. Early on, Bergman's stage-managing is intercut with unrelated scenes depicting the abrupt departure of Jeffrey Wigand (Russell Crowe) as chief of research at Brown & Williamson, the nation's third-largest tobacco company. (Wigand was fired as a probable consequence of his outspoken in-house concerns about the product's health risks.) Like gunslingers at high noon, these two men are fated to meet—except, of course, they end up slinging for the same side. Bergman at first is interested in Wigand's expertise in deciphering a load of clandestine tobacco-related documents, but he quickly sizes up the racked, somnolent scientist as the "ultimate insider" who can, with careful coaxing, deliver a whopping scoop for CBS and, incidentally, become the point man in the war against the tobacco industry. (He became the key witness in legal action taken by seven states seeking reimbursement of Medicaid expenses for smoking-related illnesses.)

With its big, gleaming righteousness and gangster-movie undertow, *The Insider* is like an elongated cross between *Silkwood* or *All the President's Men* and the sort of hyperbolic, noirish stylefests peculiar to its director, Michael Mann (*Thief, Heat,* TV's *Miami Vice*). As a filmmaker, he's a lot like Lowell Bergman here—driven and messianic, and hammy. The fact-based story he's telling, derived primarily from Marie Brenner's 1996 *Vanity Fair* piece "The Man Who Knew Too Much," is essentially in the standard ripped-from-the-headlines glamorama-Hollywood-thriller mode, but he gives it a doomy largeness. We're on a holy crusade here, with a full house of tormented souls and ogres and ordinary people made extraordinary by a higher calling.

As substantial a subject as Big Tobacco is for *The Insider,* the lying and evasions of Brown & Williamson aren't its real meat. Neither is the humiliating backdown of *60 Minutes,* which initially nixed the full airing of a damning interview between Wallace and Wigand for fear of being massively sued by B&W—and also, perhaps, for fear of derailing an impending sale of CBS to Westinghouse. (The interview finally aired on February 4, 1996, after much of Wigand's testimony was already a matter of public record following a suit against the tobacco companies, and after the New York *Times* and *Wall Street Journal* had detailed the cave-in at CBS.) The film's real subject, instead, is how the stakes have become so high in modern corporate culture that the whistleblowers end up playing by the same rules as the ones being whistled at. They all kowtow to the same greenback god.

Except for a chosen few, of course. Bergman rages against his superiors at CBS to get the incriminating interview aired while Wigand, his life a scary funk of harassment and recrimination, is left twisting in the wind. These two are portrayed as temperamentally opposite yet united by a passion for payback. Bergman, his hair blow-dry-shaggy in a most uncorporate way, still trails fumes of his counterculture past as a writer for *Ramparts;* he's the last best hope of his generation, and when the creator and executive producer of *60 Minutes,* Don Hewitt (Philip Baker Hall), accuses him of being a "fanatic, an anarchist," the sanctification is complete.

Photograph courtesy of Touchstone Pictures.

Bergman is enough of a political animal to respect compromise, but his vainglory is that, when the screws are put to him, he refuses to back down.

Mann and his co-screenwriter, Eric Roth, are so busy propping up Bergman as an authentic hero out of his time that about halfway through this 155-minute movie, they lose sight of Wigand's story, which, at least the way it's been done here, is more emotionally complex, if less flamboyant. Al Pacino gives a real showboat performance, with full-body shimmies and burning stares and foursquare speeches, and Mann makes everything even more florid by positioning the actor against wide-screen, Valhalla-size backdrops as the overwrought soundtrack swells. (In one dark-lit long shot, Bergman stands knee-high in the ocean as he converses with a distraught Wigand on his cell phone).

By contrast, Wigand is a stolid sufferer for much of the movie, but Russell Crowe gives him a seething core. With his hair lightened and thinned for the role, and a paunch added, Crowe is hardly recognizable from the bully-boy cop he played in *L.A. Confidential*. Wigand may have believed himself to be a man of science who could devise a "safe" cigarette, but he also wasn't above self-aggrandizement; as Marie Brenner wrote, "It is conceivable that B&W had sized Wigand up psychologically. He surely appeared to be highly ambitious, money-hungry, a potential captive to the firm." What gives *The Insider* its power, despite all the glossiness and excess, is that Wigand's dispossession and retribution come across as a key drama for our corporate-circus times. For Wigand, the price of reform is catastrophic. Testifying against B&W, he enters a nightworld where his family is endangered and everything becomes commodified, including himself; he's a potential ratings-grabber for CBS until the network figures out it has more to lose than to gain from his appearance. Even iron-faced Mike Wallace—splendidly played by Plummer, with each syllable honed to a cutting edge—doesn't stand up for him. (Later, according to the film, Wallace sees the light.)

At one point, Bergman tells Wigand, "We're running out of heroes. Guys like you are in short supply," and the line has a hollow ring because it seems to come out of a movie about old-style heroism, and what we have with Wigand is something new. (Bergman's heroics, as depicted here, *are* something old.) Wigand's rage at B&W is more about pride than about doing good; if the company, after terminating him, hadn't insulted him by pressing for a more severe confidentiality agreement, he probably would have clammed up forever. Wigand as a hero feels right to us, more contemporaneous, precisely because, for a long time, he *doesn't* act on principle. He acts on pique and fear and gall. And yet he seems stunned—hollowed out—by his betrayal at the hands of B&W, and then again by CBS. This ultimate insider becomes the ultimate outsider. We're accustomed to the bland facelessness of the Corporate Man, but this film gives that anonymity a darker twist: When the first, bowdlerized *60 Minutes* show is aired, Wigand sees himself being sound-bited on TV with his face blanked out and his voice patterns disguised. What should be his coming-out party is instead a sick joke, a further retreat into nowheresville.

It's a good thing Wigand isn't a conventional, come-to-the-rescue hero in *The Insider*, because, although Michael Mann tries for a victory dance, there's ultimately little cause for cheer. A few good men here got out with their honor intact, but Big Tobacco is still Big: In September, the Justice Department, after five years and millions of dollars spent, acknowledged that its criminal investigation of the tobacco industry was closed, opting instead for a civil lawsuit accusing the companies of racketeering and fraud. "It was a case," a Justice Department official was quoted in the *Times* as saying, "that the criminal division decided it was not likely to win." This is the real-world backdrop against which the righteous theatrics of *The Insider* play themselves out. It's a world in which there are many whistleblowers and yet the tune remains pretty much the same.

In brief: EMILIE DEQUENNE, WHO PLAYS THE lead in the Belgian movie **Rosetta**, has a remarkable face for the camera: fine-cut yet feral. The character she plays lives in a trailer park with her alcoholic mother and wants only to get a job, however menial. In a way, the 17-year-old Rosetta is a model citizen, and yet her obsession with work—which is really an obsession with normality—has emptied her out. She's a furious cipher, and the closer the camera gets to her, the more unreachable she seems. The film, directed by the Dardenne brothers, Luc and Jean-Pierre, won last year's Palme D'Or at Cannes, and it extends the documentary-style techniques of their previous collaboration, *La Promesse*. It's not as good as that film, maybe because so much in-your-face unreachableness tends to wear one down, but it contains some startling passages. . . . In **The Bone Collector**, Denzel Washington plays a retired NYPD criminologist, paralyzed in the line of duty except for the use of one finger, who teams up with a patrol cop, played by Angelina Jolie, to snare a serial killer. Jolie spends most of her time in a state of deep scowl, and Washington, bedridden, scanning his computers and barking orders, is mostly in deep yowl. They're a pair you can take a pass on. ▬

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

ADVERTISEMENT

The
New York®
Connection

Before you book your next trip, visit the following addresses and discover a new hideaway with New York Magazine.

CAYMAN ISLANDS
Grand Cayman • Cayman Brac • Little Cayman
www.caymanislands.ky

Couples
NEGRIL / OCHO RIOS
www.couples.com

airJamaica®
JAMAICA
www.jamaicatravel.com

THE RITZ-CARLTON®
www.ritzcarlton.com

New York®
www.newyorkmag.com

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Know-Brainers

Two remarkable new plays from the Manhattan Theatre Club: In one, science itself is in danger; in the other, amnesia proves to be a blessing.

THE LARKING GOOD NEWS IS THAT THE **Manhattan Theatre Club** has two fine plays on right now. On Stage One, we get Shelagh Stephenson's *An Experiment With an Air Pump,* which deals with two groups of people in the same house in 1799 and 1999. One of the latter is descended from the former, and something strange connects the two groups. "Aha," you say, "she got that from Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia.*" Yes, and she makes no bones about it. In 1799, the younger generation is staging a homemade play wherein one girl represents Arcadia; could an homage be plainer? But haven't playwrights been borrowing from one another at least since the new kid on the block cannibalized Thomas Kyd? Moreover, if there can be in music variations on a theme by Corelli, why not variations in drama on a theme by Stoppard?

Stephenson does a good job, which is what matters. Her play concerns stubborn problems: head versus heart, art versus science, the souring of love in marriage, the tantalizing survival of the past, and the transience or persistence of both fame and infamy. I just said that Stephenson makes no bones about something; but she does have the 1999ers discover under their house a set of bones from a hasty 1799 burial, and thereby hangs a heartbreaking tale the moderns cannot decipher.

Dissimilar daughters: Ana Reeder (left) and Clea Lewis in *Air Pump.*

In the Newcastle home of Dr. Joseph and the erudite but unfulfilled Susannah Fenwick live also their daughters, Maria and Harriet. Two young scientists, the ruthless Armstrong and the principled Roget (future father of the thesaurus) are regular guests. For it is here that the playwright imagines the famous Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society to have met, and she has much fun inventing absurd titles for their papers. In 1999, the house is being sold by a descendant of the Fenwicks, Ellen, a geneticist wooed by a company experimenting with human pre-embryos, and her husband, Tom, a lit-prof. victim of downsizing, leery of putting down embryos.

In 1799, we hear people rioting outside for cheaper fish prices, even as the Fenwick circle hopes for better centuries to come. In 1999, Tom and Phil, a repairman, regret the selling of the house to a corporation, while Ellen has doubts about the biological-engineering job offered by Kate, a younger colleague, a scientist as heartless now as Armstrong was back then. Tom, tortured by unemployment, is even more skeptical about that job. Outer and inner turmoil cross over the centuries in chiastic form; the new millennium, foreseen in 1799 and accosted in 1999, holds out scant chiliastic promise.

The play's title derives from a famous old painting (shown onstage) depicting a group watching a scientific experiment; the onstage events both mirror and acridly reverse the painted situation. Stephenson's writing is literate yet straightforward, as when Tom exclaims, "I am going to sail into the twenty-first century as a middle-aged redundant man supported by a younger, sexier wife who works at the cutting edge of technology. Maybe there's a sort of poetic justice to it." If the justice in *Air Pump* is only poetic, the poetry is decidedly just, as in the simple but poignant 1799 toast "to a future we dream about but cannot know."

The comedy in 1799 circles around Harriet's silly play, with the girl smarting from writerly inadequacy and hopelessly wanting to be a doctor. Also around the awkward letters from and to her Indian-army fiancé read out by Maria before a moving curtain, behind which scenes and epochs change. The sadness is in Susannah's frustration and the dread fate that befalls Isobel, the Fenwicks' Scottish maid, a highly intelligent, hunchbacked autodidact. Out of all these threads, the author weaves a carpet whose figures we must detect if we are to discern the patterns of time and history, and our own share in them.

Christopher Duva's Roget, Jason Butler Harner's Arm-

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

strong and Phil, Ana Reeder's Harriet and Kate, and Clea Lewis's Maria (if you don't mind her looks of an anorectic Bette Midler) are all good. Even better are Daniel Gerroll's Joseph and Tom, Linda Emond's Susannah and Ellen, and Seana Kofoed's Isobel. The play has discreetly dextrous staging by Doug Hughes, masterly décor by John Lee Beatty, subtle costumes by Catherine Zuber, telling music by David Van Tieghem, and lighting by Brian MacDevitt to take your breath away.

On Stage Two is *Fuddy Meers,* which sounds Mother Goosy but is a deftly zany absurdist comedy by David Lindsay-Abaire, a young but already much-produced playwright. The heroine, Claire, suffers from psychogenic amnesia, waking up every morning as a blank slate, on which her husband and Kenny, her teenage son from a former marriage, must imprint the facts of her life, only to have her forget them overnight. So, of a morning, we get: "*Richard*: My name is Richard Fiffle, and I'm your husband. *Claire*: You are? My goodness. *Richard*: Don't be alarmed. *Claire*: Who's that boy? *Richard*: That's your son. *Claire*: Really? He's very big. How much did he weigh at birth?" That last line, in its sublime incongruity yet eccentric pertinence, bespeaks real talent.

Shown a snapshot of a "pathetically sad-looking woman" in which she doesn't recognize herself, Claire is told, "It's an old photo, before you lost your memory." Viewing herself in a mirror, she comments, "Oh yes. I look much happier now, Philip." "Richard," her husband corrects her. While he takes a shower, Claire is politely abducted by a limping man who claims to be her brother Zach, out to save her from the evil Richard. He drives her to the home of Gertie, her mother and his, if he really is Zach.

Gertie has had a stroke, leaving her with impaired speech. She'll say, "I coo tah den. Bach den evabidy onion stammy," which means, "I could talk then. Back then everybody understood me." The audience, like the other characters, can sometimes unriddle these enigmatic utterances, sometimes not. This proves hilarious, without cruelty to stroke victims, any more than to amnesiacs and limpers. In an absurdist world, there is no real suffering, and thus no injured feelings.

Presently Claire, Zack, and Gertie are joined by Millet, a strange friend of Zack's, who wears a glove puppet, Binki, on one hand. Millet alternates between his own voice and a ventriloquized Binki's, expressing the wild, schizophrenic side of the man. Finally, the dogged Richard, the surly Kenny, and Heidi, a would-be punitive female cop whom they abducted along the road, show up at Gertie's, where not even Claire, let alone the rest, proves quite what she seems. The ensuing mayhem, including one stabbing and one shooting, intensifies the wicked fun.

Smartly directed by David Petrarca and neatly designed by Santo Loquasto and, again, Brian MacDevitt, the evening explodes with laughter, magisterially provided by Robert Stanton, J. Smith-Cameron, Keith Nobbs, Patrick Breen, Marylouise Burke, Mark McKinney, and Lisa Gorlitsky. Call the play errant, aberrant, or Abairant, Lindsay-Abaire proves a bare minimum less funny than Ionesco, whose true heir he is—nothing to look down your nose (never mind sneeze) at. It is also the third current play in which an offstage dog is loudly audible. Unemployed actors had better start practicing their barking.

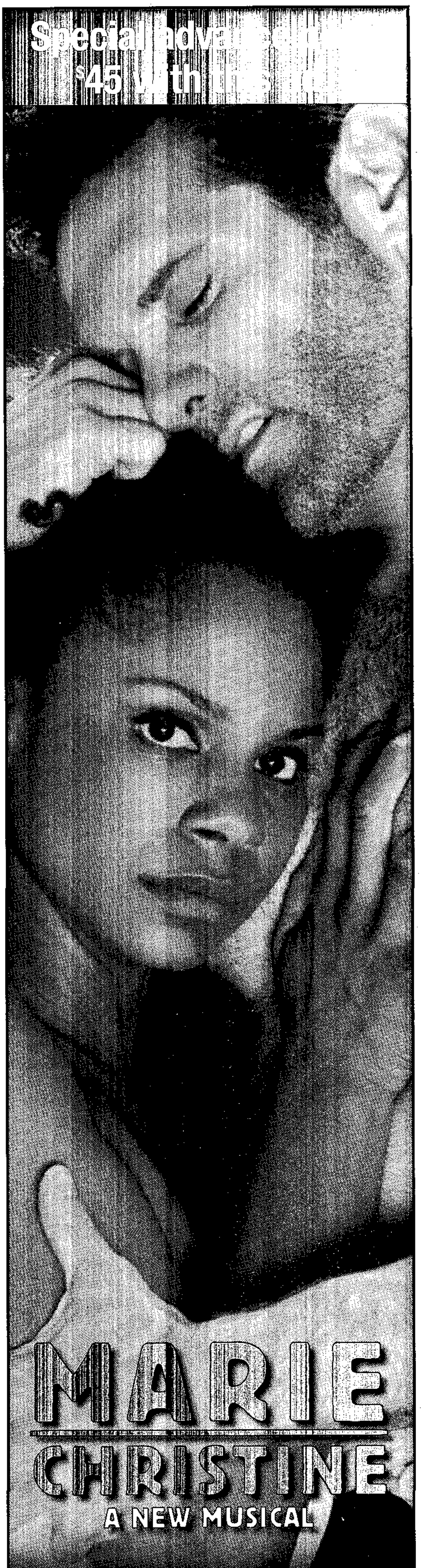
THE **Jewish Repertory Theater** HAS OCCASIONally given us rather amateurish productions, of which *The Jazz Singer* both is and isn't an example. The problem, chiefly, is Samson Raphaelson's 1925 play about a cantor's son who runs away and lands a major role in a Broadway show and has an affair with his older leading lady, only to return home when the father who ostracized him is dying, and assume dad's cantorial duties, thus also making his ever-loving mother happy. A perfect—and therefore dated and unneeded—tearjerker, the play was rewritten, directed, and little improved by Richard Sabellico.

The original work was even more successful in its movie version, the first talkie, starring Al Jolson, whose real-life story may have inspired it, something Raphaelson always denied. It was twice, redundantly, remade as a movie, but Sabellico has ingeniously inserted nice period songs by Berlin, Gershwin, and assorted Hollywood songsmiths. Even so, the story of young Jakie Rabinowitz, who becomes Jack Robin but reverts to his old name as he forsakes his show's opening for his father's sickbed, remains of interest to a limited audience. It still contains such dialogue as "I want to wish you only mazel for this evening." "I want to wish you mazel too." You end up wishing a lot of muzzle all around.

Still, Sabellico has lovingly directed, and the show looks better than its budget would seem to permit. Ric Ryder is a pleasant though unmemorable leading man; his vis-à-vis, the not untalented Beth Leavel, looks like an overgrown Liza Minnelli and, miscast, generates about as much electricity. The supporting parts are managed as well as actors working for peanuts will tackle them, though James Murtaugh must surely be the most goyish cantor on record.

Christopher McGovern's five-piece band is commendable, and the tackiness of Kirby Ward's choreography is, I hope, intentional. But as cantor's sons go, I'll take Kurt Weill, Irving Berlin, and even Al Jolson over Jakie Rabinowitz and Jack Robin rolled together. ■

John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.



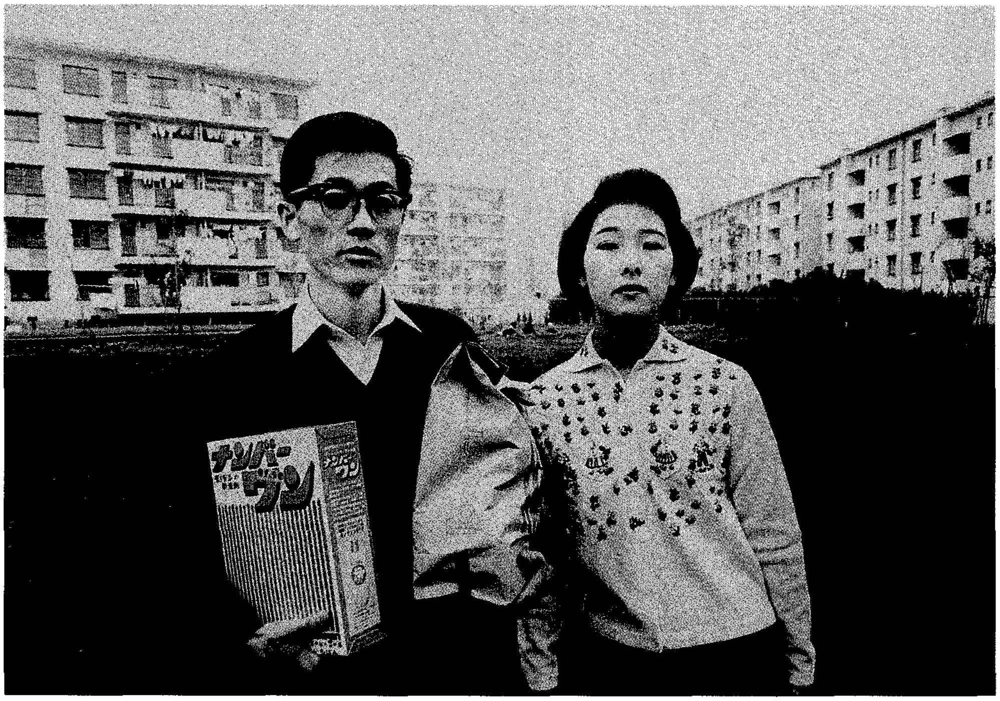
LINCOLN CENTER THEATER
150 West 65th Street www.lct.org
*For performances (except Saturday evening) through December 1st. Bring this ad to the box office or call 212-947-8844 and mention code MCDMX22. Tickets subject to availability. Limit six tickets per order.
Audra McDonald and Anthony Crivello photographed by Douglas Kirkland ©1999

ART MARK STEVENS

Shooting the Breeze

In the casually snapped photographs of Daido Moriyama, the boundaries between art and life, like the images themselves, can be blurry.

AT MOMENTS OF AESTHETIC EXHAUSTION OR SOCIAL despair, art with a capital *A* often seems untrue, highfalutin, and cowardly. Not surprisingly, many postwar Japanese artists developed this stringent perspective. How could art presume to put into order—to compose—the psychic space that included Hiroshima, Coca-Cola, and cherry blossoms? In such an environment, anything that appeared too transcendental or "artistic" would be dismissed as just a form of pretty lying or sentimental escape. Only a radical artlessness could take the real measure of contemporary Japan. The artist who perfected this outlook was Daido Moriyama, a photographer who is now the subject of two important exhibitions in New York. "My approach," he once said, "is very simple—there is no artistry; I just shoot freely."



Soap opera: Moriyama's *Housing Development* (1967).

Photograph courtesy of the Japan Society.

Organized by Sandra S. Phillips of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and Alexandra Munroe of the Japan Society, **Stray Dog** (at the Japan Society Gallery) is a show of 130 photographs selected from various periods in Moriyama's work; **Hunter** (at the Metropolitan Museum of Art) is a group of 40 pictures from the series of that name published in 1972. In art, of course, there is nothing "very simple" about "no artistry" or "just shoot[ing] freely." Few can do it without making work that looks, paradoxically, absurdly overcalculated—like an aristocrat dressing ostentatiously down. When it does succeed, however, the art of artlessness can be a particularly generous form of expression, one in which the boundaries between art and life suddenly seem profoundly meaningless and every loose moment—every "stray dog"—has a brooding power. Moriyama is that kind of dogcatcher.

He was born in 1938 in Osaka, a port known for its rowdy commercial spirit, and moved to Tokyo as a young man. Early on, he grew fascinated by large American military bases, where the American worldview was infiltrating Japanese society. He admired Jack Kerouac's on-the-road sensibility; he studied the photography of William Klein, whose rough-hewn portrait of New York in 1956 was very influential; he learned from Andy Warhol's deadpan depiction of consumer culture. During the sixties, Tokyo was the center of radical ferment in Japan, and Moriyama, like many of his generation, was eager to confront the strange new institution that would be nicknamed Japan Inc. But he never became an overtly political or message-driven artist. "Photojournalists in Japan mainly expressed the 'anxiety and loneliness of a city people' or 'provocative criticism of material civilization,' " he wrote. "This was irrelevant to me."

Instead, Moriyama sought a more immediate art—one that seemed to get inside the psychic life of modern Japan rather than comment about it. He began carrying a small camera and shooting pictures whenever the mood struck him, often without using the viewfinder. He was photographing with his body, he said, not just his eye. It was a way of living: Taking a photograph represented a moment of awareness or intensity during the course of a day, more like the intake of a breath than like the detached or careful framing of an experience. He would casually collect these moments, snapping shots out the car window or when walking down the street. Only later would he examine the images and begin to orchestrate the moments into one of his series or books, such as *Hunter,* which invariably retain a sense of the kaleidoscopic flux of existence.

"His pictures," said a friend, "are like someone who talks, without looking people in the eye." Edgy and glancing, the pictures appear grainy, blurred, and coarse, with flare-ups of light and bits of dark obscurity within the image. Sometimes they tilt on an angle. As a young artist, Moriyama sought out marginal people and places, developing a kind of visual patois or street vernacular that further increased the edginess in his art. He snapped strippers, prostitutes, actors who worked in popular theaters; he also caught the street life of cheap cafeterias, billboards, and empty lots. Even people within the mainstream appeared to be outsiders. Businessmen in a room of computers could almost be aliens; two newlyweds, triumphantly carrying home laundry soap, look like their minds have passed through the rinse cycle. Moriyama's most celebrated image of the outsider is *Stray Dog*, a grainy picture of a guarded, slinky cur that is observing the observer. This creature of the street embodies the kind of marginal life that cannot be extinguished. He is the primitive pulse that still beats in the cold present.

Moriyama brought the same outsider's eye to other modern subjects, notably the supermarket shelves and images from the media celebrated by Warhol. But he could not remain as cool in his approach as the American Pop artists. His images of consumer goods or billboards never settle in the eye; they always seem about to move in or out of focus. In a magazine called *Provoke*, Moriyama caught the close, illicit air of a Japanese love hotel with images of a nude woman that are very blurred, but not in some corny, soft-core fashion. Moriyama's blur is precise; it sharpens the tradition of erotic art. Isn't the existential blur of the body what most erotic images fail to convey? If Moriyama insisted upon depicting anything and everything—even a housefly on a dirty, rainy window—it followed that he could not ignore traditional subjects of the kind typically snubbed or parodied by most radical artists of the period. They were also part of the mental landscape. Here, too, he refused to make any obvious comments. His pictures of cherry blossoms, for example, are a grim, wintry gray; but the abstract play of form and light remains exquisite.

When discussing Moriyama, critics typically call him an expressionist and use words like *bleak* and *the void*. They are not wrong to do so, but that form of abstract reflection rarely comes into my mind when I look at his art. Moriyama may be an outsider, and his pictures "alienated," "detached," and "symbolic" of Japan. But few artists make images that are also so intimate. What Moriyama seems especially close to—when he photographs with his body as well as his eye—is time itself. He is backstage at the play of time; he can feel in his sinews the visceral passage from second to second. Over the years, he has collected his work into books and series, instinctively sensing that his images are best seen with other images. The jostling whole becomes much more than its parts. It is almost life itself, conveying what we are made of—moments blurring into moments. ▬

Mark Stevens's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Memo to Hillary:

If you're going

to be a carpetbagger,

at least get a great one

And do it like a real New Yorker - we never, ever buy "retail". Take advantage of the Sale of a Lifetime. After 50 years of offering the finest values in Oriental rugs, the Feldman family is retiring. They must sell off their complete collection of antique, semi-antique and new Oriental rugs. Every rug has been tremendously discounted and must be sold. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to furnish this big new house of yours in style. So, Hillary, prove your "bones" as a real New Yorker and come in early to get the best values.

RETIREMENT SALE

Up to 60% off from the original low price

The Rug Warehouse

220 W 80th St • corner of Broadway

Open Mon-Fri 11-7
Thur 11-8
Sat 10-6
Sun 11-6
212-787-6665
www.rugwarehouse.com

**Memo to Rudy:
Don't let Hillary beat you
to the best buys.
Hurry to the store!**

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Presto Allegro

Houdini gets the Danish Modern treatment, and he escapes delightfully unscathed; a hot young mezzo-soprano may be staking out the wrong territory.

Stock situation: From left, Edith Guillaume, Jan Lund, and Jørgen Ole Børch in *Houdini the Great*.

Houdini the Great IS NOT THE FIRST OPERA TO give a singing voice to the famous magician and escape artist, and it may not be the most ambitious, but I doubt if other musical treatments have more charm or sheer zest. Den Anden Opera, an experimental group from Denmark, brought the one-act chamber opera to Columbia University's Miller Theatre last month, performing it in English, and the results were indeed magical. As plotted by Danish writer-director Erik Clausen, Houdini's life and career become an immigrant's metaphor for freedom and escape from tyrannies of all kinds, with the action conceived as an in-your-face street show accompanied by a down-and-dirty instrumental combo of trumpet, two guitars, accordion, calliope, and percussion.

The real Houdini was born Ehrich Weiss in Budapest in 1874, came with his family to Wisconsin as a child, and eventually launched his American career as a trapeze performer. Clausen will have none of that, and he gives his hero a complete makeover. The Houdini we meet here is a fast-talking Italian immigrant who entertains on the streets of New York City, tries to be a good son to his doting mama, romances a waif from Poland, and dodges the long arm of an Irish policeman named Officer Law'n'Order. Many misadventures later, he finally perishes after being lowered in chains to the depths of New York Harbor. But this is not the end. Wet, dead, and immortal, Houdini reappears in the finale to take his place in history.

The music is by a composer who understands the immigrant experience firsthand, but from traveling in the opposite direction. Andy Pape was born in 1955 in Hollywood, emigrated to Denmark in 1971, and has since become a leading figure on the Danish musical scene. The influence of Kurt Weill on his tangy, needle-sharp score is unmistakable, although it's too bad that his tunes are never quite as memorable as Weill's. No matter. This is a fast, friendly, fun-filled show performed by four revved-up singing actors who clearly enjoy every moment of it.

AFTER **Vesselina Kasarova** FIRST SANG IN New York—the title role of Rossini's *Tancredi* with Eve Queler's Opera Orchestra two years ago—some overheated fans instantly dubbed her the Bulgarian Bartoli, a facile nickname that does neither mezzo-soprano any favors. True, both have reputations as Mozart-Rossini singers, and both arrive onstage as larger-than-life, let-me-entertain-you personalities, but there the similarities pretty much end. Aside from the basic differences in the weight and color of their voices, not to mention their musical priorities, these two careers are clearly going in opposite directions. Bartoli apparently has no immediate plans to venture beyond her Italian bel canto specialties, while Kasarova seems eager to explore other options. Her long-delayed Metropolitan Opera debut, in the fall of 2000, will be Octavian in Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, and her latest recording for RCA/BMG is Charlotte in Massenet's *Werther*, two roles that are not on Bartoli's agenda and probably never will be.

That said, Kasarova's latest appearance here, as Romeo in Bellini's *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*, again with the Opera Orchestra at Avery Fisher Hall, reinforced the bel canto connection. It also suggested that this may not be the happiest area for her talents after all, although an enthusiastic audience seemed to think otherwise. I suppose it all depends on how much value one places on the basic disciplines of bel canto singing: even register alignment, unblemished tone, effortless delivery of florid passagework, and classically organized phrase structure. Kasarova's all-out attack on the role was exciting in its rather disheveled way, and the superior quality of the voice is indisputable, but she tends to bully music that

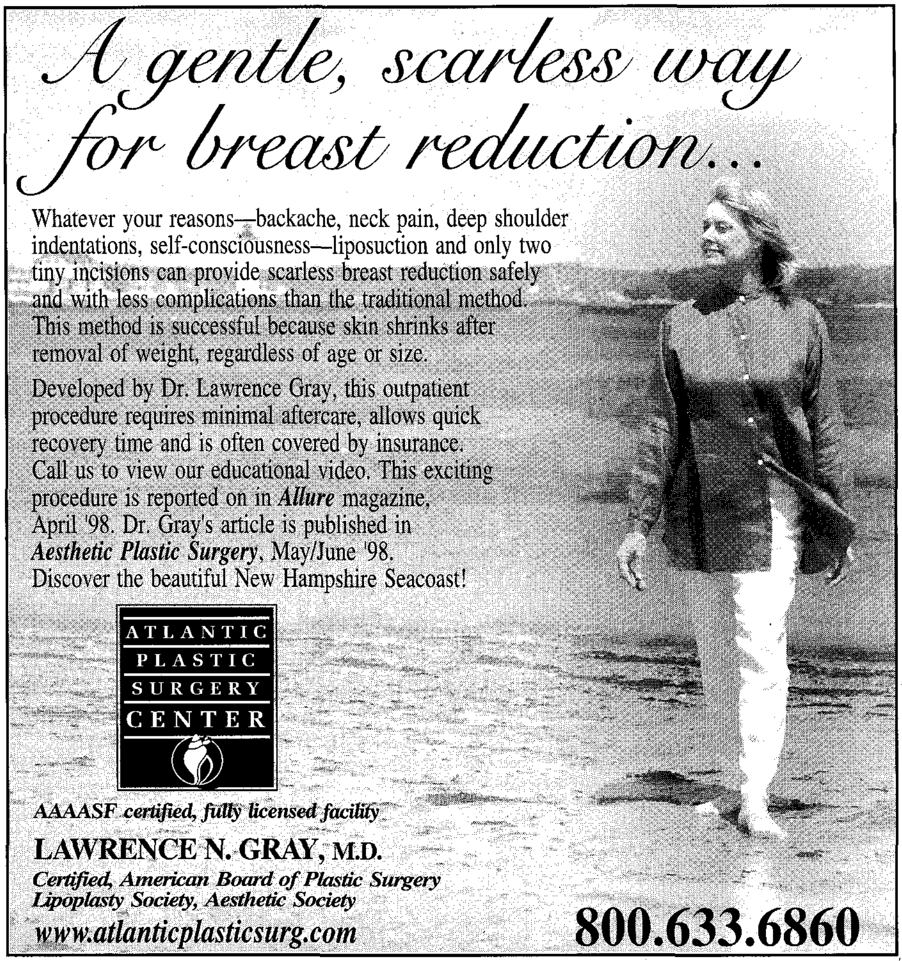
Photograph by Christoffer Askman.

wants more of a caress than a punch to bring out its expressive intensity. Her vocal temperament frankly strikes me as more appropriate to Strauss than Bellini, and I look forward to her Met Octavian. In contrast, Annick Massis, a young French soprano who should go far, sang Giulietta with exquisite poise and stylistic finish, exactly right for this tender, elegiac character.

ON HER RCA/BMG RECORDING OF *WERTHER*, Kasarova is joined by tenor Ramòn Vargas in the title role, with Vladimir Jurowski conducting the Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin (74321-58224-2). The performance is an honorable one, and Kasarova is heard to better advantage here than in Bellini, but the recording is aced by a competing version from EMI Classics starring **Roberto Alagna** and **Angela Gheorghiu** (5 56820 2). It's tempting these days to dismiss any project involving this over-hyped, self-absorbed married couple—opera's own Bonnie and Clyde, who go about the world terrorizing opera-house managements, insulting conductors, and dictating unreasonable terms. So far, the results have hardly been worth it—nothing they have done at the Metropolitan justifies the high opinion they have of themselves—but this *Werther* is special and will confound their detractors.

Alagna has sung nothing better within my hearing. His voice ranges freely and securely from top to bottom, the tonal quality is fresh and ringing, his emotional response ardent but sensitively modulated, and his articulation of the text exquisitely nuanced. Gheorghiu is also in top form, unafraid to give her attractive soprano the edge and pressure it needs to make Charlotte an active participant in the tragedy rather than a passive onlooker. In fact, until hearing this recording, I had never quite appreciated how much Charlotte sets Werther up for suicide and how these two disturbed characters feed upon each other's neuroses—could the Alagna-Gheorghiu dynamic be producing some unexpected artistic benefits after all? Thomas Hampson sang the title role at the Met last season (in a misconceived baritone version of the opera prepared by Massenet himself), but here he is more appropriately cast as Albert, the embittered husband in this love triangle. The London Symphony Orchestra plays the score with passionate intensity without neglecting expressive details and instrumental color, a superior performance that at last explains why conductor Antonio Pappano has become such a darling in British operatic circles. A revelatory recording, and in more ways than one. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.



A gentle, scarless way for breast reduction…

Whatever your reasons—backache, neck pain, deep shoulder indentations, self-consciousness—liposuction and only two tiny incisions can provide scarless breast reduction safely and with less complications than the traditional method. This method is successful because skin shrinks after removal of weight, regardless of age or size.

Developed by Dr. Lawrence Gray, this outpatient procedure requires minimal aftercare, allows quick recovery time and is often covered by insurance. Call us to view our educational video. This exciting procedure is reported on in ***Allure*** magazine, April '98. Dr. Gray's article is published in ***Aesthetic Plastic Surgery***, May/June '98. Discover the beautiful New Hampshire Seacoast!

ATLANTIC
PLASTIC
SURGERY
CENTER

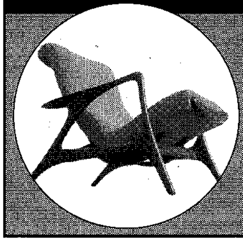
AAAASF certified, fully licensed facility

LAWRENCE N. GRAY, M.D.

Certified, American Board of Plastic Surgery
Lipoplasty Society, Aesthetic Society

www.atlanticplasticsurg.com

800.633.6860



FURNITURE DECORATIVE ARTS PHOTOGRAPHY JEWELRY PAINTINGS

MODERNISM

1880 ■ A CENTURY OF ART & DESIGN ■ 1980

NOVEMBER
11-14
THU & FRI NOON-9PM
SAT 11AM-7PM
SUN NOON-6PM

THE PARK AVENUE ARMORY
Park Avenue & 67th Street, NYC

SANFORD L. SMITH & ASSOCIATES
info: 212.777.5218
www.sanfordsmith.com

"FAR MORE CANDID THAN I EVER EXPECTED…
IT'S A HONEY."
—Elmore Leonard

WHERE DID I GO RIGHT?
YOU'RE NO ONE IN HOLLYWOOD UNLESS SOMEONE WANTS YOU DEAD
by BERNIE BRILLSTEIN with David Rensin

A true insider's look at the entertainment industry
Available wherever books are sold. LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY www.twbookmark.com

©1999 Time Warner Trade Publishing, Inc.

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Heart Trouble

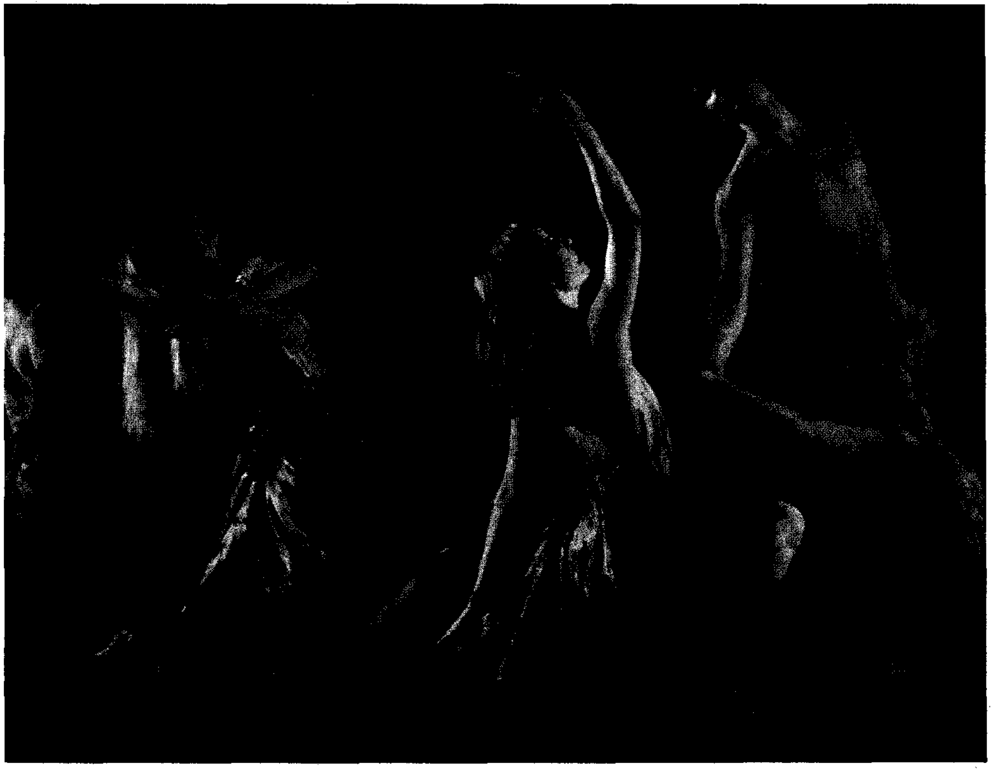
The nature of love inspires new American Ballet Theatre pieces by Lar Lubovitch (light and happy) and John Neumeier (not).

IN THE FINAL MOMENT OF LAR LUBOVITCH'S *MEADOW*, commissioned by **American Ballet Theatre** for its recent mixed-repertory programs at the City Center, the delicate maiden, tenderly cradled in her worshiper's arms, suddenly, without shifting position, soars weightlessly upward into the heavens. (Flying by Foy, of course.) The ballet is a paean to an early-adolescent fantasy about love—all quivering pastel sentiment—that lurks in the heart of many patrons older and wiser enough to know better (or at least more). Judging from the trajectory of his work, I can see that Lubovitch has, with *Meadow*, perfectly achieved his vision of romance. The ballet—set to a mix of composers including Schubert and placed in an ingeniously contrived cloudscape—makes its point concisely, coherently, and prettily. What dismays me is that a man of Lubovitch's experience and intelligence would not have evolved a richer, truer, and thus more sophisticated dream.

The ballet's central couple (Sandra Brown and Keith Roberts) emerge from a community of fluidly wafting bodies clad in drifting unisex costumes stained raspberry and turquoise. Lubovitch's symbiotic signature device dominates the movement: Individual figures seem to be parts of a single large organism. Watching their action diffuse and cohere again is like looking at a Lava lamp that has undergone a makeover, its blobbiness converted to an ineffable lyricism. Predictably, in the main duet for the lovers, the young man alternately draws his inamorata to him, molding her as if she were clay in his hands, and swings her outward in sapling-in-spring shapes. Throughout the ballet, everything is transient; nothing is stabilized—it's all free-flow. The goings-on and the ideals behind them—love, peace, communality, ecstasy, the beatitude of youth—belong to the Zeitgeist that shaped Lubovitch's aesthetic some three decades back. Apparently these principles are still a valid part of America's perpetual innocence.

John Neumeier's *Getting Closer*, another commission, fortuitously offered the converse of Lubovitch's rhapsodic attitude—with even less satisfying results. To a score by Ned Rorem, Neumeier preaches his familiar sermon about the impossibility of establishing sound one-on-one relationships in our fraught, dark times. (An American, Neumeier has found his artistic home in Europe, where he is much appreciated.) *Getting Closer* suggests these circumstances just as a subtext; the ballet, in contemporary fashion, purports to be largely abstract. Three couples are featured: Angel Corella with Julie Kent (she at her most tremulous and forlorn), Brown with Roberts, and the glowingly competent Oksana Konobeyeva with Griff Braun. When the male-female pairs aren't demonstrating strident misalliance or hopeless anomie, they confront one another as units destined for mutual inscrutability. Corella and Roberts also grapple in a gratuitous Cain and Abel encounter. As usual, Neumeier's vocabulary harps on the contrast between graceful, harmonic classical moves and their discordant opposites, an issue that decades ago exhausted any interest it might have held. All I can say in favor of this dance is that it is less hermetic and long-drawn-out than your typical Neumeier effort and that, for once, the choreographer isn't leaning on Mahler or Bach.

Traditionally known for its eclectic repertoire, ABT enhanced that reputation with a scrupulous staging of Robert Joffrey's *Pas des Déeses*. At the time of its creation in the mid-fifties, this delightful piece looked back more than a century, evoking—with tender, charming, yet ever so slightly mocking nostalgia—the heyday of the Romantic ballet. The goddesses of the title are three sublime ballerinas of the age, "the languorous Grahn, the darting Cerrito and the floating Taglioni," as the program note characterizes them; their all-pur-



***Meadow* lark: Lubovitch's latest ABT commission.**

Photograph by Marty Sohl.

pose cavalier, Arthur Saint-Léon, completes the quartet. The choreography evokes the ladies' specialties, their lethally polite rivalry, and, most important, the filigreed yet dazzling nature of Romantic-era technique. The first cast was distinguished by Yan Chen's performance as Cerrito. Until now, the undeniably capable Chen seemed to me too doll-like—porcelain, mechanical. On this occasion, she broke through to the impassioned wildness of a creature drawn to a realm far beyond the world that can be attained via proficiency and control. This was moth-to-flame dancing, and there's nothing so thrilling.

Chen was also the sole participant to do justice to her role in another significant company acquisition, Martha Graham's 1948 *Diversion of Angels,* one of the most appealing works in the modern-dance canon. Staged cleanly by the former Graham star Takako Asakawa, the piece is not yet viscerally understood by its ABT performers. Classical ballet emphasizes the work of the limbs, freeze-frame images of exquisitely sculpted shapes, and independence of gravity's pull. Graham technique is all gut-sprung action in complicity with the ground—and, ideally, the psyche. Apart from the small, swift Chen, who had the advantage of being typecast as the quicksilver woman in yellow, the ABT people achieved no more than a creditable pictorial reproduction of the choreography, as if they had learned it through videotape images that they'd conscientiously superimposed upon their bodies. There's no way, though, that Graham can be authentically rendered by working from the outside in.

Overall, the men in the company grow more and more admirable, and the audience's appreciation of them is keeping pace. America's receptivity to male dancers—a welcome corrective for its adulation of the ballerina at her counterpart's expense—has been expanding since Nureyev and Baryshnikov first astonished us. For a long time, the general public's enthusiasm for male dancing centered on virtuosity, which the two Russian stars amply demonstrated, though it was just one facet of their remarkable artistry. Now viewers, grown more sophisticated, show themselves sensitive to both aspects of male dancing—the athletically amazing and the emotionally resonant. In this climate, the very human qualities of Keith Roberts make him a star. For the same reason, the Apollonian Ethan Stiefel, all pure, precise technique, widens his capabilities by probing dramatic character in the title role of *Billy the Kid.* And Jose Manuel Carreño, the perfect example of prodigious derring-do matched with a unique, complex, and utterly seductive temperament, easily cops the title of Best in Show. ▬

Tobi Tobias's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Introducing A Kinder, Gentler Facelift.

At Constructive Surgery, we now offer face lifts that not only look better than ever before. They're faster. Safer. Longer lasting. With virtually no visible scarring.

And they're performed in a beautiful private carriage house by a caring, experienced Board-Certified Plastic Surgeon and his warm, dedicated support staff.

If it sounds too good to be true, make an appointment for a free consultation and ask about the new "Mid-face lift".

You'll be amazed to see what a pleasant experience looking younger can be.

Constructive Surgery℠
110 E. 66th St., New York, NY (212) 472-3300

© 1999 Office Management Systems, Inc.

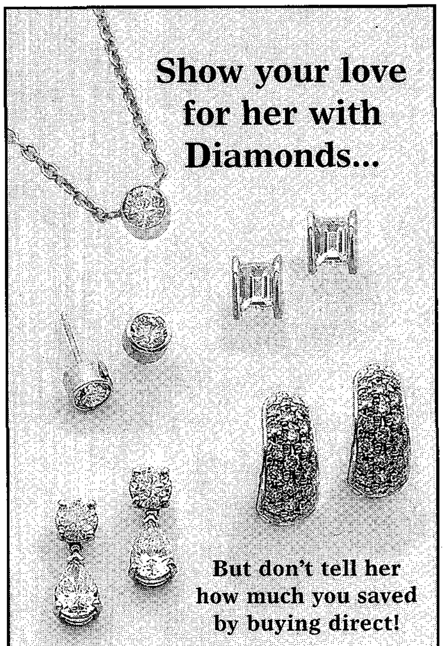
THERE ARE 500 "PLASTIC SURGEONS" IN NEW YORK
How do you choose?

JOE HENSON

DENISE THOMAS
COSMETIC SURGERY CONSULTANT

With 20 years experience, Denise Thomas can be your personal shopper, answer your questions and recommend the best Board Certified Plastic Surgeons to meet your needs and your budget.

(212) 734-0233
www.denisethomas.com



Show your love for her with Diamonds...

But don't tell her how much you saved by buying direct!

The Diamond Co.
Diamond cutters and fine jewelry manufacturers since 1968
New York City
Call for a free brochure and our "Guide To Buying Diamonds"
1-888-825-1233 212-819-0336
www.thediamondco.com

TELEVISION **JOHN LEONARD**

New York Times

The documentary techniques may be familiar, but that doesn't diminish the power of Ric Burns's tour through four roiling centuries of Gotham history.

Fly with me: Dancing atop the Chanin Building in 1930, from *New York: A Documentary Film.*

BY NOW THE BURNS BROTHERS' FORMULA IS SO familiar that I seem to be shaving my own face in the oblong of the screen—snapshots and time-lapse photography; film clips and moody visuals of selected weathers; talking heads, celebrity voice-overs, and lugubrious music; portraits, landscapes, sketches, texts, and cartoons, in intimate focus or broad scan; buildings, furniture, maps, and even money, as seen through periscope or zoom lens, from the point of view of whirlybirds and satellites, fallen angels and graveyard worms. But familiarity with the formula doesn't make **New York: A Documentary Film** (Sunday through Thursday, November 14 through 18; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) any less magnificent.

Ric Burns, Lisa Ades, and James Sanders have done the city proud and shameful, from the first Manhattan real-estate deal screwing the Lenape Indians—which coincided oddly with the arrival of the first African slaves in 1626—all the way to Madison Avenue, the Empire State Building, Harlem, and jazz. An excitable Greek chorus of historians sees these four centuries of immigration, indentured servitude, frantic money-grubbing, urban anxiety, civil disturbance, and artsy craftiness as "the supreme laboratory of modern life." The only vision anybody brought to this harbor was a bigger bank account, based on the pelts of dead beavers. Indeed, it's argued here—by our retiring but voluble senior senator, Pat Moynihan—that "commercial culture" is good for "popular democracy." Tell it to Singapore.

By the 1640s, what with Huguenots, Papists, Mennonites, Lutherans, atheists, etc., New Amsterdam already spoke eighteen languages and—with the help of slave labor—had built the famous Wall for which the famous Street is named, to keep out the Indians. In 1654, Peter Stuyvesant tried to bar a handful of Sephardic Jews seeking sanctuary from the Spanish Inquisition. So busy were we ten years later wheeling and dealing that nobody seemed to mind being handed over to the Duke of York on his birthday. The first important insurrection was in 1741, when a series of arsons (chapel, barracks, mansions) was blamed on Africans egged on by Irishmen, after which sixteen blacks and four whites were hanged from lampposts and thirteen others burned at the stake. The next major insurrection would be the Civil War draft riots. Between these, we got the Revolution, Alexander Hamilton, the New York Stock Exchange, Fulton and the steamboat, Vanderbilt and the Staten Island Ferry, DeWitt Clinton and the Erie Canal, Walt Whitman and the penny papers, Morse and the telegraph, Brady and the photograph, Olmsted and Central Park, and Barnum and his freaks, not to mention gang terror in 1854 and financial panic in 1857.

We are reminded only four hours into things that mercantile New York, having been crucial to the slave trade, invested heavily in cotton and sugar and was pro-South at the start of the Civil War. Never before in an American city had there been a civil disorder on the scale of those weeklong draft riots. Refugees from the Colored Orphan Asylum had to be hidden from the mob on a barge in the East River. Mixed-race couples were hanged and burned. After the Union Army returned from Gettysburg to restore order with Gatling guns, 119 were left dead, most of them Irish.

All this is brought to vivid, scary life by the mixed media and the passionate disputation—from the talking historians, of course, like Mike Wallace, the co-author of *Gotham;* Carol Berkin, who seems to channel Hamilton; architect Robert A. M. Stern; Peter Quinn, who contributed so much to the *Irish in America* mini-series; Thomas Bender; and Kenneth Jackson. But also from

Photograph courtesy of UPI/Corbis Bettmann.

Why Pay Uptown Prices?

CHELSEA ANTIQUES BUILDING

Twelve Floors of Antiques & Collectibles

Over 100 Stores

110 West 25th Street • New York • (212) 929-0909
Open 7 Days A Week 10AM to 6PM

ANTIQUE POSTERS

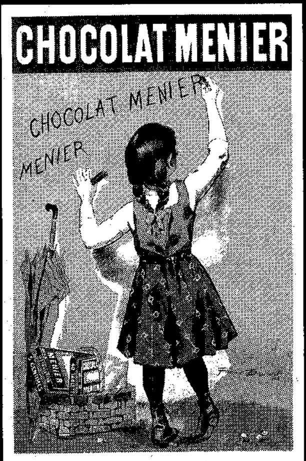
AUTHENTIC
ART NOUVEAU
& ART DECO
1890's - 1950's

One of The Largest Collections Worldwide
On Two Floors of Gallery Space
Small Gift Items to Full Size Billboards

Opera, Theatre, Cinema, Wine & Spirits, Food & Drink, Travel, Literary, Fashion, Products, Expos, Transportation, Circus & Magic, Cycles & Auto, War, European & American, Etc.

La Belle Epoque

280 COLUMBUS AVE. (73ST) NYC 10023
212-362-1770 DAILY 11-7 SUN 12-6



Creative Custom Conservation Framing For All Your Needs in A Great Variety of Styles

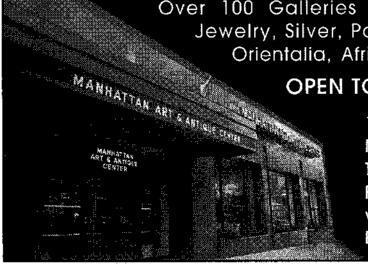
ANTIQUES SHOWS & GALLERIES

THE SHOWPLACE
SOMETHING TO ANTIQUE ABOUT

THE SHOWPLACE, NYC's best antiques marketplace, features over 135 quality antiques dealers on three spacious floors. Open Sat & Sun, 8:30–5:30. Second Floor Galleries also open Mon–Fri, 10–6, and by appointment.

40 WEST 25TH STREET (Broadway — 6th Avenue) • 212-633-6063

FREE ADMISSION • ESPRESSO BAR • SILVERSMITH ON PREMISES



The MANHATTAN ART & ANTIQUES CENTER

The Nation's Largest and Finest Antiques Center. Over 100 Galleries offering Period Furniture, Jewelry, Silver, Paintings, Rugs, Americana, Orientalia, Africana & other Objéts d'Art.

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

1050 Second Ave. (at 55th St.)
New York, New York 10022
Tel: 212-355-4400
Fax: 212-355-4403
www.the-maac.com
E-mail: info@the-maac.com

City Weddings

Special Advertising Section is the perfect matrimonial union between the lucrative bridal industry and your business.

For more information call Advertising Director Ginger Sutton at 212.508.0712 or your NEW YORK Magazine account manager.

Issue date: 2/21 On Sale: 2/14
Ad Close: 1/31 Section Close: 1/3

NEW YORK.

TRIPLE PIER EXPO

New York's Largest Antiques Show!

Includes 17th to 20th Century Art & Artifacts, Furniture, Folk Art, Silver, Porcelains, Paintings, Prints & Posters, Pottery, Textiles, Toys, Deco, Moderne, 60's & 70's, Vintage Fashions, Art Glass, Jewelry, Books, Ephemera, Americana, Arts & Crafts Period, Asian, Garden, Architectural, Rustic & More.

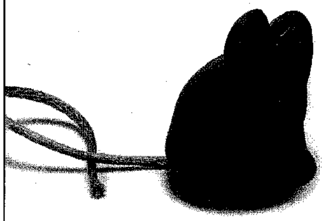
OVER 600 DIFFERENT EXHIBITS EACH WEEKEND

PIER 88 Sat. 11-6, Sun. 11-7
PIER 90 Sat. 9-6, Sun. 11-5
PIER 92 Sat. 10-6, Sun. 11-6

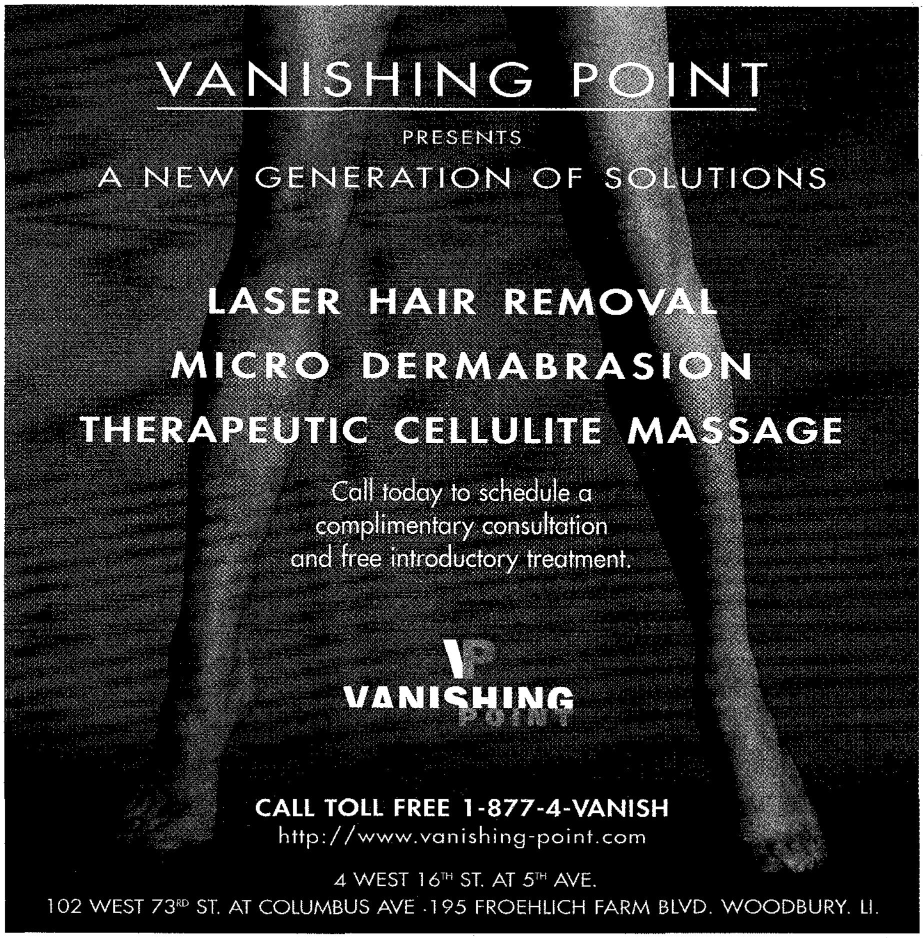
NOV. 13-14 & 20-21

PASSENGER SHIP TERMINAL PIERS 88, 90 & 92 • 48TH TO 55TH ST. & 12TH AVE., NYC
ADMISSION $12 • STELLA SHOW MGMT. CO. 212-255-0020 www.stellashows.com

Edible Mouse
A set of six mice.
Almond ears
and truffle fillings.
$20.00 #371274



WWW.DEANDELUCA.COM
PURVEYORS OF FINE FOOD, KITCHENWARE, AND WINE
1 800 221 7714



VANISHING POINT
PRESENTS
A NEW GENERATION OF SOLUTIONS

LASER HAIR REMOVAL
MICRO DERMABRASION
THERAPEUTIC CELLULITE MASSAGE

Call today to schedule a
complimentary consultation
and free introductory treatment.

VANISHING POINT

CALL TOLL FREE 1-877-4-VANISH
http://www.vanishing-point.com

4 WEST 16TH ST. AT 5TH AVE.
102 WEST 73RD ST. AT COLUMBUS AVE · 195 FROEHLICH FARM BLVD. WOODBURY. LI.

such wild cards as Caleb Carr, E. L. Doctorow, Margo Jefferson, Fran Lebowitz, Alfred Kazin, Tony Kushner, Phillip Lopate, Albert Murray, and Luc Sante. Marshall Berman and Allen Ginsberg talk about Whitman, Robert Caro about Robert Moses, Pete Hamill about newspapers, Jean Strouse about J. P. Morgan, and Ann Douglas about the Jazz Age. Besides George Plimpton, without whom there could be no Burns brothers documentary, the cast of speakers includes Philip Bosco, Spalding Gray, Robert Sean Leonard, Frank McCourt, Joe Morton, Frances Sternhagen, Callie Thorne, Eli Wallach, and Harris Yulin.

By Thursday, you will have experienced the multitude, solitude, vertigo, and trajectory of urban madness, and may be amazed that such a peculiar federation of contentious cultures hasn't already exploded—like Grenada or Beirut or Sarajevo. In the meantime, there is the "sweeps" mini-series **Aftershock: Earthquake in New York** (Sunday and Tuesday, November 14 and 16; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) to contemplate, in which all these cultures, from the black mayor to the Irish fire chief, are asked to put aside their differences in the face of catastrophe as sidewalks collapse onto subways, skyscrapers crack and kindle, the Statue of Liberty belly flops, and several of our favorite mothers and children die before our disbelieving eyes. *Aftershock* was dreamed up in a novel by local-news anchorman Chuck Scarborough. It requires significant exertions by Charles S. Dutton, Cicely Tyson, Tom Skerritt, Jennifer Garner, Mikael Salomon, Lisa Nicole Carson, and Ray J. It is not to be missed.

TELEVISION

ABOUT ANOTHER "SWEEPS" SPECIAL, **Mary, Mother of Jesus** (Sunday, November 14; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC), I am nonplussed. A co–executive production of Eunice Shriver and her son Bobby, it seems to suggest a proto-feminist Madonna (someone had to teach the kid) as well as the ultimate Jewish mother (my son, the Prince of Peace! A king! A god!). Besides which, when crunch comes to crucifixion, she shames the cowardly disciples. As young Mary, Melinda Kinnaman is feisty, brave, and cute. But when the always interesting Pernilla August takes over later on, we can't help remembering that last time out, in *The Phantom Menace,* she was the mother of Darth Vader. As Jesus, Christian Bale is a distinct improvement on Jeffrey Hunter, but, like Christopher Routh as John the Baptist, he seems simultaneously in rehearsal for a heavy-metal benefit concert. And the script when it strays from Scripture is unnervingly pedestrian—e.g., "The Romans are coming! The Romans are coming!" ▬

John Leonard's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Gimme Shelter

When Mortimer's closed, the kiss-kiss rich who watered there were cast adrift; but with the opening of Swifty's, their forlorn diaspora is over.

IT'S SO TERRIFIC. AND THE FOOD IS YUMMY. ALL OF US love the new Mortimer's. I mean **Swifty's**, of course. Swifty's after Glenn's pug that just one day, so sad, simply . . . disappeared. Glenn Bernbaum *was* Mortimer's, of course, testy and rude, people say, but he kept the riffraff out and the prices low and he always had a table for Mumsy and *moi.* I can assure you that no member of Glenn's *salon refusé*—certainly no restaurant critic, not even Gael Greene—appreciates what that means to people like us. Let's see, why *did* he call it Mortimer's? Tonier than Bernbaum's, after all. Very Tuxedo Park. Babe, of course, married a Mortimer before she became Paley. Well, bless the boys—everyone calls them the boys—Robert Caravaggi (Glenn's former maître d'), business manager Peter Geraghty, and Mortimer's longtime chef Stephen Attoe. They put Swifty's together. As in Swifty Lazar, stupid; the dog was named for the agent. And don't they look alike in this sketch on the menu.

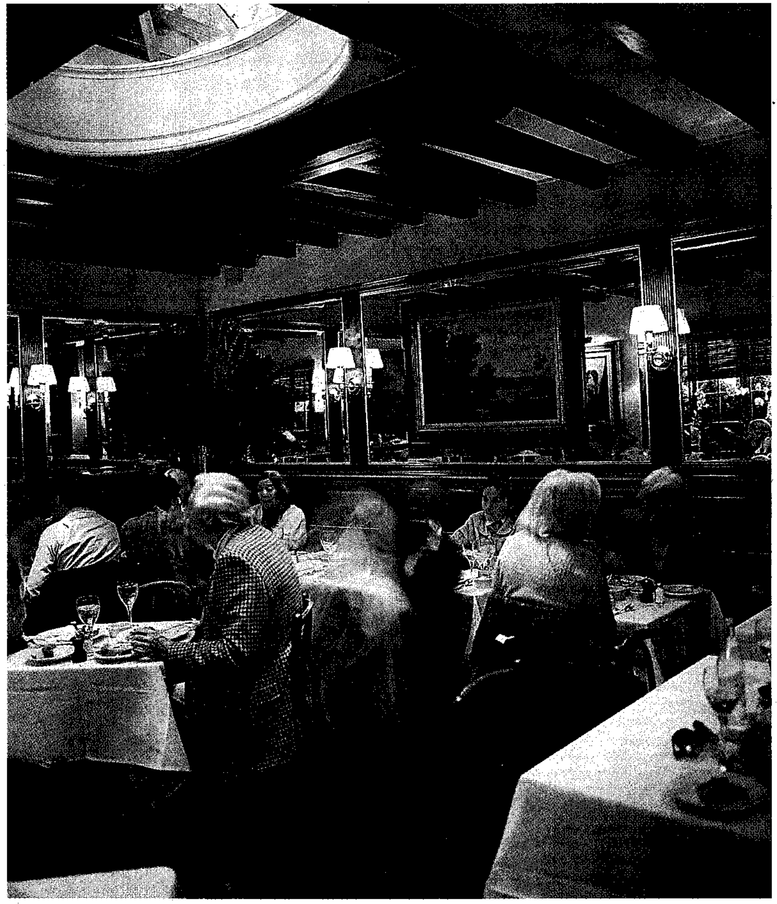
Well, look who's here. Brooke. And Bill. Ahmet and Mica. Isn't that Gil Shiva? Eleanor Lambert, I do believe. Pat Buckley. Yoo-hoo. Nina, Nina Griscom, there at the bar. And Barbaralee and Carl—it's sexily shadowed in here but not so dark I don't see you. Joan Rivers and Orin. And isn't that Pat and Jerry Schoenfeld? Missy, is that you? What have you done to your face? I mean, you look so rested, darling. (Ha ha. I recognize those cheekbones. Doctor X, of course.) Lighting genius, that Mario. I hear Mario Buatta and Anne Eisenhower just threw the place together on a shoestring. Pretty, pretty.

It's such fun to just walk in and see all your pals. I can't tell you what torture it was to be cut adrift for so long, all of us, cruelly orphaned when Glenn died and left that nasty command to simply padlock our place. How very *après moi, le deluge.* Some people think just because Great-Grandpa had railroads and we have these little trust funds or were clever enough to fall in love with rich men in the days before prenups that we don't feel pain and loss. Now I know how those poor refugees in Kosovo must have felt, desperate for a haven. Kenny Lane insisted La Grenouille would be the new Mortimer's. Not very likely. We're not the showy sort who pay $200 for a roast chicken. La Goulue did rather well. But it wasn't Mortimer's. I saw people I didn't even know eating there.

I hear the boys are saying they want to be "all-inclusive." I hope they won't get rash. We're already layered in here. I mean, not even Sirio could get a shoehorn between these tables. That's Gael Greene herself stuffed into the middle there. Are the boys suicidal putting her and three friends at a table no bigger than a plate? It probably means nothing to her to be surrounded by our crowd. I'm told she never reviewed Mortimer's because twenty years ago Glenn let her and a pal ossify at the bar while he seated his pets. And look, she's the only one not singing "Happy Birthday" when the boys pop by with a tall, thin taper on a little cake for Dominick Dunne. Isn't that taking journalistic objectivity a bit too far?

Well, she certainly seems to like the endive salad with Roquefort, pear, and walnuts and the crabmeat on tomato aspic. And why not? Tomato aspic is like lunch with Mumsy at Schrafft's, and those big lumps of crab in mayo are *yum.* Her foursome polishes off the calf's liver with blackened onions in balsamic glaze, I see, and the wild-mushroom-and-sausage risotto. But that nasty little eyebrow twitch does not speak well for the soup du jour—a namby-pamby red-pepper purée I'm not too happy with myself—nor the mundane peppered tuna. I hear she shared her delicately caramelized bay scallops with friends a few nights ago, then snatched back the plate to devour the last two. No anorexia syndrome at that table, if I may say so. She accidentally left her notebook behind at lunch. "Artichoke shriveled," it read. "Love the burger with its wilted watercress and couldn't stop eating the chopped Cobb salad." A coup for the kitchen.

But woe is me. Actually all of us who really belong



Some like it haute: Swifty's back room offers the old Mortimer's crowd a badly needed haven.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

here are already fighting for tables, so I can only hope that Ms. Greene-come-lately despises our beloved nursery food. The Mortimer classics: Three little crab cakes like golf balls. The wickedly prewar creamed spinach. The Junior League curried chicken salad. I'm sure she'll be annoyed that the chocolate bread pudding is like no bread pudding she's ever seen. I mean, it's *our* bread pudding. And I overheard her just now objecting to how they stretch the tuna carpaccio over the edge of the plate. Granted, lingonberries are awfully sweet and come in jars, but that's what we like with our foie gras.

I think the food is actually better than ever. Maybe it just seems so without Glenn's growling. Nan Kempner says maybe now that the chef's a partner, he's trying harder and buying better meat. Of course, Nan is our cheerleader. She and Bill and Mario and Gale Hayman and a few of the others chipped in to help the boys raise the $500,000 they needed to move into this teensy space. Kiosk, I think it was called. "I'm a one percenta yenta, and Bill is a two percenta yenta" is how Mario Buatta put it, and I quote. I talked to Mario at Lenox Hill Hospital (he got food poisoning, I think, eating a bad clam on Staten Island, and yes, Swifty's does send him lunch). He said the boys wanted to re-create the Mortimer's look. "Why?" Mario asked. "That dumb brown bar. It's ugly as sin and the wrong color brown." He's especially pleased with the paintings. "All fakes," he told me. Says he bought every one off the back of a truck.

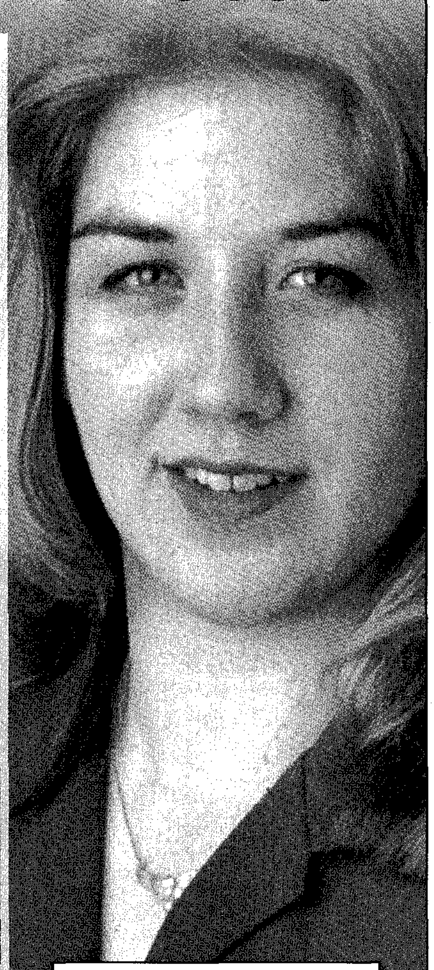
So the only problem is, no one can tell which is The Room and which is the Frozen Steppes of Siberia. The other night, it was a Mortimer's class reunion out back and I spied no one, utterly no one, seated with the mob up front. But at lunch a few days earlier, I was sure that the front room was the place to be—Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg, Nina Griscom, Anthony Haden-Guest. As Robert was leading Reinaldo and Carolina Herrera toward their table *au derrière,* I clearly heard her say, "Well, Robert, are we going to the countryside?" This discombobulation cannot last.

Mario is sure that Glenn is looking down (yes, he said down), probably thinking, "Well, you sons of bitches were right after all. It does pay to be nice." I have to agree. Eating swell is the best revenge.

Swifty's, 1007 Lexington Avenue, between 72nd and 73rd Streets; 212-535-6000. Lunch, Monday through Friday noon to 3 P.M., Saturday and Sunday 12:15 to 3:30 P.M. Dinner, Monday through Saturday 6 to 11:30 P.M., Sunday till 11 P.M. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

Gael Greene's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Future Publisher:
FINDING FOCUS



"My first real experience in publishing was as an associate editor for a trade magazine in New York City. I liked the field and wanted to know more about the business side of it, production realities, and how the financial aspects of the profession worked.

PACE University's Dyson College of Arts and Sciences offers a Masters in Publishing and it promised everything I wanted to know.

I started full-time — a graduate assistantship helped and so did a new multimedia lab. I studied everything from magazine and book production to circulation and finance. Result? With only a few courses to go, I have a much stronger understanding of the publishing industry.

Now, with PACE's connections, I'm sure of achieving my career goals."

DYSON
COLLEGE OF ARTS & SCIENCES

The M.S. in Publishing offers Book and Magazine Production, Editing, Finance, Information Systems, Magazine Circulation, Modern Technology and Marketing. We have a Publishing Advisory Board, outstanding faculty, a new multi-media lab with the most up-to-date technology, and a convenient location at our new Midtown Center (near Grand Central).

Attend an Information Session:

Thursday, November 18, 5:30-7:00 p.m.
Midtown Center
551 Fifth Avenue, 8th Floor, or
Tuesday, December 7, 5:30-7:00 p.m.
White Plains Graduate Center
1 Martine Avenue, Room 208
Wednesday, December 8, 5:30-7:00 p.m.
Midtown Center
551 Fifth Avenue, 8th Floor

FOR MORE INFORMATION:
Contact Lisa Moscato (212) 346-1927 or
(914) 773-3700, ask for ext. 2638.
Web site: www.pace.edu

Christine Ford is a recent graduate from Pace University with an M.S. in Publishing.

PACE
UNIVERSITY

It's always there when you need it.

"Laight Street arrives in Tribeca
like a breeze from South Beach"
William Grimes, New York Times

LAIGHT STREET
62 laight street new york 212 334 2274 www.laightst.com

Three's Company

The Japanese dance troupe [illegible] is back in
New York after a three-year absence (page 113)

art **96** concerts **113** dance **113** kids **114** the mix **110** movies **84** nightlife **107**
online **111** restaurants **101** sports **111** television **110** theater **92** the written word **111**

movies

Loews E Walk...Wayne Wang...*Felicia's Journey*

Previews
Saints or Sinners?

"I'm really glad we cut the scene with the Catholic dung-Madonna," director Kevin Smith jokes after a screening of his new movie, *Dogma*. The production, which stars Ben Affleck (below left) and Matt Damon (below right) as fallen angels looking for a biblical loophole to get them back into Heaven, stirred up controversy earlier this year, forcing Miramax to sell the rights once their bosses at Disney started feeling the holy heat. A Catholic watchdog group accused the film of being anti-Church, and suddenly Smith, a devout Catholic, and his studio heads, were subject to hate mail and death threats. "I try to be Christian about it," he deadpans, adding, "It's only a movie." Opens November 12.

Photograph by Darren Michaels.

New Films

The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland—Elmo ventures after his lost blankie and in turn gains courage and learns about sharing. With Mandy Patinkin. (1 hr. 20 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. His rebirth is brought about by his attraction to his daughter's cheerleader best friend (Mena Suvari); this new-style Rip Van Winkle is like a counterculture washout primed for salvation. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews State; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

American Movie—Two years in the life of Mark Borschadt, a driven and slightly deranged independent filmmaker in Wisconsin. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Anywhere But Here—The story of a flirtatious and unstable woman who drags her reluctant daughter to Beverly Hills. Played beautifully by Susan Sarandon and Natalie Portman. (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) *Opens 11/12.*

The Bachelor—Chris O'Donnell is in the doghouse with girlfriend Renee Zellweger, but if he can't commit and get married in 24 hours, he'll lose his $100 million inheritance. Rich people really know how to put on the pressure. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; Loews 19th St. East; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Bats—Sheriff Kimsey (Lou Diamond Phillips) has some trouble on his hands: Swarms of genetically altered bats have taken to tormenting the winsome inhabitants of his sleepy Texas town. Enter the pretty zoologist (Dina Meyer) and her able assistant (Leon). (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; UA Criterion; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld.*

★**Being John Malkovich**—This debut feature from director Spike Jonze and screenwriter Charlie Kaufman is a stunning piece of metaphysical vaudeville and probably the best first feature I've seen in years. John Cusack plays a dejected puppeteer who, working as a file clerk, discovers in the wall of his office a portal leading directly into the head of John Malkovich (playing himself). The plot is a series of riffs and spirals, each one wilder than the one before, and yet it's all highly controlled, deadpan. The result is like a neo-slacker's spin on the sort of thing Pynchon or Borges might have dreamed up. Cameron Diaz and Catherine Keener fill out the spectacular cast. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

The Best Man—A funny movie about a young writer (Taye Diggs) who comes to New York for a college reunion built around the wedding of two close friends (Morris Chestnut and Monica Calhoun). But when his friends start passing around an advance copy of his new novel—a flimsily disguised autobiography—and start recognizing the characters, he finds himself in a bit of a fix. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Black Cat, White Cat—A romantic comedy wherein, to square a debt, a small-time shyster arranges for his son to marry the daughter of a wealthier gangster. In Serbo-Croatian with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

Blue Streak—Martin Lawrence is a jewel thief posing as a cop in order to recover a diamond he's hidden in a precinct. With Dave Chappelle and Luke Wilson. (About 1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Astoria.*

The Bone Collector—See Rainer, page 69. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; CO Coronet; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews State; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

'Cue' cover photograph by Birgit.

"A MASTERPIECE!

A film of inspired passion. An epic with a heart and soul."

Bonnie Churchill, NATIONAL NEWS SYNDICATE

"A LUC BESSON WORK OF ART!

Milla Jovovich gives one of the best performances of the year."

Jim Ferguson, THE DISH NETWORK

"A SPECTACULAR EPIC!

It has a 1990s edge. Dazzling, provocative, absorbing and entertaining!"

Paul Wunder, WBAI

"MILLA IS TERRIFIC!

She delivers an insightful performance, creating a Joan with vulnerability and strength at the same time."

Steve Oldfield, FOX-TV

"MAGNIFICENT!

A stunning spectacle. Compelling and provocative. An extraordinary, riveting adventure of epic proportion!"

Ron Brewington, AMERICAN URBAN RADIO NETWORKS

MILLA JOVOVICH

Academy Award® Nominee
JOHN MALKOVICH

Academy Award® Winner
FAYE DUNAWAY

and

Two-Time Academy Award® Winner
DUSTIN HOFFMAN

A FILM BY
LUC BESSON

THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC

COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS A GAUMONT PRODUCTION A FILM BY LUC BESSON
STARRING: MILLA JOVOVICH JOHN MALKOVICH FAYE DUNAWAY AND DUSTIN HOFFMAN "THE MESSENGER: THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC"
PASCAL GREGGORY VINCENT CASSEL TCHEKY KARYO RICHARD RIDINGS DESMOND HARRINGTON MUSIC BY ERIC SERRA
R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN WRITTEN BY ANDREW BIRKIN AND LUC BESSON PRODUCED BY PATRICE LEDOUX DIRECTED BY LUC BESSON SOUNDTRACK ALBUM ON SONY CLASSICAL COLUMBIA PICTURES
www.sony.com/themessenger

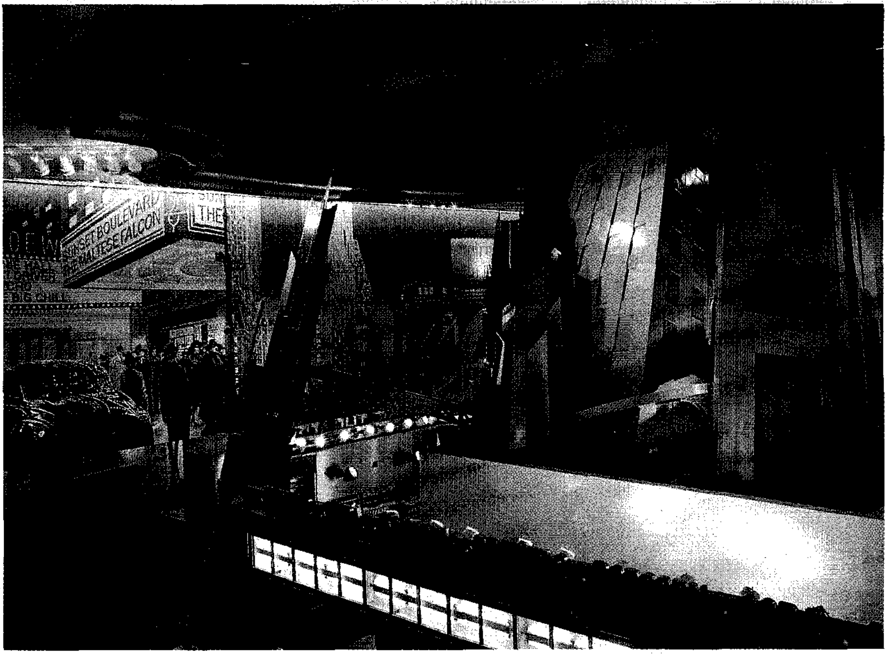
AT THEATERS THIS NOVEMBER

FOR SHOWTIMES AND THEATER INFORMATION CALL 777-FILM® AOL MovieFone® OR VISIT moviefone.com

Opening

Edifice Plex

"Our goal was to create a fantastical place that makes you revel in the whole movie-going experience," says architect David Rockwell, "and forget about the VCR, the DVD player, the Web, and the microwave." He's talking about the new Loews 42nd Street E Walk theater, which will open its doors on November 12. With its formal marquee and murals, the thirteen-screen movie palace tries to balance nickelodeon rococo with all the modern amenities—3,500 plush seats and a snack bar (pictured below) equipped with a full kitchen. Okay, we'll forget about the microwave.



Photograph by Bruce Katz.

★**Boys Don't Cry**—The true story of Teena Brandon, who, as Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was killed for deceptions by two ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. The talented Hilary Swank plays Brandon, and her fine-cut androgyny seems supremely out of place in the trailer-trash milieu. Worth seeing, but first-time director Kimberly Peirce reduces the real-life drama's complexity by framing it as a transgender *Rebel Without a Cause.* (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Cinemart.*

The Brandon Teena Story—The documentary (which inspired *Boys Don't Cry)* about the Nebraska girl who posed as a man and who was ultimately raped and murdered. By Susan Muska and Greta Olafsdottir. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Bringing Out the Dead—Director Martin Scorsese and screenwriter Paul Schrader have reteamed for this adaptation of Joe Connelly's novel about New York City ambulance drivers. It's set in the early nineties, mostly in Hell's Kitchen, and the filmmakers mean for us to take that locale literally. Nicolas Cage plays—rather too groggily—a paramedic who is racked with guilt for the lives he's failed to save. The filmmaking is razor sharp, but we've been down these streets before with Scorsese, and the religio-symbolic haze he gives everything undercuts the power of the material. (Rainer; 11/1/99) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Buena Vista Social Club**—Wim Wenders's documentary grew out of the recording sessions in 1996 by Ry Cooder involving some of Cuba's greatest singers and musicians, many of them well over 60, whom he rescued from oblivion. I've never seen another movie that so clearly expressed the sensual sustenance of great folk culture for its practitioners. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *CC Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

La Ciudad—(The City) Four black-and-white vignettes that explore the new-immigrant experience in nineties New York. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Dinner Game—From the creator of *La Cage aux Folles* comes a comedy about a dinner-party contest in which the winner must invite the most boring person imaginable. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village; Clearview's 59th Street East; Clearview's Metro Cinema.*

Dogma—Ben Affleck and Matt Damon are avenging angels who've found a loophole that will enable them to get back into heaven. If they enter a church in Red Bank, New Jersey, on a particular day all will be forgiven . . . and then all will be destroyed (there are no loopholes in Catholicism, silly). (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Opens 11/12.*

Double Jeopardy—The lovely Ashley Judd crashes her way across the country in an attempt to win back her son and finish off her evil husband. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Loews 19th St. East; CO Coronet; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Dreaming of Joseph Lees**—Samantha Morton plays Eva, a withdrawn clerk in the rural English county of Somerset. Living at home in 1958 with her doting, doddering father (Frank Finlay) and precocious younger sister (Lauren Richardson), she takes the brash step of moving in with Harry (Lee Ross), her working-class admirer, who tends pigs and looks at her with devoted eyes. Her real passion, though, is for her second cousin Joseph Lees (Rupert Graves), who disappeared into Italy years before after losing a leg in a quarry accident and suddenly reenters her life. Morton has a luminous fragility, like the young Lillian Gish. She would have been wonderful in silent films. (Rainer; 11/1/99) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

Earth—Deepta Mehta (*Fire*) returns to India to explore a love triangle amid the turbulence of partition. In Hindi with English subtitles. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Felicia's Journey—Atom Egoyan directs his adaptation of William Trevor's novel about a young girl (Elaine Cassidy) who leaves Ireland to search for her boyfriend and falls in with the likes of a sweet yet smarmy Bob Hoskins. (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *Opens 11/12 at CC Angelika Film Center and Sony Lincoln Square.*

Fight Club—Edward Norton plays a poor sap who hooks up with a malevolent jester, played by Brad Pitt, in this heavy-duty rant about the soullessness of men's lives in an era when consumerism and corporate culture have snatched their *cojones.* Director David Fincher unloads all his TV-commercial-derived whammies on us: It's a hard-sell movie about no-sell. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (2 hrs. 19 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Clearview's Olympia; Bay Plaza; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Happy, Texas—A pair of escaped convicts, played by Jeremy Northam and Steve Zahn, end up impersonating a gay couple staging junior miss beauty pageants in this high/low concept balderdash. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square.*

The House on Haunted Hill—A remake of the Vincent Price classic about an eccentric millionaire who offers five strangers the opportunity to win a million dollars if they survive the night in a haunted house. Starring Geoffrey Rush, Taye Diggs, and Peter Gallagher. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The Insider**—See Rainer, page 68. (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Joe the King—Actor Frank Whaley's directorial debut stars Noah Fleiss as a young boy driven to a life of two-bit crime. With Val Kilmer and John Leguizamo. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

Julien Donkey-Boy—Harmony Korine's at it again—this time with a murderous, gold-toothed schizophrenic named Julien, who works with the blind. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

Last Night—With six hours left here on earth before mass destruction, Sandra Oh, Sarah Polley, David Cronenberg, and Don McKellar (who also directed) find love and examine their fate. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Cinema Village; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Legend of 1900—Tim Roth stars in this gooey drama about a pianist who spends his life—his entire life—aboard an ocean liner. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Paris Theatre.*

Light It Up—Six very different students band together and decide to take charge of their neglected Queens High School. With Forest Whitaker and Vanessa Williams. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Opens 11/10 at Clearview's Chelsea; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Ridgewood.*

★**The Limey**—Terence Stamp has a remarkable look here—whittled, with a shock of bright white hair and laser eyes. As Wilson, a career criminal from England in L.A. to avenge his daughter's murder, he's as implacably invincible as Lee Marvin was in

Point Blank. The film itself isn't to that level: Director Steven Soderbergh and screenwriter Lem Dobbs are trying to cross deep-dish pulp noir with an art-house canapé. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

Lola Und Bilidikid—A movie about a teenage boy who flees his repressive family life and journeys through Berlin's strange underworld. In German and Turkish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Opens 11/12 at the Quad Cinema.*

★**Lucie Aubrac**—Claude Berri's film is based on the true account of a woman in the French Resistance (Carole Bouquet) who engineered the liberation of her husband (Daniel Auteuil) from Montluc prison in Lyon during the German occupation. It's not a particularly artful piece of work, but the best parts have the dash of first-rate melodrama. (Rainer; 9/27/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Man of the Century—A funny, low-budget, black-and-white farce starring Gibson Frazier as a hard-boiled newsman straight out of the twenties living in the nineties. (1 hr. 20 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc—Milla Jovovich stars as St. Joan in this adaptation of the legendary tale. With John Malkovich and Dustin Hoffman. (2 hrs. 28 mins.; R) *Opens 11/12.*

Music of the Heart—Meryl Streep plays the real-life Roberta Guaspari, who moved to East Harlem and taught schoolkids the violin before seeing her funding cut. So, she stages a charity benefit at Carnegie Hall with her kids performing en masse with the likes of Isaac Stern, and all is righted. Streep carries on like a rowdy den mother, and the tone of inspirational uplift is in the treacly mode of *Mr. Holland's Opus*. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG) *Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Crown Gotham; UA Criterion; Loews 84th Street; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

My Best Fiend—Werner Herzog's compelling documentary about his turbulent relationship with his great friend and mortal enemy, actor Klaus Kinski. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Oxygen—Adrian Brody kidnaps a wealthy woman (Maura Tierney) and buries her alive. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Opens 11/12 Art Greenwich Theatre.*

Pokémon: The First Movie—Master Ash, who, accompanied by the electrically charged Pikachu, continues his quest to be the world's greatest Pokémon trainer. Consider yourself forewarned. (1 hr. 50 mins.; G) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Bay Plaza; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; Plaza.*

Portraits Chinois—Helena Bonham Carter stars in this film about a group of artistic Parisians who fall in and out of love while trying to sort out the muddled details of their lives. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Princess Mononoke**—The great Japanese animation director Hayao Miyazaki has crafted a ravishing epic set in mythic fourteenth-century Japan, filled with gods and demons and forest creatures. The mixture of cel and computer animation is fluidly achieved, and the Americanized dialogue, voiced by the likes of Minnie Driver and Billy Bob Thornton, is only mildly jarring. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Punitive Damage—A documentary about the unusual lawsuit one New Zealand woman filed against the Indonesian government after her son was massacred in East Timor. (1 hr. 17 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Random Hearts—Harrison Ford plays an internal-affairs cop in Washington, D.C., and Kristin Scott Thomas is a Republican congresswoman in this thick shroud of a movie in which both learn that their respective spouses, who went down in a plane crash, were having an affair. Director Sydney Pollack goes for the lugubrious at every turn, and there's a dismal subplot about corrupt police that wouldn't pass muster on most TV cop shows. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *UA Gemini.*

"THE BEST FILM OF THE YEAR."
-Bonnie Churchill -NATIONAL NEWS SYNDICATE
"'THE INSIDER' WILL PIN YOU TO YOUR SEAT..."
-Peter Travers -ROLLING STONE
WARNING: EXPOSING THE TRUTH MAY BE HAZARDOUS.
AL PACINO RUSSELL CROWE
THE INSIDER
Distributed by BUENA VISTA PICTURES DISTRIBUTION © TOUCHSTONE PICTURES
R
VISIT 'THE INSIDER' ON THE WEB AT WWW.THEINSIDER.MOVIES.COM PART OF GO NETWORK
Touchstone Pictures

CITY CINEMAS
• CINEMA 1, 2, 3
3RD AVE. AT 60TH ST.
777-FILM #635

SONY THEATRES
♦LINCOLN SQUARE
B'WAY & 68TH ST.
50-LOEWS #638

CITY CINEMAS
•EAST 86TH STREET CINEMAS
86TH BET. 2ND & 3RD AVE.
777-FILM #753

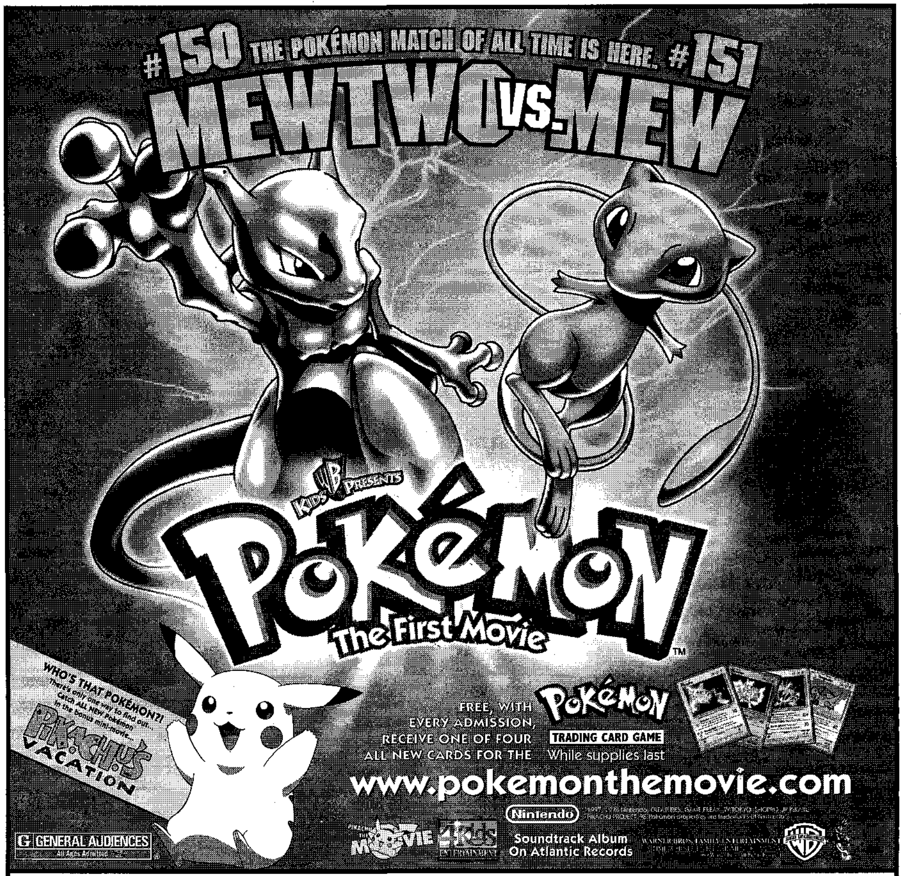
♦LOEWS KIPS BAY THEATRE
2ND AVE. AT 32ND ST.
50-LOEWS #558

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS
★CHELSEA WEST CINEMAS
23RD ST. & 8TH AVE. 777-FILM #614

UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES
♦UNION SQUARE 14
13TH & BROADWAY 777-FILM #777

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS
★WAVERLY TWIN
6TH AVE. AT 3RD ST. 777-FILM #603

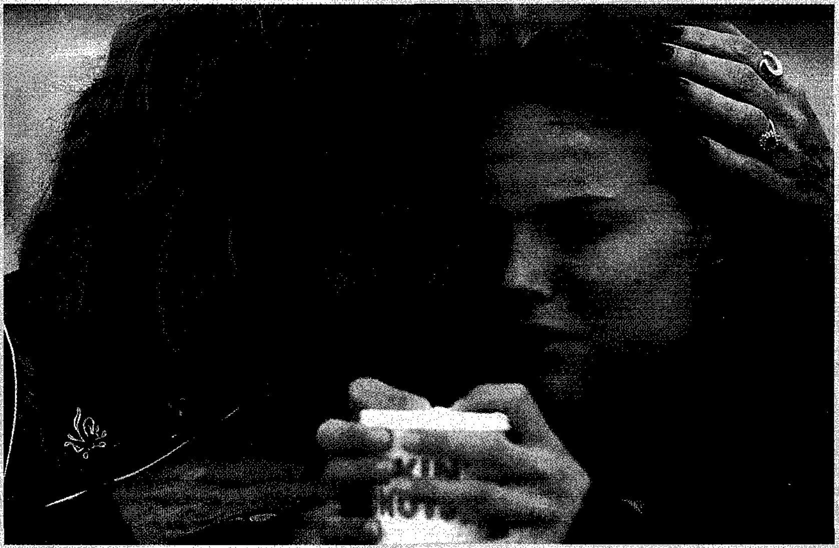
• DOLBY DIGITAL ♦ SDDS ★ dts
AND AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE
NO PASSES HONORED DURING THIS ENGAGEMENT


#150 THE POKÉMON MATCH OF ALL TIME IS HERE. #151
MEWTWO VS. MEW
KIDS WB PRESENTS
POKéMON The First Movie
WHO'S THAT POKÉMON?!
PIKACHU'S VACATION
FREE WITH EVERY ADMISSION, RECEIVE ONE OF FOUR ALL NEW CARDS FOR THE
POKéMON TRADING CARD GAME
While supplies last
www.pokemonthemovie.com
Nintendo
G GENERAL AUDIENCES
Soundtrack Album On Atlantic Records

STARTS WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10 AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE

Running Time
Wayne's World

Probing the stormy infractions and *occasionally* delightful interactions between mothers and daughters is an exercise most men seldom indulge in. But then Wayne Wang, though he was named for John Wayne—his father's favorite actor–is not like most men. "My wife always jokes that I was a woman in my last lifetime," says the 50-year-old director of *The Joy Luck Club, Smoke,* and the upcoming *Anywhere But Here.* "I mean, I love sports and all that, but I grew up with a lot of women around and I was always fascinated by them, always observing them, and also, in the Chinese culture you're brought up being quite aware that you have a feminine side and you learn to balance it. So I get along with women very well." Based on Mona Simpson's semi-autobiographical 1986 novel, the new film stars Susan Sarandon and Natalie Portman (below, left to right) as a restless, needy woman and her more sober teenage daughter who leave the safety of their Wisconsin home to pursue an ultimately not-so-good "new life" on the outskirts of Beverly Hills. While the subject certainly grazes familiar territory for Wang, this time the characters were more layered and the method in which they were developed, more arduous. In *The Joy Luck Club,* the mothers had several centuries of Chinese tradition on their side; "they had been through a lot and were honorable, literally holier-than-thou, and so they were confident about their right to control their daughters' lives," says Wang. But in *Anywhere But Here,* there's a more interesting tension: "The mother is much more insecure about her power over her child." And whereas in *Smoke*'s sequel *Blue in the Face* the dialogue *was* mainly improvised, he and screenwriter Alvin Sargent went through plenty of rewrites in order to nail the subtle dynamics of Simpson's novel. "When I saw it put together for the first time," says Wang, "I was still completely involved with their journey—this little road that they travel on—and that's always a good sign because sometimes you finish shooting a film and put it all together, and you think, *Oh my God, I'm not interested in this!*" Starts November 12. BRETT KELLY



Photograph by Lorey Sebastian.

Romance—Catherine Breillat's latest is an explicit look at a schoolteacher who, rejected by her boyfriend, looks for love in all the wrong places, including her school principle's S&M lair. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; CC Sutton.*

★**Rosetta**—See Rainer, page 69. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Run Lola Run**—The 34-year-old German director Tom Tykwer has made a movie that really zips along. It recaps the same basic plot in three alternate ways. Lola's boyfriend, Manni (Moritz Bleibtreu), a low-level courier for a crime boss, accidentally loses his cash delivery and has twenty minutes to replace it or he's kaput. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 21 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

Show Me Love—Lukas Moodysson's funny coming-of-ager about two young lesbians in a small Swedish town. In Swedish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 29 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

The Sixth Sense—Bruce Willis, Toni Collette, a little boy with a dark ability, and a nice twist. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Sutton; UA Criterion; Whitestone; UA Marboro; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Astoria.*

Some Fish Can Fly—A ten-year romance between an Irish girl and an American guy. (NR) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Gemini; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Story of Us—Michelle Pfeiffer and Bruce Willis play a couple on the verge of a breakup after fifteen years of marriage. Director Rob Reiner fractures their relationship into flashbacks and flash-forwards; he has them speak into the camera and cuddle and holler and smile through tears. For a film that proudly proclaims that "there are no answers," it's awfully smug about knowing all the questions. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Straight Story—David Lynch's affecting, meditative movie about a stubborn codger (Richard Farnsworth) who rides his lawn mower clear across Iowa to visit an ailing, estranged brother is perhaps the greatest Hallmark Hall of Fame movie that Hallmark never made. It's sweet, and Farnsworth, and Sissy Spacek, playing his daughter, are very fine. But the film is also a bit thin: Lynch isn't really a resident of this calendar-art world of home truths and homilies—he's more like a tourist paying his respects. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; G) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Superstar—*SNL*'s Molly Shannon brings her awkward, finger-sniffing, Catholic-schoolgirl caricature Mary Katherine Gallagher to the big screen. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay.*

★**Three Kings**—Four soldiers—played by George Clooney, Mark Wahlberg, Spike Jonze and Ice Cube—go AWOL in search of stolen Kuwaiti gold bullion after the Gulf War and end up unlikely heroes. (Rainer; 10/4/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Three to Tango—Neve Cambell, Matthew Perry, and Dylan McDermott in yet another fun young love triangle. Matthew Perry's character is not gay, but everyone thinks that he's is. Not that there's anything wrong with that. With Oliver Platt. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; UA Criterion; UA East; UA Marboro; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Train of Life—Yet another happy Holocaust movie. This one involves a village that buys a fake deportation train and fools the Nazis into thinking they are already on their way to a death camp. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *CC Village East; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Where's Marlowe?—Miguel Ferrer stars in this offbeat detective story about two young filmmakers making a documentary about a lowly private dick in Los Angeles. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Opens 11/12 at the CC Sutton.*

The Winslow Boy—David Mamet adapts and directs the 1946 Terrence Rattigan warhorse about a boy who is unjustly expelled from the Admiralty's Naval College and how his well-to-do Victorian family sues the Crown and rallies to his defense. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; G) *UA East.*

Women (*Elles*)—Five women face their turbulent forties. In French and Portuguese with English subtitles. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *CC Eastside Playhouse.*

Manhattan
Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Double Jeopardy; Some Fish Can Fly.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *The Limey; Man of the Century; Princess Mononoke; Run Lola Run; The Straight Story.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; The Bachelor; Buena Vista Social Club; Julien Donkey-Boy; The Sixth Sense; Three to Tango; Train of Life.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *Black Cat, White Cat; The Dinner Game; Last Night; Punitive Damage.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *The Insider; Three Kings.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *American Movie; My Best Fiend.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (212-50-LOEWS#952) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; Music of the Heart.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *La Ciudad; Portraits Chinois; Romance; Rosetta.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal)

(212-334-2100) *Beefcake; The Brandon Teena Story; Joe the King; Show Me Love.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *Bats; The Best Man; Boys Don't Cry; Dreaming of Joseph Lees; Fight Club; Happy, Texas; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Legend of 1900; The Story of Us.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *The Bone Collector; Fight Club.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Being John Malkovich; The Best Man; The House on Haunted Hill; Light It Up; Music of the Heart; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *The Insider.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *American Beauty; The Bachelor; The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *American Beauty; The Bachelor; Being John Malkovich; The Best Man; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Music of the Heart; The Sixth Sense; The Story of Us; Three Kings.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *The Bachelor; The Insider; The Straight Story.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *Music of the Heart.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *Women.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *Romance; The Sixth Sense.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *The Dinner Game.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *The Story of Us.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Bone Collector; Double Jeopardy.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Blue Streak; Deep Blue Sea; Drive Me Crazy; Mickey Blue Eyes; Outside Providence; Stigmata.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. Opening 11/12. *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; The Bone Collector; Dogma; The Insider; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Bringing Out the Dead.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty; The Bone Collector; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Legend of 1900.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *The Bachelor; Bats; The Best Man; Fight Club; Music of the Heart; The Sixth Sense; Three Kings; Three to Tango.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Fight Club; The Insider; Music of the Heart; The Story of Us.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *American Beauty.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *The Best Man; Fight Club; The Story of Us; Superstar; Three Kings.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *The Bone Collector.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Bringing Out the Dead.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Being John Malkovich.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *American Beauty; The Bachelor; The*

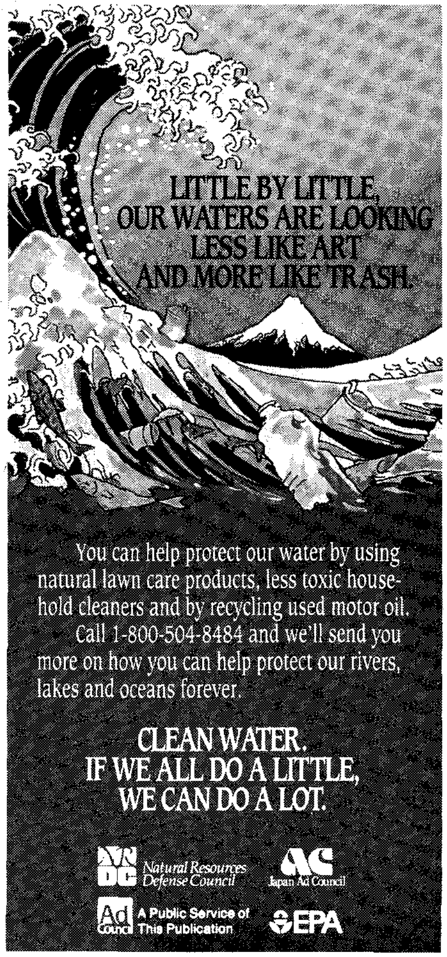
Finally, a theater on 42nd Street even the Mayor can love.
OPENS FRIDAY NOVEMBER 12
All Stadium Seating • All Digital Sound
13 Big Screens • Today's Hottest Movies
LOEWS
42nd ST. E WALK
42nd St. & 8th Ave. • Times Square
www.enjoytheshow.com
LOEWS THEATRES

Fordham University
Graduate School of
Social Service &
Big Brothers Big Sisters of
New York City

MENTORING SUPERVISOR CERTIFICATE

Register for this unique 16-session course combining an experiential and academic approach that provides the knowledge and skills necessary to supervise or create a mentoring program. The 2-hour sessions meet once per week for sixteen weeks, with the possibility of taking morning or evenings.

The program is run jointly by Fordham University Graduate School of Social Service (Lincoln Center Campus) and the Big Brothers Big Sisters of New York City Training Center. Significant scholarship aid possible. For more information call Vae Champagne at (212) 686 – 2042 ext. 268.


LITTLE BY LITTLE, OUR WATERS ARE LOOKING LESS LIKE ART AND MORE LIKE TRASH.
You can help protect our water by using natural lawn care products, less toxic household cleaners and by recycling used motor oil. Call 1-800-504-8484 and we'll send you more on how you can help protect our rivers, lakes and oceans forever.
CLEAN WATER. IF WE ALL DO A LITTLE, WE CAN DO A LOT.
Natural Resources Defense Council
Japan Ad Council
A Public Service of This Publication
EPA

Previews

If Looks Could Kill

In Atom Egoyan's eerie new fable 'Felicia's Journey,' Bob Hoskins (pictured, with co-star Elaine Cassidy) plays a peculiar catering manager, whom Hoskins describes as "a cross between Jack the Ripper and Winnie the Pooh"—who is ever so slowly revealed to be a diabolical villain who preys on lost young girls. Egoyan wasn't interested in making an ordinary thriller but rather in building and maintaining what he calls "a suspended state of creepiness." The duplicity of his role appealed to Hoskins: "The challenge is that you're playing two things at the same time—physically, you're a kind old man, and mentally, you're a calculating killer." Starts November 12.

Photograph by Sophie Baker/Artisan Entertainment.

Best Man; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; Three Kings.

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Three to Tango; The Winslow Boy.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *The House on Haunted Hill; Random Hearts; Some Fish Can Fly.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Fight Club.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *American Beauty; The Dinner Game.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *Boys Don't Cry; Buena Vista Social Club; Earth; Last Night; Lucie Aubrac; Rosetta.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *The Best Man; The Bone Collector; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; Music of the Heart.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; Thicker than Water.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *The Best Man; Bringing Out the Dead; The House on Haunted Hill.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *American Beauty; The Bachelor; Being John Malkovich; Bringing Out the Dead; The Insider; The Limey; Princess Mononoke; The Straight Story; Three Kings; Train of Life.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; The Bachelor; Bats; The Best Man; Blue Streak; The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Pokémon: The First Movie; Superstar.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Bats; The Best Man; Blue Streak; The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; The Bachelor; Bats; The Best Man; Blue Streak; The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Music of the Heart; The Sixth Sense; Superstar; Three Kings.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; The Straight Story.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *The Bone Collector; Light It Up; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *Being John Malkovich; Boys Don't Cry; The Insider; The Limey; Music of the Heart; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. ,at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *The Bone Collector; Light It Up; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; The Bachelor; Bats; The Best Man; Blue Streak; The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Music of the Heart; Superstar.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *American Beauty; The Best Man; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Music of the Heart; Pokémon: The First Movie; Superstar.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *The Bachelor; The Best Man; The Bone Collector; Light It Up; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *The Bachelor; Bringing Out the Dead; The Sixth Sense; Three to Tango.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *American Beauty; The Bachelor; Bats; The Bone Collector; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Music of the Heart; The Story of Us.*

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; The Bachelor; The Bone Collector; The House on Haunted Hill; Music of the Heart.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; The Bachelor; Boys Don't Cry; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; Music of the Heart.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; The Bachelor; Bats; The Best Man; The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; The Sixth Sense; Three Kings.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; The House on Haunted Hill.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; The Bachelor; Bats; Being John Malkovich; Bringing Out the Dead; Fight Club; The Insider; Music of the Heart; The Story of Us; Superstar; Three to Tango.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd.(718-441-9835) *La Ciudad; The Sixth Sense; Some Fish Can Fly.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; The Bachelor; The Bone Collector; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Music of the Heart.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Buena Vista Social Club; The Dinner Game; Random Hearts; The Story of Us.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *The Bachelor; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *The Best Man; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Sixth Sense; Three Kings.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *The Bone Collector; Random Hearts.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *The Best Man; The Bone Collector; Superstar.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; The Bachelor; Bats; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Music of the Heart.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; The Best Man; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; The Story of Us; The Straight Story; Three Kings; Three to Tango.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *The Bone Collector; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; Music of the Heart.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *The Bachelor; Bats; The Bone Collector; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; Music of the Heart; The Story of Us.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; The Bachelor; The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Music of the Heart; Pokémon: The First Movie; The Story of Us.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *The Bachelor; The Bone Collector; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; Music of the Heart.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; The Bachelor; The Best Man; The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Music of the Heart; The Story of Us; Three Kings.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Evening Screenings" every Wednesday through Sunday: *La Ciudad (The City).* Through 11/21: "The Katherine Hepburn Series." 11/13: *Holiday* (1938); *The Philadelphia Story* (1940). 11/14: *Woman of the Year* (1942); *Adam's Rib* (1949). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

American Museum of Natural History—11/12–11/20: "The Margaret Mead Film & Video Festival." 11/12: *A Married Couple* (1969). 11/13: *Little Brother, Little Sister; And Baby Makes Two; Mobutu, King of Zaire; Saddle Sores; Paradise Bent; Battu's Bioscope; Raise the Dead; He Would Have Rode a Harley; A Stranger's Supper; Miyah; Singing Our Stories.* 11/13: *Hepa!; Poerre Verger: A Messenger Between Two Worlds; The Lie; Apple Opera; Turtle Hunter; King of Kowloon; Earl's Canoe; In the Forest Hangs a Bridge; Heaven's Gate: The Untold Story; Dear Rice Wine, You Are Defeated; Servant of the Ancestors.* 11/14: *Women of the Wall; Lost and Found: The Journey of the Ark; Zyklon Portrait; Village of Widows.* 11/14: *Dear Rice Wine, You Are Defeated; Servant of the Ancestors; Apple Opera; Turtle Hunter; King of Kowloon; For These Eyes.* 11/15: *A Story About Kusanojo; Whispers of Vermeer; Warrendale* (1967); *Woubi Chéri; Women of the Wall.* Enter on 77th Street bet. Central Park West and Columbus Ave. (212-769-5200); $8.

Anthology Film Archives—11/15: "New Filmmakers" shorts: *The Maze*; *Driving Beat*; *SPC 2000*; *Get Rhythm.* Feature: *Kin.* 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—Mondays through 1/10: "Frank Capra: A Vision of the 30s." 11/8: *Platinum Blonde* (1931). 11/15: *Forbidden* (1932). Through 11/12: "Bo Widerberg Retrospective." 11/9: *Stubby* (1974). 11/10: *The Man on the Roof* (1976). 11/11: *The Man From Majorca* (1984). 11/12: *The Serpent's Way* (1986). 11/13–11/14: Antonioni's *Blow Up* (1966). 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn. (718-623-2770).

Film Forum—Through 11/11: *The Lady Vanishes* (1938) and *The 39 Steps* (1935). 11/12–11/18: *Macbeth* (1971). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—11/10–11/25: Two masterpieces by Mohsen Makmalbaf: *The Silence* (1988) and *Moment of Innocence* (1996). 11/11: *The Conformist* (1971). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15; "Movies for Kids" 11/13: *Pippi Longstocking.* $3.

IMAX at Sony Lincoln Square—*Siegfried & Roy: The Magic Box; L5—First City in Space; Across the Sea of Time; T-Rex: Back to the Crustaceous; Encounters in the Third Dimension; The Old Man and the Sea; Into the Deep; Mark Twain's America.* 1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638).

The Screening Room—Fridays and Saturdays at midnight: *Disco Dolls in Hot Skin* (XXX in 3-D). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Sunday afternoons: *Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory.* Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Festival
Strip Search

This year's 'Margaret Mead Film & Video Festival' begins November 12 at the American Museum of Natural History and will feature over 60 documentaries and shorts, including the premiere of *Naked States*, the story of photographer Spencer Tunick's (pictured below in Times Sqaure) perverse five-month journey to every state for the purpose of gathering a large bunch of naked subjects in a public setting. He usually winds up with an impressive group photo and a handful of police summonses. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for details.)

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

Gray
continued from page 44

the VIP tents, packed with Iced Mocha nail polish, Tom Petty T-shirts emblazoned with EAB logos, show books thick with Dean Witter ads. There's plenty of tiered seating. The VIP tent, closest to the stage, costs $300 per person. A seat in the VVIP tent costs $600 and up. It includes a fully stocked bar and lavish table settings. Lawn seats, 100 yards from the stage, cost $40.

When Sillerman finally gets to a backstage tent where Petty sits at a littered table with his band, he greets the rocker like an old friend. "So we got a house for you to stay in," says Sillerman, throwing an arm around Petty's shoulder. After some coaxing from his girlfriend, Petty accepts. Sillerman claps his back and says he'll be sitting down front during the show. "So," says Petty with a crooked smile, "we'll be seeing a lot of you tonight." Sillerman tells the grizzled rocker that "people who paid a lot of money are in the front seats." Petty, road-weary and bored, in skinny yellow shades, just nods. He hates tiered seating. And he'll gladly fight about it. But not at a benefit show. Sensing Petty's lack of enthusiasm, Sillerman assures him that after a few songs, "we open the VIP section" and the crowd moves up front. "Great," says Petty, "so we won't just be playing to the rich all night."

Tom Petty, road-weary and bored, in yellow shades, just nods. He hates tiered seating. And he'll gladly fight about it. But not at a benefit.

When Petty takes the stage in a long velvet coat and white ruffled shirt, he surveys the VIP area, choked with lawn chairs and coolers tripping up dozens of cheap-seat fans who are already breaking ranks. "Everybody that sees a folding chair," says Petty, "let's stomp it to death." The crowd cheers—and stomps—as Petty launches into "I Won't Back Down." Sillerman, front-row center, remains seated as the dancers surge and bump around him, nodding in time to the music with a satisfied grin. ■

theater

Tina Landau...*1839*...Jackie Mason

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Jackie Mason's Much Ado About Everything—A whole lotta Mason, very little Bard. $55–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 11/16 for a 12/30 opening. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie will interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical—for a generation obsessed with the backstage canoodling of celluloid Shakespeareans like Paltrow and DiCaprio. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 11/18 opening. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Marie Christine—In Michael John LaChiusa's anticipated new musical, the heralded Audra McDonald plays a passionate woman in love with a sea captain (Anthony Crivello), against the backdrop of late nineteenth-century New Orleans and Chicago. Sherry Boone replaces McDonald for Wed. and Sat. matinees. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/2 opening. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Price—James Naughton directs Arthur Miller's 1968 family drama, starring Jeffrey DeMunn, Bob Dishey, Lizbeth Mackay, and Harris Yulin. $25–65. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. In previews for a 11/15 opening. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Putting It Together—The Stephen Sondheim musical revue roars back with enough big-name talent to fill a basketball squad. Carol Burnett, George Hurn, John Barrowman, Ruthie Henshall, and Bronson Pinchot star. The bench is strong, too: Kathie Lee Gifford will replace Burnett on Tuesdays starting Dec. 7. Directed by Eric D. Schaeffer, with musical staging by Bob Avian, and costumes by Bob Mackie. $30–80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/21 opening. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Rainmaker—Once the dopey farm boy of *Cheers*, Woody Harrelson returns to a parched farm in this revival N. Richard Nash's family drama. Also starring Jayne Atkinson. Directed by Scott Ellis. $25–$65. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 11/11 opening. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The swing-dancing craze didn't end with the Squirrel Nut Zippers and Gap commercials. Ann Hampton Callaway leaps back into the mix on Broadway, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts in this new musical. Directed by Lynne Taylor-Corbett. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 12/9 opening. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Tango Argentino—Tango, version 1.0. $25–$75. Call for schedule. *Gershwin Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

Now Playing

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Peggy Eisenhauer and Mike Baldassari's razzle-dazzle lighting caps the razzmatazz. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero.Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan.Vance Avery plays the M.C. until Michael Hall returns 11/30. $25–$90. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

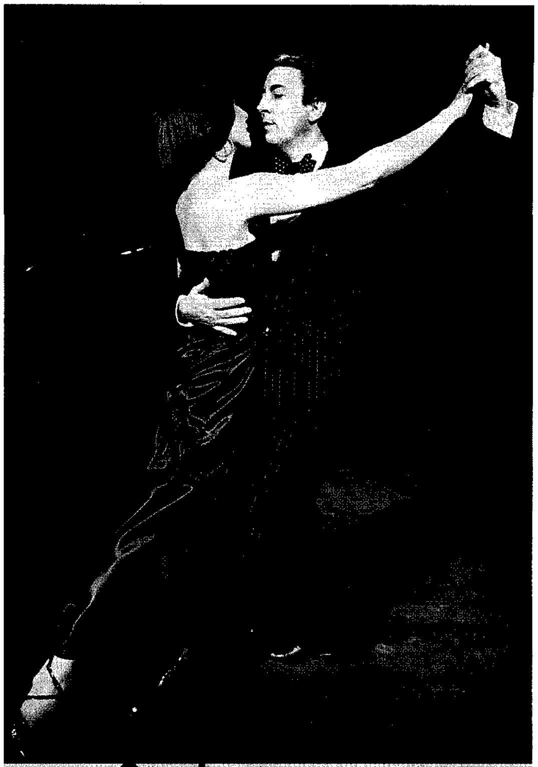
Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Minimalism prevails in this production. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Sandy Duncan. $20–$80. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. He is a great improviser who plays with his audience as if it were a beach ball. We have here a master/mistress of movement and facial expression whose silences are as funny as the words. Edna also sings and dances, backed up by a pianist doubling as Polaroid photographer, and the Ednaettes, two attractive dancers. Let me add that the Dame herself has terrific legs—as, I'm sure, has her show. (Si-

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.



Opening Takes Two

Not to be confused with the more recent 'Forever Tango' or the films 'The Tango Lesson' or 'Tango,' 'Tango Argentino' spurred a Latin-dance revival when it hit Broadway in 1985 and scored Tony nominations for Best Musical, Best Choreography, and Best Director. But since this revival now features the stars of those films, your befuddlement can be forgiven, as Héctor and Elsa María Mayoral (above) and a cast of nearly 30 dancers attempt to distinguish themselves from the teeming, twirling masses. (See "Broadway.")

Photograph courtesy of Tango Argentino.

mon: 11/2/99.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Epic Proportions—The boop-a-doop cutie, Kristin Chenoweth, whose admirers have been neurotically divided between 6-year-old girls and 28-year-old men ever since her Tony-adorable performance as Sally in *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown,* now gets her own vehicle in this comedy about old-time Hollywood filmmaking. $45–$65. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation, but the lead does have his haircut. $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—Powered by seven singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kat and the Kings—The Olivier Award–winning musical about an all-black doo-wop group's struggle for recognition in Cape Town, South Africa. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—The long-running reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $60–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! Hits by the Bee Gees! $30–$80. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—Frank Wildhorn's celebration of romance, fabric, and the guillotine returns, after a wee summer hiatus. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. Through 1/16/00. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

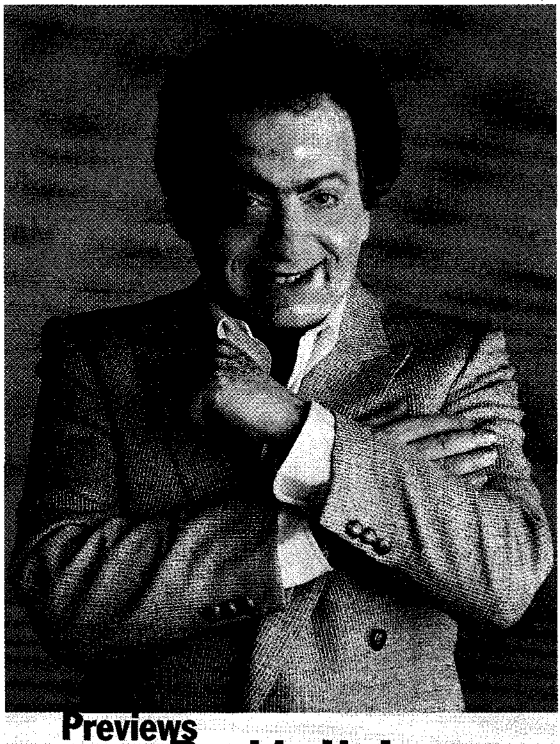
The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 11/28. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Abby's Song—Paul Sorvino and Jackie Angelescu star in a new musical about a shepherd girl and a tap-dancing angel in Montana. Randy Skinner directs. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Runs 11/14–11/28. *City Center, W. 55th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (212-581-1212)*

Ice Island: The Wait for Shackleton—Marjorie Duffield's new play documents the lives of men stranded in Antarctica. Lori Steinberg directs. $35. Previews begin 11/10 for a 11/14 opening. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Melting Pot Theatre, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200).*



Previews

Buckle Up!

Direct from the fabulous backseat of your yellow cab, Jackie Mason (above) brings his shtick back to Broadway with *Much Ado About Everything,* a one-man show that, thankfully, has little to do with Shakespeare. Don't forget to ask for your receipt. Previews begin November 16. (See "Broadway.")

In the Blood—Inspired by Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter,* playwright Susan-Lori Parks presents her play about a struggling single mom. In previews for a 11/18 opening. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 12/5. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette (212-239-6200).*

Last Train to Nibroc—Arlene Hutton's two-character romantic comedy, set in Kentucky during World War II. Michael Montel directs. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 11/11 for a 11/20 opening. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Maybe Baby, It's You—After their successful run at the Currican Theatre earlier this summer, playwright-performers Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian play eleven couples in this romantic comedy. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 6. In previews for a 11/9 opening. *SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Space—Tina Landau corrals abductees, a neuropsychiatrist, and a SETI researcher in her evocative piece on mortality, spirituality, and the limits of science. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Previews 11/16 for a 12/2 opening. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (212-239-6200).*

Squonk—Props, puppetry, and percussion for the premiere of the East Village's newest theater. $20–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opens 11/9. *Bleecker East Theatre, 49 Bleecker St. (212-239-6200).*

Y2K—Yep, they grabbed the title first. If the MTC had launched a web site, subscribers would be rich shareholders. In any case, Arthur Kopit's timely drama premieres with all of the paranoia and frenzy you could hope for, starring James Naughton and Patricia Kalember; directed by the omnipresent Bob Balaban. $20–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Previews 11/9 for a 12/7 opening. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Ancestral Voices—A. R. Gurney's family story about divorce in a Buffalo family (Grandma leaves Gramps for his best friend) returns to Lincoln Center, with a rotating cast of Broadway veterans assuming the key roles. This is a reading only, so most actors will have scripts firmly in hand. $45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Avenue A—A revival of David Steen's noirish drama about despair in the big city. $30. Thurs.–Mon. at 8. Through 11/15. *29th Street Rep Theatre, 212 W. 29th St. (212-465-0575).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

Boys—Two Chelsea roommates meet a new man. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 11/13. Phil Bosakowski Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (212-532-8887).

Chesapeake—Lee Blessing's new comedy about the quest of an NEA-funded performance artist to fell his right-wing enemies. Mark Linn-Baker stars. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St.*

Photograph courtesy ABC.

Previews
The Final Frontier

Tina Landau insists she doesn't read science fiction or watch *The X-Files* and *Star Trek*. She swears she doesn't believe in alien abduction, despite the fact that her play *Space* involves abductees, black holes, event horizons, and aliens and is set entirely, as the title suggests, in a conceptual "space." Landau says her fascination with the astronomical and otherworldly did not begin at a screening of *Star Wars* but just a few years ago, when she began visiting friends who had moved out of the city. North of Manhattan, she viewed something that would shock any rational diehard Gothamite: the night sky. "It was phenomenal," Landau says. "You just forget that it's there." She went on to write a meditative play in which a hotshot neuropsychiatrist boldly confronts the stars, mortality, spirituality, the limits of science, and a SETI researcher who could be played by Jodie Foster. Its Chicago production, replete with elaborate special effects, hallucinatory projections, and searing lights, won rave reviews; Landau says that White Sox fans understood that her play was "more metaphysical than supernatural." So she was perplexed when a subsequent Los Angeles production was almost universally panned. "I tried some things out there that I *definitely* won't be doing again," she admits, but she also speculates about the wisdom of mounting her far-out production so near the home base of L. Ron Hubbard's Scientologists: "I think they hear about abductions so much out West that they were just sick of it and understood these metaphors literally," Landau reflects. "Then again, I don't think that's just it." (See "Off Broadway.") **LOGAN HILL**

(212-246-4422).

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. A somewhat spotty evening, then, whose highlights, however, are high indeed. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 11/30. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

The Country Club—Having cordially disliked Douglas Carter Beane's *As Bees in Honey Drown* by the Drama Dept., where Beane is artistic director, I expected little from his current Drama Dept. offering. Imagine my surprise: This play about Wasps in their late twenties who hang out in the Cub Room of a provincial Pennsylvania country club is both funny and moving, devilishly well observed, and niftily constructed. (Simon: 10/4/99) Jessica Stone has replaced Amy Sedaris. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-239-6200).*

Cranes—The New Group's director Scott Elliott directs this play about estranged Russian couples living in Baton Rouge. $20–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 11/14. *Theatre @ St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Dead—A musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Christopher Walken, Blair Brown, Stephen Spinella, John Kelly, and Marni Nixon) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. Richard Nelson did the book; Jack Hofsiss directs. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 11/28. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Dinner With Friends—A new drama of divorce and fine dining by perennial Pulitzer contender Donald Margulies. $25–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

Eclipsed—Based on true stories, penitent women are exploited by a convent that forces them to do the laundry for redemption. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 12/19. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

The Exact Center of the Universe—If you're in the mood for a delightful, old-fashioned, well-made play, look no further than this one by Joan Vail Thorne. It concerns one of those prim yet feisty southern matrons, Vada Love Powell, and her middle-aged son Apple (actually Appleton, but either way the apple of her eye), whom she just about turned into a sissy, until he meets two extraordinary young women. Under John Tillinger's sympathetic direction, *Center* tickles with its juicy dialogue and zesty characters. As Vada, Frances Sternhagen is good enough to eat. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. Through 1/2/00. *Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

An Experiment With an Air Pump—*See Simon, p. 70.* Unrelated to Reebok's next prototype shoe, Shelagh Stephenson's drama of familial clashes is presented by the Manhattan Theatre Club. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fuddy Meers—*See Simon, p. 70.* A new comedy by a rising star, playwright David Lindsay-Abaire, in which a woman struggles with her failing memory. Featuring a stable of talented actors, including J. Smith Cameron and Mark McKinney (of *Kids in the Hall*). $40. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30. Sat. and Sun. at 3. *MTC Stage 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Give Me Your Answer, Do!—The Roundabout presents the New York premiere of Brian Friel's most recent play, about the rivalries between two writers—one with success and no self-respect, the other with self-respect and no success. Eight names shine over the marquee, including players Kate Burton, Michael Emerson, John Glover, and Joel Grey. $55. Tues.–Sat. At 7:30. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Stephen Trask did the catchy music and lyrics; Ally Sheedy now plays the title character. $19.99–$49.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10. Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$52.50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Jazz Singer—*See Simon, p. 70.* A new musical version of the story Al Jolson made famous, presented by the Jewish Rep. $35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 2. Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-831-2000).*

Keep Bangin'—Soft-shoe-shufflin' Savion Glover directs the talented bucket drummers of *Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk*. $20–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).*

Look Back in Anger—In Jo Bonney's production of John Osborne's definitive "angry young man" drama from 1954, Tony nominee Reg Rogers rages against another almost-won, Enid Graham. $25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 11/14. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (212-677-4210).*

Morning, Noon and Night—Spalding Gray (*Swimming to Cambodia* and *Monster in a Box*) explores a day with his beloved family. $25–$45. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3 and 8. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Now Hear This!—Kathy Buckley, who describes herself as "America's first hearing impaired comedienne," presents her one-woman show. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect,*

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Now Change, about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Passion of Frida Kahlo—Priscilla López (*A Day in Hollywood, A Night in the Ukraine*) plays the artist Kahlo in Dolores Sendler's much-praised play. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *ArcLight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (212-307-4100).*

Sail Away—To celebrate Noël Coward's one-hundredth birthday, his musical will be staged for the first time in New York since its 1961 Broadway debut. Veteran showstopper Elaine Stritch will reprise her role as the frazzled cruise director Mimi Paragon. $61. Through 11/13. Call for schedule. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (212-247-7800).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$55; optional dinner ninety minutes before curtain. Mon. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Sky Woman Festival—A festival of Native American women's theater, featuring *Moonlodge,* a one-woman show by Margo Kane, poetry, and readings. $12. Call for schedule. Through 11/21. *Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (212-353-1176).*

Splendora—A musical revival, in which a Southern-belle-impersonator joins a pastor and a strange man in a town with a splendid name. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2. Through 11/21. *Pantheon Theater, 303 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Stars in Your Eyes—With an assist from the Man in the Moon, six lost souls find love and clarity in this Kennedy-era musical by Chip Meyrelles. Gabriel Barre directs; a cast of Broadway vets stars. $49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (212-477-2477).*

Thwak—"We are bringing mime into the new millennium," proclaims one of the hilarious, kinetic Australian Umbilical Brothers. "And how are we doing it? With sound." $15–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(212-239-6200).*

The Trial of One Short-Sighted Black Woman vs. Mammy Louise and Safreeta Mae—Barbara Montgomery stars in this satirical look at black professional women who engage outlandish, outdated stereotypes of mammies. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 11/28. *Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (212-353-1176).*

2½ Jews—A comedy about a prominent civil-rights attorney's relationships with his irascible father and lawyer son. By Alan Brandt. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (212-239-6200).*

Uncle Jack—Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* with a West Virginia drawl. Gerald Anthony stars in this Worth Street adaptation's premiere. $25–$35. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. (212-604-4195).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Water Engine/Mr. Happiness—The Atlantic Theater Company kicks off its Mamet retrospective with these two one-acts, with a whole bunch of company regulars performing in the former production and Bob Balaban, always a pleasure, playing the title role of the latter. Karen Kohlhass directs. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Judith Light. $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

1839—GAle GAtes et al presents a massive multimedia performance incorporating puppetry, projections, and dance in its huge performance space, exploring images and the year of the camera's birth. $15–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 9. *GAle GAtes, et al, 37 Main St., Brooklyn (718-522-4597).*

A Box Opera—The publicity stunt arrives. New York *Press* columnist Jonathan Ames faces off against the master of masochism, David Leslie, in several rounds of performance-art boxing. $20. 11/10 at 8. *Angel Orensanz Foundation, 172 Norfolk St. (212-477-5288).*

Contact With the Enemy—Pulitzer winner Frank D. Gilroy's new play tracks two World War II veterans who tour the U.S. Holocaust Museum together. $15. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Previews begin 11/10 for a 11/15 opening. Through 12/4. *Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. (212-247-4982).*

John Gabriel Borkman—Pearl Theatre presents Henrik Ibsen's tough drama. Directed by Shepard Sobel. $26–33. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).*

A Klezmer's Tale: Yoshke Muzikant—Now that klezmer has overrun hipster joints in the Lower East Side, Eleanor Reissa directs a Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre production that sketches the life of poet and musician Muzikant. Starring Mina Bern. $30–$35. Wed. and Thurs. at 2 and 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Runs 11/10–1/16/00. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).*

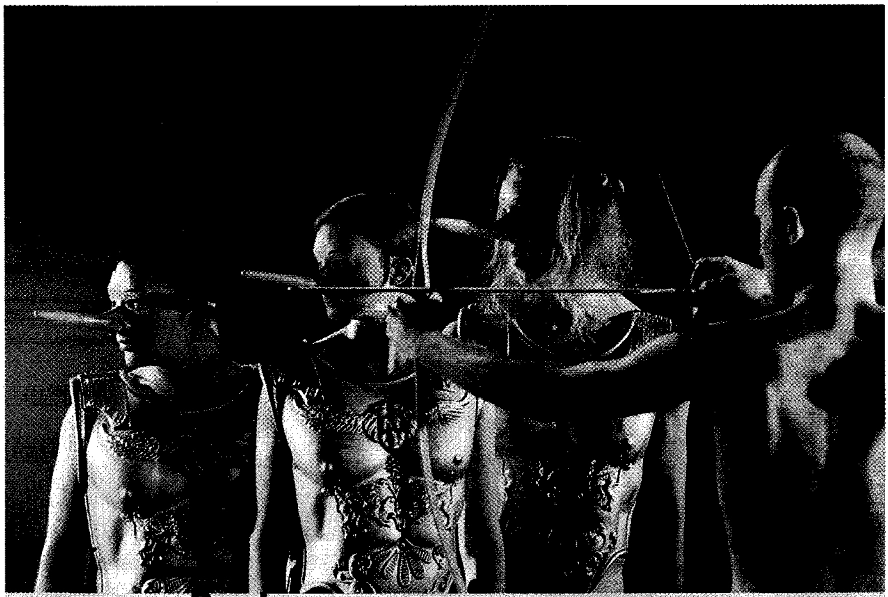
Morning Milking Evening Milking—Jim Farmer's play presents a family crisis on a Louisiana plantation. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 11/21. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (212-349-6619).*

North Atlantic—Willem Dafoe, Kate Valk, and other Wooster Group conspirators rework this tech-savvy, decentered multimedia piece about the U.S. in the Reagan eighties. Elizabeth LeCompte directs. $25. Call for schedule. Through 11/21. *Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (212-966-3651).*

Simply Barbra 2000—The talented Steven Brinberg channels Streisand in his new production, after a sold-out run in London and a continent-hopping tour that would make the stage-shy Streisand jealous. $22.50. Call for schedule. Through 11/22. *Dominion Theater, 428 Lafayette St. (212-473-1698).*

Vick's Boy—Ben Bettenbender's new comedy about the various nefarious goings-on at a young, cutthroat law firm. Directed by Bob Balaban; presented by Rattlestick Productions. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 11/28. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl. (212-627-2556).*

Wound of Love/Sunflower—Evan Pappas stars in Kathryn Grant's play about a musician who must take care of her sick roommate./Elizabeth Perry's one-woman show about the life of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 11/21. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-479-8513).*



Previews

The Big Picture

The four-year-old company GAle GAtes et al. has filled its 40,000-square-foot DUMBO warehouse with massive multimedia works like 'The Field of Mars' that have been alternately praised for their visual virtuosity and criticized for their lack of coherence. Its newest work, '1839' (pictured), is based on the year of the camera's invention, and looks to highlight the company's imagistic strengths with projections, puppetry, and dance galore. Opening November 11. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Stephanie Berger.

art

Weinberger & Schmidt...Queens for a Day

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

David Baskin—An installation in which slides of images of domestic interiors are projected on the gallery's walls; through 12/4. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (212-879-3500).

Wallace Berman/Robert Watts—Work from the sixties and early seventies by two artists who explored the dark side of Pop; through 12/10. Roth Horowitz, 160A E. 70th St. (212-717-9067).

Erwin Blumenfeld—Collages made in Amsterdam between 1916 and 1934 by the photographer, who later become known for his fashion work for *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar;* through 12/23. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (212-794-4444).

Lee Bontecou—Wall reliefs made between 1958 and 1972; through 11/24. Castelli, 59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470).

Marcel Duchamp—An exhibition curated by Francis Naumann of examples of the artist's replicated work, from regular and deluxe editions of *The Green Box* to various versions of *Boîte* and *Boîte-en-valise,* his famous portable museum; through 1/15/00. Moeller, 167 E. 73rd St. (212-988-4500).

Henry Varnum Poor—Paintings of landscapes and interiors from the thirties through the fifties by this artist known primarily for his ceramic and design work and as the founder of the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture; through 11/27. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767)

Saul Steinberg—Drawings and mixed-media constructions spanning the early fifties through the eighties; through 12/18. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (212-861-7338).

57th Street Area

David Bates—New free-standing sculptures, wall reliefs, and paintings; through 12/4. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-247-2111).

James Brooks—Four abstract paintings made by the artist in 1950; through 12/23. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

Alexander Calder—Works spanning the artist's 50-year career, including mobiles, stabiles, paintings, and drawings; through 12/4. O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (212-355-3330).

Edgar Degas—Bronze sculptures of horses, dancers, and bathers, and works on paper; through 12/4. Mathes, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-5135).

Lucio Fontana—Ceramic works by the Argentine-born Italian artist best known for his slashed canvases of the fifties; through 12/4. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (212-246-2205).

Naum Gabo—The first gallery exhibition of the artist's work in America since 1953, of sculptures, paintings, and drawings executed between 1916 and 1975; through 12/11. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292).

Zebedee Jones—Large monochromatic paintings whose layered surfaces of paint extend beyond the perimeter of the canvas; through 11/27. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (212-223-2227).

Ellsworth Kelly—Lithographs of plant forms made between 1973 and 1997; through 12/4. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).

Larry Rivers/Ramond Mason—Recent paintings and drawings on the theme of fashion/Cityscape sculptures. Through 12/4. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900).

Morris Louis—Classic paintings from the artist's "Stripe," "Veil," "Floral," and "Unfurled" series; through 12/4. Ameringer/Howard, 41 E. 57th St. (212-935-1110).

Michele Zalopany—Large-scale pastel paintings based on vintage photographs; through 11/27. American Associated Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (212-399-5510).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Richard Artschwager—New paintings of imaginary landscapes and portraits set in the artist's signature frames; through 12/18. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

Chuck Connelly—Recent paintings that feature words and phrases related to their narratives; through 12/4. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

Kaffe Fassett/Steve Lovi—Textile works by the former and photographs by the latter that depict flowers in a similar high-key palette; through 12/23. Ross, 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Gordon Matta-Clark—Works from the early seventies that involve recycling of materials and objects; through 12/24. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (212-966-4952).

Ross Neher—Recent paintings that combine architectonic structures with atmospheres of vivid color; through 12/4. M-13, 72 Greene St. (212-925-3007).

Joseph Raffael—Monumentally scaled watercolors of the artist's garden in the south of France and of forests in India; through 12/8. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

Julie Roberts—A site-specific installation of a room whose walls are painted in tapestry patterns of exotic birds and flowers, and paintings based on various characters from European and art history; through 12/4. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (212-343-2405).

Kiki Smith—A series of installations based on historic female figures from mythology and literature; through 11/27. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (212-431-9224).

Frank Stella—New works, including a fiberglass architectural model, a large illusionistic mural painting, and a freestanding aluminum sculpture; through 12/11. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

Marcel Wanders—A fairy-tale environment that incorporates the Dutch designer's objects made from common materials, among them his "knotted chair" made of rope; through 12/1. Taylor/TZ'Art, 470 Broome St. (212-966-9059).

Chelsea

Karel Appel—Large abstract paintings loosely based on forms of trees; through 12/4. Grimm, 505 W. 28th St. (212-564-7662).

Uta Barth—Photographs from the artist's "Nowhere Near" series, whose central subject is a window in the artist's house; through 11/27. Bonakdar Jancou, 521 W. 21st St. (212-414-4144).

Oliver Boberg—Color photographs of urban architecture; through 11/27. Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752).

Marco Brambilla—A video installation in which four TV monitors present footage of passengers making their way through U.S. customs into the arrival hall at John F. Kennedy Airport; through 11/27. Urbach Architecture, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-627-0974).

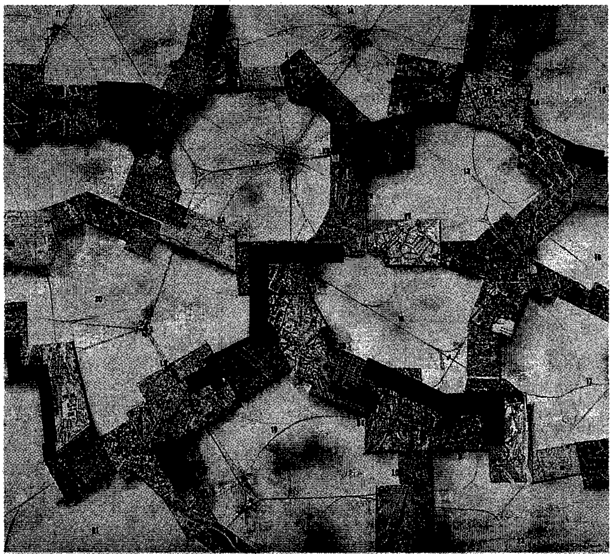
John Currin/Vibeke Tandberg—Paintings of nudes, wanderers, and domestic scenes/Digital photographic montages. Through 11/27. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

Carroll Dunham—Paintings incorporating artist's signature psycho-animated narratives and the characters; through 12/4. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

Rodney Graham—Works made between 1983 and 1998; through 11/30. Burgin, 243 W. 18th St. (212-462-2662).

Mona Hatoum—New sculptures that take the form of furniture and cages; through 12/4. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474).

Nicky Hoberman/Chantal Joffe—Works by two British figurative painters; through 11/27. Feigen Con-



Retrospective **"Another City for Another Life: Constant's *New Babylon*" (Drawing Center, 35 Wooster Street; through December 30) is the first large-scale United States presentation of Dutch artist/architect Constant Nieuwenhuys's visionary drawings for the imaginary city of New Babylon, a project which occupied him from 1956 to 1974. His futuristic metropolis's ever-shifting environments were designed to allow its inhabitants to interact anywhere at any time—creating a community that eerily foreshadows the World Wide Web.**

Photograph courtesy of the Drawing Center.

temporary, 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0065).

Alex Katz—Early ink sketches, landscape watercolors, and collages that prefigure the artist's later work; through 11/24. Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262)

Sherrie Levine and Joost van Oss—Collaborative sculptures consisting of steel units arranged in grids; through 12/4. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Timothy Liztmann—Abstract acrylic paintings on cast acrylic; through 11/27. Thatcher Projects, 529 W. 20th St. (212-675-0222).

Fabian Marcaccio—An interior-exterior painting installation; through 12/23. Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8372).

Stephen Murphy—Digitally manipulated photographs of environments that read at first as faithful photographic reproductions of reality; through 12/23. 303. 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Lari Pittman—New large-scale paintings on paper and wood panels that bare the structures of humankind, from the architecture of the human body to that of the urban landscape; through 12/23. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (212-206-9300).

David Reed—Recent large-scale paintings; through 11/27. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6999).

Jan Schoonhoven—Drawings, monochrome reliefs, and other media incorporating geometric patterns and grid motifs; through 11/27. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Sandi Stone—New abstract paintings and a floor painting installation; through 12/23. Cristinerose, 529 W. 20th St. (212-206-0297).

John Wesley—New paintings of male and female figures; through 12/4. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6655).

Rachel Whiteread—New sculptures, including a bronze sculpture cast from a porcelain mortuary slab and two cast-plaster bookshelves; through 12/18. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950). "Talavera Poblana: Four Centuries of a Mexican Ceramic Tradition," an exhibition of historic earthenware and 23 contemporary works; through 12/12.

Salander-O'Reilly—20 E. 79th St. (212-879-6606). "Modernist Painting and Sculpture in America," works from 1910 to 1964 by Demuth, Dove, Friedman, Lachaise, Murphy, Schamberg, others; through 12/4.

57th Street Area

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (212-245-2888). Important Pop works by Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, and Warhol; through 12/4.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Brownstone—39 Wooster St. (212-334-3455). "Absence," works that use a lack of presence to elicit a visceral response, by Altenburger, Berner, Muller, Wells, Zwakman; through 12/11.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). "Choice 99," works by emerging artists selected by Antoni, Goldin, Kearns, LeWitt, Sultan, others; through 12/31.

Marcus—578 Broadway (212-226-3200). "Apropos: Making Art After Duchamp in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," organized by Duchamp scholar Francis M. Naumann and including works by Bidlo, Levine, Pettibone, and Sturtevant; through 11/30; drawings from the sixties by Bochner, de Maria, Le Va, Sonnier, Tuttle; through 12/4.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956). Works by Cyphers, Nolan, Yoder, Thomas, Woodman; through 11/14; works by Volonakis, Mastrangelo; through 11/21.

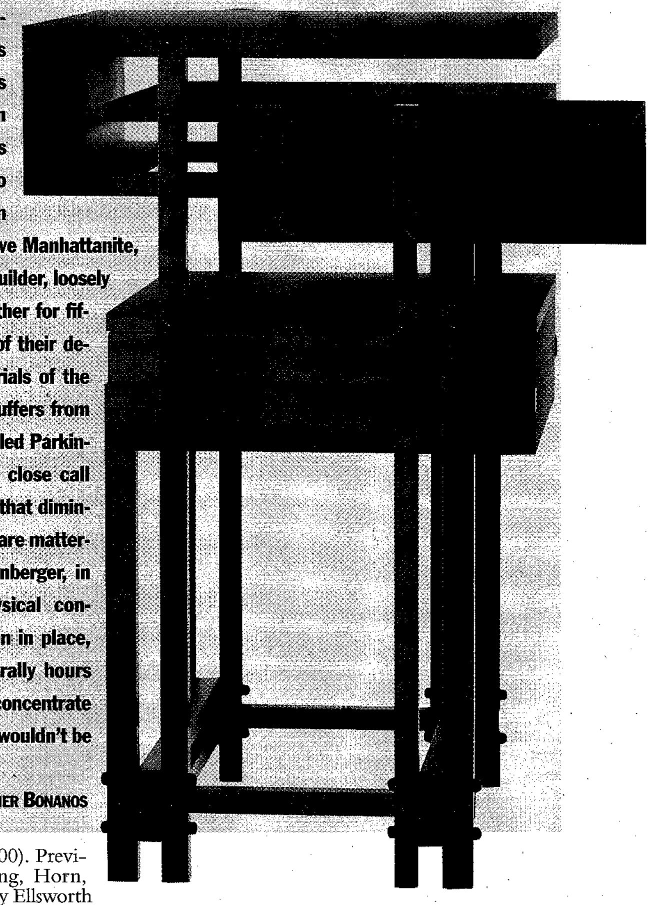
Klagsbrun—526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335). Wallace Berman's works exhibited alongside pieces by Koons, McCollum, Ruppersburg, Warhol; through 12/18.

On View

Table Manners

A huge three-legged desk looks as though it would tip over if the slightest load were placed on its outer corners—but plop yourself down on either of those corners, and it doesn't budge. Another desk, a massive pearwood construction, is based on the elegant Swiss bridges of Robert Maillart, and is finished at least as beautifully underneath as on the exposed surfaces. There's no overarching family resemblance to the works of Edward Weinberger and Scott Schmidt, now on view at the Barry Friedman gallery (32 East 67th Street; 212-794-8950), but what they have in common is what might be deemed engineering wit. Consider their "Cubist Constructivist" end table, for example (pictured), which takes a MOMA icon by Gerrit Rietveld and spins it in a metaphorical blender. The inner works of the drawer are entirely exposed, as if the outer panels had been removed. Yet there's nothing mechanistic or stripped-down about it: This is a luxe construction, gorgeously finished and made of dozens of elements, requiring scrupulous craftsmanship (Schmidt's shop in New Hampshire, where the pieces are built, had to retool in order to produce wooden parts within such fine tolerances). Weinberger, a native Manhattanite, is the idea guy and Schmidt is the builder, loosely speaking, and they've worked together for fifteen years. What makes the rigor of their designs even more arresting is the trials of the two men themselves: Weinberger suffers from advanced though somewhat controlled Parkinson's disease, and Schmidt had a close call with a power tool a few years back that diminished his use of one hand. But both are matter-of-fact about their limitations. Weinberger, in particular, explains that his physical constraints sometimes leave him frozen in place, contemplating his projects for literally hours without moving. "It allows me to concentrate on the work in a way that I probably wouldn't be able to otherwise."

CHRISTOPHER BONANOS



Photograph courtesy of Barry Friedman Ltd.

Marks—522 W. 22nd St. (212-243-0200). Previously unseen work by de Kooning, Horn, Fritsch, others, plus a large triptych by Ellsworth Kelly and Brice Marden's refined *Study for the Muses;* through 11/27.

Photography

Tom Baril—Still-lifes of pre-Columbian, Roman, and Greek artifacts, new images of New York, and new flower studies; through 12/11. Benrubi, 52 E.76th St. (212-517-3766).

Tina Barney—Twelve large-scale colors prints of Europeans and their estates; through 12/18. Borden, 560 Broadway (212-431-0166).

Brassaï—Photographs, including many from his first book, *Paris de Nuit,* from the artist's wife's collection; through 1/8/00. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-7070).

Walker Evans—Vintage photographs taken during his twenty years as a staff photographer for *Fortune* magazine; through 12/4. 292, 120 Wooster St. (212-431-0292).

Masahisa Fukase—Romantic photographs of ravens around the Japanese countryside; through 12/11. Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders—More than 700 portraits of artists, dealers, critics, collectors, and people who have shaped the art world; through 12/18. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-752-2929).

Paul Himmel/Erwin Blumenfeld—A retrospective of photographs by a key member of Alexey Brodovich's circle who worked for *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue,* including personal images of his family and experimental work with color and movement/Photographs of nudes by the photographer, who is best known for his fashion work. Through 11/27. Danziger, 851 Madison Ave. (212-734-5300).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Propaganda and Dreams: Photographing the 1930s in the USSR and US." A comparison of Farm Security Administration photography created in the U.S. and Socialist Realist pictures produced in the USSR; through 2/13/00.

Connie Imboden—Images of the human body as seen through reflections in water and mirrors; through

12/4. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (212-327-0143).

Sarah Jones—Photographs whose images of three girls in various domestic and rural surroundings bring to mind sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish genre paintings; through 12/4. Kern, 558 Broadway (212-965-1706).

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596), Mon.–Sat. 10–5:30; free. "*Vanity Fair* and the Birth of the Modern Age: Portraits, 1914–1936." Images of the celebrities of the day shot for the magazine by Abbott, de Mayer, May Ray, Steichen, others; through 1/3/00. . . . "The Century in Times Square." The evolution of New York's most famous gathering place as told through photographs from the archives of the New York *Times;* through 1/29/00.

Bill Owens—Pictures from the artist's three photographic essays of America's mainstream, including his republished classic book *Suburbia;* through 12/4. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (212-334-0010).

Ernesto Pujol—Still-lifes of all-white objects; through 12/11. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-627-3930).

Man Ray/Frederick Sommer—Photographs taken when the artist moved from New York to Paris through the early thirties, by which time he was a leading member of the Surrealist movement/A selection of the photographer's drawings and paintings from 1945 that were found after his death in 1999. Through 11/27. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999)

Jose Maria Sert—Thirty-two gelatin-silver prints the artist used to create murals, drawings, and paintings; through 12/4. Barefoot, 580 Broadway (212-625-8899).

Floria Sigismondi—Photographs utilizing dramatic lighting, elaborate sets, and fantastic wardrobes; through 12/23. Gibson, 568 Broadway (212-925-1192).

Kunie Sugiura—Works incorporating such qualities of minimal and conceptual art as process, order, repetition, and geometry; through 11/27. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (212-255-8450).

Jerry Uelsman—Recent photomontages and rare vintage work from before 1970; through 12/24. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Beaded Universe: Strands of Culture."The largest and most comprehensive survey of the art of beads, including beaded talismans; religious artifacts from the Buddhist, Christian, and Islamic faiths; and purses and costumes; through 1/30/00. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An exhibition of 300 to 500 live, free-flying butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a vivarium that approximates the butterflies' natural habitat; through 2/28/00. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children (admission to "The Butterfly Conservatory" is by timed entry; tickets, which can be reserved in advance and include museum admission, are $14 adults, $8.50 children).

Asia Society—"China: Fifty Years Inside the People's Republic." A survey of images of China by 33 photographers from Asia, Europe, and the United States; through 1/2/00. . . . "Fire Over Earth: Ceramics From the Collection of the Asia Society"; through 11/28. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (212-517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Sensation: Young British Artists From the Saatchi Collection."The much-discussed exhibition that originated at the Royal Academy in London, of paintings, sculpture, photographs, and installations by 42 artists, among them Jake and Dinos Chapman, Tracey Emin, Damien Hirst, Sarah Lucas, and Rachel Whiteread; through 1/9/00. . . . "Eastman Johnston: Painting America."The first major exhibition of the nineteenth-century American artist's work in 25 years, including paintings and drawings of rural subjects, Civil War scenes, interior scenes, and portraits; through 2/6/00. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors (admission to "Sensation" is $9.75 adults, $7.75 students and seniors and includes general admission).

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"Two Views of Venice: Canaletto and Menpes." Fifty rare prints depicting scenes ofVenice by Giovanni Antonio Canal (1697–1768), the celebrated Venetian painter, and Mortimer Menpes (1855–1938), an Australian-born British artist; through 12/19. . . . "The Work of Charles and Ray Eames: A Legacy of Invention." A major retrospective of works by the husband-and-wife team considered among the greatest designers of the twentieth century, featuring their furniture, buildings, toys, films, and photographs dating from the forties to the seventies; through 1/9/00. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Highlights From the Dahesh Museum Collection." Nineteenth-century paintings, sculpture, and works on paper by Bouguereau, Gérôme, Lhermitte, and others; through 12/31. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia—"Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 2/28/00. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 12/30. . . . "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*"; through 3/30/00. . . . "Time Traced: Rodney Graham and Vera Lutter"; through 6/18/00. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Another City for Another Life: Constant's *New Babylon.*" Drawings, models, paintings, and other media produced by the visionary artist Constant for his futuristic *New Babylon* project; through 12/20. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10-6, Sat. 11-6; donation suggested.

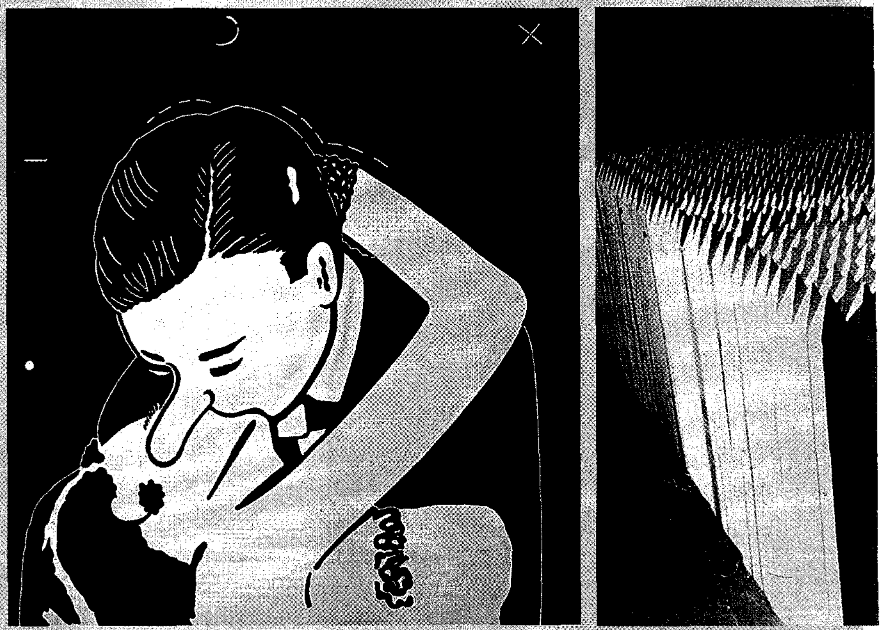
Frick Collection—"Velázquez in New York Museums." An exhibition of the seventeenth-century Spanish master's portraits organized in conjunction with the Hispanic Society of America, including paintings from the collections of the Frick, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Hispanic Society of America; 11/16–1/16/00. . . . "Watteau and His World: French Drawing From 1700 to 1750." Works on paper by Watteau and by his forebears and followers, among them François Boucher, Nicolas Lancret, and François Lemoyne; through 1/9/00. . . . "Constable's Salisbury Cathedral: Two Versions Reunited." An exhibition pairing two paintings by John Constable (1776–1837); through 12/31. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Inverted Odysseys: Claude Cahun, Maya Deren, Cindy Sherman." Photographs, books,

On View

Subway Series

Think of it as one of those rare planetary alignments: a pair of not-to-be-missed museum shows in Queens near two No. 7 subway stops. Exit at 45 Road–Court House Square for "Minimalia," a major survey of reductivist works by Italian artists (below right, Mario Ceroli's 'La Primavera,' 1968) at the P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center (22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City; through January 2). Next, stop off at Willets Point–Shea Stadium for "Modern Odysseys: Greek American Artists of the Twentieth Century," the first museum exhibit to assess the contributions of Greek-Americans to modern and contemporary art (below left, Steve Gianakos's 'Love at Second Sight,' 1975), at the Queens Museum of Art (New York City Building, Flushing Meadows–Corona Park; through January 30).

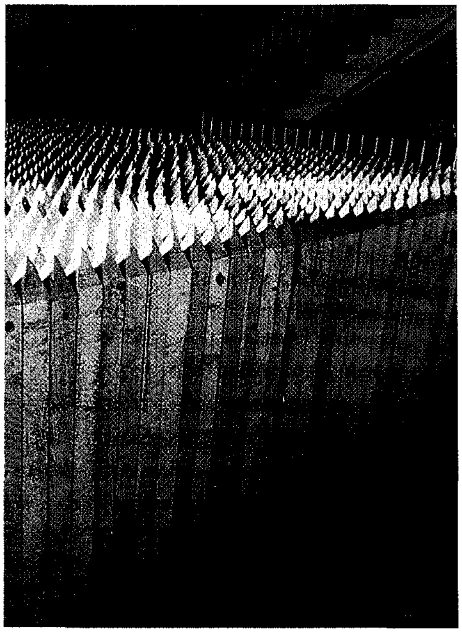


Photographs: left, courtesy of the Queens Museum of Art; right, courtesy of P.S.1 Contemporary Arts Center.

collages, films, and props by three contemporary women artists whose investigations into self-portraiture involves adopting identities from different social classes and geographic environments, "traveling" into the past and future, and transforming themselves into heroes, villains, mythological creatures, and other archetypes; 11/16–1/29/00. 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5 (gallery will be closed from Nov. 25–27 for Thanksgiving and from Dec. 24–Jan. 4 for winter recess): $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Clemente." A retrospective of paintings, watercolors, pastel drawings, book illustrations, and sculpture spanning the seventies to the present by the Italian-born artist Francesco Clemente; through 1/9/00. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Andy Warhol: The Last Supper." Paintings from the artist's final series, created during the last year of his life for the gallery rooms of a Milan bank located directly opposite the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper* is located; through 12/30. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (212-423-3500), Thurs.–Mon. 11–6; free.



Jewish Museum—"John Singer Sargent: Portraits of the Wertheimer Family." A group of portraits of the London art dealer Ager Wertheimer and his family painted by the American artist between 1898 and 1908; through 2/6/00. . . . "Berlin Metropolis: Jews and the New Culture, 1890–1918." Artworks, books, letters, posters, and theater memorabilia demonstrating the influence of Jews on culture in turn-of-the-century Berlin; 11/14–4/23/00. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late-nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30/00. . . . "The Changing Face of Family: Photographs From the Collection of the Jewish Museum." Photographs illustrating the importance of family in shaping identities, by Avedon, Goldin, Hine, Steichen, Sultan, others; through 2/6/00. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Only the Best: Masterpieces of the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, Lisbon." Works collected by the oil-industry pioneer and philanthropist Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian (1869–1955) on loan from the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, including European paintings ranging from the Renaissance to Impressionism, Egyptian sculpture, Roman medals, Islamic ceramics and textiles, illuminated manuscripts, eighteenth-century French furniture and silver, and objects by Lalique; 11/16–2/27/00. . . . "Portraits by Ingres: Image of an Epoch." An international loan exhibition of portraits by Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres (1780–1867), whose paintings of France's ruling elite inspired such artists as Cézanne, Matisse, and Picasso; through 1/2/00. . . . "Carleton Watkins: The Art of Perception." An exhibition of works by the American landscape photographer (1829–1916) best known for his large albumen silver prints of Yosemite Valley taken in the 1860s; through 1/9/00. . . . "Rodin's Monument to Victor Hugo." Sculptures relating to Rodin's *Monument to Victor Hugo,* among them a terra-cotta sketch, a life-size portrait in marble, and bronze castings; through 1/2/00. . . . "Daido Moriyama: *Hunter.*" Forty photographs by the Japanese photographer that were shot from the shadows and from the windows of a moving car and published as *Hunter* (1972), a book dedicated to Jack Kerouac; through 1/2/00. . . . "Egyptian Art in the Age of Pyramids." The first major museum presentation of the art of the Old Kingdom (ca. 2650–2150 B.C.), featuring approximately 230 masterpieces from the golden era of ancient Egyptian culture; through 1/9/00. . . . "Costume and Character in the Age of Ingres." Examples of clothing designed during the French painter's six-decade career, selected from the collection of the museum's Costume Institute; through 11/18. . . . "Farouk Hosny/Adam Henein: Contemporary Egyptian Artists and Heirs to an Ancient Tradition"; through 1/23/00. . . . "Celebrating the American Wing: Notable Acquisitions, 1980–1999"; 11/10–11/12/00. . . . The Artist as Collector: Masterpieces From the C. C. Wang Collection." Old-master Chinese paintings given to the museum by the Wang family over the past twenty years; through 1/9/00. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45; $10, $5 seniors and students.

El Museo del Barrio—"Pepon Osorio: *Transboricua.*" A multimedia installation on the theme of cultural identity in transition and transformation; through 1/9/00. . . . "Pressing the Point: Parallel Expressions in the Graphic Arts of the Chicano and Puerto Rican Movements." An overview of prints and posters created by artists who were active in the artistic and social struggles of the sixties and seventies; through 1/9/00. . . . "Vivan los Muertos!: Artwork Inspired by the Day of the Dead Celebration." Paintings, drawings, and prints by California's Bay Area–based Chicano artists; through 12/2/99.1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Liberated Voices: Contemporary Art From South Africa." Paintings, sculptures, installations, photographs, and videos made since the end of apartheid in 1994; through 1/2/00. 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art." An exhibition of visionary objects and paintings by self-taught artists on loan from major public institutions and private collections; 11/13–5/14/00. Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Modern Starts: People." A survey of figural representation in early modernism, with works by Marcel Duchamp, Fernand Léger, Pablo Picasso, Odilon Redon, and others; through 3/14/00. . . . "Modern Starts: Places." Images of or referring to landscape and urban life in paintings, photographs, furniture, and other media by Cézanne, Gauguin, Mondrian, Twombly, others; through 11/14/00.11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Forgotten Gateway: The Abandoned Buildings of Ellis Island." A journey through Ellis Island's past and present through the photographs of Larry Racioppo and Shirley Burden; through 2/13/00. . . . "Americanos: Latino Life in the United States." An exhibition of photographs of Latinos by 30 prizewinning photographers from around the country; through 1/2/00. . . . "Fashion on Stage: Couture for Broadway Theater, 1910–1955." Original costumes for Broadway productions by Chanel, Valentina, Mainbocher, Hattie Carnegie, and other designers; through 2/27/00. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Dazzling by Design: Fashion Jewelry by Kenneth Jay Lane." A 40-year retrospective of more than 300 pieces created by the designer of costume jewelry; through 12/31. . . . "Unmistakably Mackie." A retrospective of Bob Mackie's fashion and costume designs; through 12/31. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"Prague Architecture Through the Centuries." An exhibition exploring the past and the future of Prague through its architecture, including photographs of buildings, paintings, models, and facsimiles of Romanesque and Gothic sculptures; through 1/2/00. . . . "Mastery & Elegance: Two Centuries of French Drawings From the Collection of Jeffrey E. Horvitz." Works on paper by 70 artists, among them Boucher, Fragonard, Greuze, Lorrain, and Poussin; through 12/12. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $8, $5 seniors and students.

New York Public Library—"Seeing Is Believing: 700 Years of Scientific and Medical Illustration." Works drawn from all of the library's research centers, augmented by items on loan from the New York Academy of Medicine and other collections, ranging from medieval renderings of the universe to the first photograph of the moon; through 2/19/00. . . . "Sight/Insight: Visual Commentaries on the Physical World." Prints, portfolios, and illustrated books by contemporary artists who have drawn inspiration from the natural and physical sciences; through 1/8/00. . . . "Berenice Abbott: Science Photographs." Science-themed prints by the photographer; through 1/8/00. . . . "Adventures in Science and Exploration." Humorous drawings by Charles Addams of perilous and bizarre discoveries by scientists and explorers; through 1/29/00. . . . "In Company: Robert Creeley's Collaborations." Books and projects by the poet made in collaboration with artists Georg Baselitz, Francesco Clemente, Alex Katz, Susan Rothenberg, and others; through 1/15/00. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"The Italians in New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement." Clothing, objects, letters, photographs, and other materials documenting the lives of Italians in New York; through 2/20/00. . . . "$24: The Legendary Deal for Manhattan." An exhibition investigating the infamous purchase of Manhattan, through paintings, Dutch and Native American artifacts, maps, and other sources; through 3/9/00. "Glimmers of the Past: Presentation Silver From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society"; through 12/5. . . . "Putting It on Paper: Two Centuries of American Drawings and Watercolors From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society." Works by Audubon, Catlin, Cole, Mount, and other American artists; through 1/2/00. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Rudy Burckhardt: A View From Astoria." Photographs of Queens and Manhattan by the late Swiss artist; through 1/2/00. . . . "Children of Berlin: Cultural Developments 1989–1999." An exhibition featuring works by artists, art-based associations and publications, new-media pioneers, architects, fashion designers, club-life promoters, and others who make up Berlin's cultural milieu; through 1/2/00. . . . "Minimalia: An Italian Vision in 20th-Century Art." An exhibition exploring simplification and reduction in twentieth-century Italian art as seen in the works of Giacomo Balla, Lucio Fontana, Michelangelo Pistoletto, and others; through 1/2/00. . . . "Sol LeWitt: Concrete Block." An exhibit mapping the

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

ADVERTISEMENT

INDULGE YOUR
Taste
FOR THE GOODLIFE

PLEASE JOIN

NEW YORK MAGAZINE

✢

TO CELEBRATE

LUXE LIFE

AN EVENING OF DISTINCTION

✢

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17

✢

CHINA CLUB

268 WEST 47TH STREET

(BETWEEN BROADWAY & 8TH AVENUE)

✢

7:00-9:00 P.M.

ENTERTAINMENT, RAFFLES, FOOD TASTINGS,

COCKTAILS & DISPLAYS

✢

TO PURCHASE TICKETS SEND A CHECK FOR $30

PAYABLE TO NEW YORK MAGAZINE:

NEW YORK MAGAZINE, LUXE LIFE,

444 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022

TICKETS CAN BE PURCHASED AT THE DOOR FOR $40.

ARGENT VODKA • BLATT BILLIARDS • BOCADO.COM • BONDÎ • CHIVAS REGAL
DAVID SAITY JEWELRY • THE DIAMOND CO. • DIVINE BAR • E STYLE • FRANGELICO
GALLERY ECLECTIC • GUILD.COM • INTERNATIONAL HAIR SALON • K&D WINES & SPIRITS
LE METRIC HAIR CENTER • LIA SCHORR SKINCARE • ORBIIGEMS.COM • PRANA
RADO WATCHES • RIHGA ROYAL HOTEL • STARDUST ANTIQUES • WHITE TULIP
WYNDHAM EL SAN JUAN • ZINGALE & CO.

NEW YORK®

artist's art-making process from preliminary drawings to wooden models to completed outdoor cinderblock sculptures; through 1/2/00. . . . "On Your Own Time." Works by artists who explore the passing of time, among them Teresita Fernández, Ceal Floyer, Sabrina Mezzaqui, Roman Opalka, and Lawrence Weiner; through 1/2/00. . . . "The Special Projects Program." Works by Cristian Alexa, Toshihiro Komatsu, and Isidro Blasco; through 11/30. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Great Experiment: George Washington and the American Republic." A selection of Washington's books, manuscripts, maps, broadsides, works of art, and personal effects, drawn primarily from the collections of the Huntington Library in San Marino, California; the Morgan Library; and the Gilder Lehrman Collection; through 1/9/00. . . . "Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 1/16/00. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Modern Odysseys: Greek American Artists of the Twentieth Century." The first museum exhibition to survey the contributions of Greek-Americans to modern and contemporary art, including works by Stephen Antonakis, William Baziotes, Linda Benglis, Lucas Samaras, Theodoros Stamos, and others; through 1/30/00. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." Part two of a survey of American art and culture as seen through more than 500 works of painting, sculpture, photography, installation, film, video, and related historical and cultural materials covering the years 1950 to 2000, drawn from the museum's permanent collection and from private collections and public institutions around the world; through 2/13/00. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (pay what you wish 6–8 on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Fred Tomaselli: Gravity's Rainbow." A site-specific wall piece that incorporates the artist's trademark pills, hemp leaves, and photographic cutouts; through 1/7/00. . . . "Lee Boroson: Underpass." A large-scale sculpture made from translucent blue and white fabric, suspended from the ceiling of the Philip Morris Sculpture Court; through 3/17/00. 120 Park Ave. (212-878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. 11–7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000). 11/16 at 7 and 11/17 at 10: "Contemporary Art." On view from 12/12.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430). 11/10 at 1: "20th Century Art." On view from 11/6. 11/13 at 10 and 2: "Wine." 11/16 at 10: "Porcelain." On view from 11/12.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). 11/16 at 10: "Couture and Textiles." On view from 11/13.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (212-570-4830). 11/16 at 2: "Contemporary Art." On view from 11/10.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000). 11/10 at 7 and 11/11 at 10:15 and 2: "Impressionist and Modern Art." On view from 11/5. 11/12 at 10:15 and 2: "French Furniture." On view from 11/6. 11/15 at 10:15 and 2: "Stamps." On view from 11/12.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710). 11/11 at 10:30 and 2:30: "Works of Art on Paper." On view from 11/6. 11/15 at 2: "100 Rare and Important Travel Posters." On view from 11/12.

restaurants

Go Fish...Curry Carnivore...Jacks Fifth

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (212-727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (212-677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (212-228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (212-274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (212-475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (212-226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Opening

21st Century Lox

New York deli enthusiasts who look like they've seen a gastronomic ghost are understandably confused by the seeming resurrection last month of Wolf's Delicatessen, just down the block from its original West 57th Street location. But aside from the name, which came at a price, the snazzy new triplex has little to do with the old-fashioned pastrami parlor where the late Jerzy Kosinski ate his last meal. "Wolf's is a good deli name," says interloping owner Ralph Scotto, whose own surname doesn't exactly evoke chicken in the pot, "but we wanted to bring the delicatessen into the year 2000." So yes, there's still kugel and latkes and corned beef on rye, but there are also lobster crêpes, a raw bar, a cocktail lounge with a martini menu, and an executive chef who's done time at China Grill and "44." Absent are the telltale deli indicators: no grungy Formica, no neon signage, no vaudevillian countermen, and no tour buses idling outside. Yet. (41 West 57th Street; 212-888-4100.) ROB PATRONITE

Photograph by Carina Salvi.

Shanghai Tang in SoHo—After opening to critical and popular acclaim in Flushing, this Shanghai-Japanese hybrid is braving the fickle SoHo dining public. When you tire of yellow eel, blue crab, or the renowned soup dumplings, there's always the sushi bar. *77 W. Houston St. (212-614-9550). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse is known for its huge portions of barbecued and smoked chicken and ribs, and has added a steak menu with prices starting at $14.95. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $14.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday and Tuesday night. Kids' menu available. *143 Spring St. (212-431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

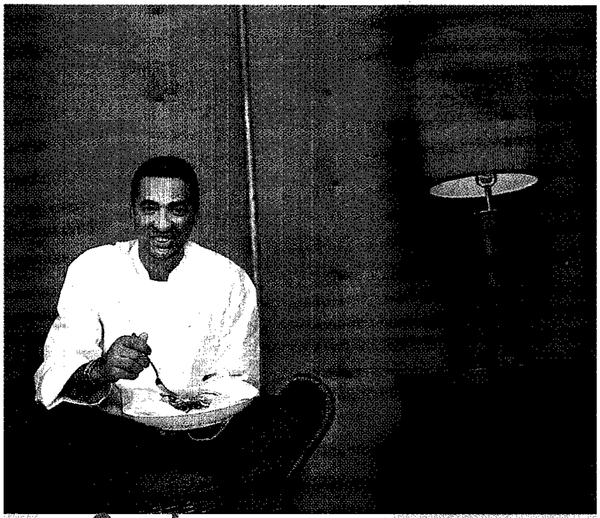
Asti—This 75-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune, even while they maneuver all three courses in the prix fixe, which starts at $24. Late-night dining, too. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (212-982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*



Opening
Taking the Fifth

Even an affiliation with period-film producer Ismail Merchant wasn't enough to make a hit of the ponderous Pondicherry, inconveniently buried underground next to the Paris Theatre. The management of its replacement, Jacks Fifth, has hedged its bets by recruiting Larry Bogdanow to redesign the subterranean space, Eddie Schoenfeld of Vince and Eddie's to consult, and chef Herb Wilson (pictured, formerly of Bambou and Zut!) to mastermind a sophisticated American menu. And just in case grilled seafood sausages with ginger-lime sauce, hazelnut-crusted foie gras, and Zinfandel-braised short ribs don't exert a strong enough gravitational pull, the owners have installed a luminous street-level "Glow Bar" to entice passersby for cocktails and, eventually, sandwiches. (8 West 58th Street; 212-750-7474.)

Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (212-388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—An elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (212-228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Fiorentina—Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. *281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (212-777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Armani Café—Take a break from dressing-room calisthenics at this sleek coffee-and-panini bar—or at one of the outdoor tables, in season—where the Italian-accented salads, sandwiches and soups change daily. *110 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (212-727-3251). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (212-243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (212-840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (212-691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (212-989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese shrimp spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate chef John Tesar's New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Astra—This café and party space on the fourteenth floor of the D&D Building was conceived as a stylish room with a stellar view where Aureole

ASK GAEL

I'm courting a client who eats only fish.

Impress the object of your machinations by knowing all about Maritime in midtown, where chef Alison Barshak (a transplant from Philadelphia's Striped Bass) turns out marvelous grilled salmon on chive buckwheat pasta, and luscious Parmesan-crusted monkfish with clam risotto; lunch entrées $16 to $24, up to $30 at dinner. Maritime's gleaming white tile, dark-wood paneling, and old-time nautical prints create a classic seafood-house setting for Barshak's mostly delicious global mishmash. It's not just mayo on the crab cakes, it's wasabi mayo. Soy-braised shiitakes and baby bok choy flank the sesame-crusted tuna. And the lobster comes with saffron tater tots. The chef's fixation on cigar-shaped croquettes aimed at the ceiling is certainly food for analysis. A smartly professional wine steward adds sense and gravitas to the scene, a foil for the slightly shaky dining-room crew. Skip too-sweet desserts unless you want to celebrate with a chocolate torte tarted up like a sundae with syrupy wet nuts and marshmallows. (1251 Sixth Avenue, at 49th Street; 212-354-1717.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

could cater special events, and where designers who shopped the building could get a good lunch. The public is also welcome (lunch only) for tasty morsels like grilled salmon niçoise, creamless purée of wild mushrooms, and the Astra Blast—a dressed-up BLT. *979 Third Ave., nr. 58th St. (212-644-9394). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (212-980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (212-303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on 3rd—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, blackened rib eye, chicken potpie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel has reopened with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the*

Data

Always on Sunday

Are you a brunch person? If you're not (and so many of us aren't), it's likely due to childhood scars incurred during tense family outings to the Rainbow Room, River Café, Windows on the World, or anywhere else that made you comb your hair and wear a jacket. Or you could have developed your aversion as an adult, packed like a sardine into Tartine, or spending the afternoon pacing the sidewalk outside Barney Greengrass and Sarabeth's, silently willing all those callously oblivious diners to pay up and vacate *your* table. But wait you will, because a good brunch is hard to find. Comfort and quality are prerequisites, though lots of places throw in gimmicks, too, like the wacky haute couture fashion brunch Marion's is hosting this Sunday. Call us crazy, but we'd rather focus on the food. If you agree, try one of these new and undiscovered brunches, which range from country-kitchen all-American to creative takes on Asian, pan-Latino, Italian, and French. Screwdriver optional.

Not your basic brunch: Above, Riodizio; right, Five Points.

BRUNCH BUNCH	SUNDAY SERVICE
FIVE POINTS 31 Great Jones Street (212-253-5700)	This friendly NoHo newcomer raises the bar for classics like lemon-ricotta pancakes and buttermilk fried chicken with biscuits. Plus extras like homemade orange marmalade, chicken sausage garnished with quince, and Mexican hot chocolate.
'INO 21 Bedford Street (212-989-5769)	A modest $9 buys a cup of coffee or Segafredo espresso, fresh-squeezed o.j., and one of the exquisite Italian panini, which include truffled-egg toast, pancetta BLT, egg-and-fontina bruschetta, and truffle-scented three-cheese panino.
PARK BISTRO 414 Park Avenue South, near 28th Street (212-689-1360)	Most Parisians would stop at the *tres français* breadbasket (brioche, croissant, baguette), but the mature neighborhood clientele at this cozy bistro happily polishes off the entire prix fixe brunch ($19.99), which includes a green salad or an intensely rich wild-mushroom purée, and five variations on the smoked-salmon theme, like the hollandaise-drenched poached eggs on brioche. No bagels, *naturellement.*
RICE 227 Mott Street (212-226-5775)	Nowhere is the grain more revered than in this NoLIta storefront, where brunch may take the form of shrimp congee (Chinese rice soup), organic brown-rice-flour pancakes, or rice brûlée with almonds and mango. Tangerine mimosa, anyone?
RIODIZIO 417 Lafayette Street (212-529-1313)	The all-you-can-eat buffet has reached new, indolent heights at this Brazilian-style rodizio, where the endless supply of food—paprika chorizo, Portuguese-sourdough French toast, skirt steak in orange-cumin mojo, apricot-glazed Virginia ham—comes to *you,* to be carved off skewers tableside. And, for $13.95, it keeps coming till you say uncle.

Photographs by Joe Scafuro.

Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by the family who founded it in 1906. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The pretheater prix fixe menu runs $43, and the garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (212-246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (212-246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Caffe Cielo—This comfortable theater district restaurant is named for the sky, visible not through a skylight in the ceiling but as a mural of one. The menu covers the familiar northern Italian territory of antipasto, salads, pastas, and grilled fish and meat. *881 Eighth Ave., nr. 53rd St. (212-246-9555). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dillon's—An Irish-American pub and restaurant with the requisite hospitable welcome, chatty bartenders, and a separate dining room serving American dishes like filet mignon, herb-crusted Atlantic salmon, corned beef and cabbage, Maryland crab cakes, and beef stew. *245 W. 54th St. (212-307-9797). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (212-869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (212-869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Michael's—This California transplant has lasted a decade in Manhattan by offering seasonal, creative American cooking, like spring-pea gnocchi with pecorino Romano and summer truffles, in a comfortable, modern-art-filled environment. Now that the glass walls in the garden room swing open, dining out back is nearly alfresco. *24 W. 55th St. (212-767-0555). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (212-246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazilian music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fixe menus available. *127 W. 43rd St. (212-575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—is served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (212-245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Steaks have been added, starting at $14.95. *121 W. 45th St. (212-869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like grilled salmon garnished with farro and cucumber-fennel-chive salad. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single

Looking for a restaurant to eat with:

...your boss?
...your sweetie?
...the girls?
...the guys?
...the kids?

CALL
DINE·123
YOUR TELEPHONE RESTAURANT GUIDE®

IT'S FREE!

(212) DINE-123
(212) 346-3123

Over 2100 restaurants described
Plus, we'll call forward you for free!

NEW YORK MAGAZINE

visit our website at www.dine123.com

Innovative Cuisine with a French Accent!
Meli Melo
Our prices will surprise you.
686-5551
11:30A–11:30P (Mon – Sat)
110 Madison Ave. (bet. 29th & 30th)

Theater Goers Haven!
LA VERANDA
Italian Cuisine–Elegance at Moderate Prices
Matinee Special Brunch, Sat & Sun: $15.95
FREE PARKING NEXT DOOR 5 PM TO 1 AM
163 W. 47th St. • Res: (212) 391-0905

WINNER WINE SPECTATOR AWARD OF EXCELLENCE 1997, 1998 & 1999
GABRIEL'S
"A favorite in the Lincoln Center Area... first class Tuscan... superfriendly service and marvelous food"
—ZAGAT '98 & '99
11 West 60th Street New York 212-956-4600
(Between Broadway and Columbus Avenue)
www.gabrielsbarandrest.com

restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fireman's of Brooklyn—The man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and landlubber options like filet mignon and "Bubba Fireman's chicken." *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (212-223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zucchero e Pomodori—What used to be two separate Italian restaurants have merged into one larger room serving fresh pastas, risotti, and seafood. Sidewalk dining available. *1431 Second Ave., nr. 74th St. (212-585-2100). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace in a landmark townhouse with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like lamb shank, couscous with chickpeas, and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited-champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (212-501-7014). (I–M) AE.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Opening
Meating Expectations

Kumi Kalantri is a vegetarian, but he's also a businessman. So when customers at Tiffin and Thali, his pair of meatless Indian restaurants, began requesting animal protein, he capitulated. Nearly everything at his new Tikka is cooked in the clay tandoor oven, including all manner of tikka (chicken, salmon, turkey, vegetable paneer). Innovations unfamiliar to 6th Street and Curry Hill include vermicelli shrimp (pictured above), crab cakes with ginger-cucumber relish, and the chicken tik-wich—an Indian-flavored chicken sandwich on naan with triple-peppercorn spread. (344 Lexington Avenue, near 39th Street; 212-370-4054.)

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (212-874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers' Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (212-234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (212-864-7326). (I) ($).*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (212-769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (212-234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Liz Steger.

nightlife

Thompson...'Harry Smith Project'...Dylan & Lesh

Concerts

Blink 182—11/13 at 7:30. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $19.50, $22.50.*

Bob Dylan/Phil Lesh—11/13 at 7:30. *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171). $29.50.*

Chris Cornell—11/14 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (212-307-7171). $30.*

Counting Crows—11/7 & 11/9–11/10 at 7:30. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171). $32.50.*

David Grisman Quintet—11/13 at 8. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-840-2824). $37.50, $30*

"Harry Smith Project"—11/11–11/12 at 8. Featuring Lou Reed, Nick Cave, Sonic Youth, D.J. Spooky, and special guests. *The St. Ann's Center, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn (718-858-2424). $75, $40.*

Pennywise—11/12 at 7:30. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $13.50.*

Pet Shop Boys—11/11–11/12 at 8. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171). $35.*

Primus—11/11 at 7:30. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $22.50.*

Wilco—11/13 at 8. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-840-2824). $25, $20.*

Wilco/The Richard Thompson Band—11/9 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (212-307-7171). $35, $25.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—11/9: Heap; Velcro Love Seat. 11/10: Emok; March. 11/11: Stunt Cycle; Damaged Mary. 11/12: Skinwalkers; Nancy Boy. 11/13: Steak; St. Vitas Dance. 11/14: Blisster; Caprice. 11/15: Mark Geary; Junk Star. *95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—11/9: Mandy Barnett. 11/10: Natalie McMaster. 11/11: Robben Ford; Soulive. 11/12: Fairport Convention. 11/13: Jim Carroll. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—11/9: Michael Glabicki; Mike Errico. 11/10: Blue Rodeo. 11/14–11/15: Blonde Redhead. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

CBGB & OMFUG—11/10: Chris Harford. 11/11: Headfake with Corey Glover. 11/12: Medicine Stick. 11/13: Ritalin Boy. *315 Bowery (212-982-4052). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Kiki and Herb: "Have Another." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 11/9: Mandy Barnett; Eleni Mandell. 11/10: Syd Straw; Rick Moody. 11/12: The Lucksmiths; Aden. 11/13: Richard Barone; Green Rooftops. 11/15: Driver Quartet. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

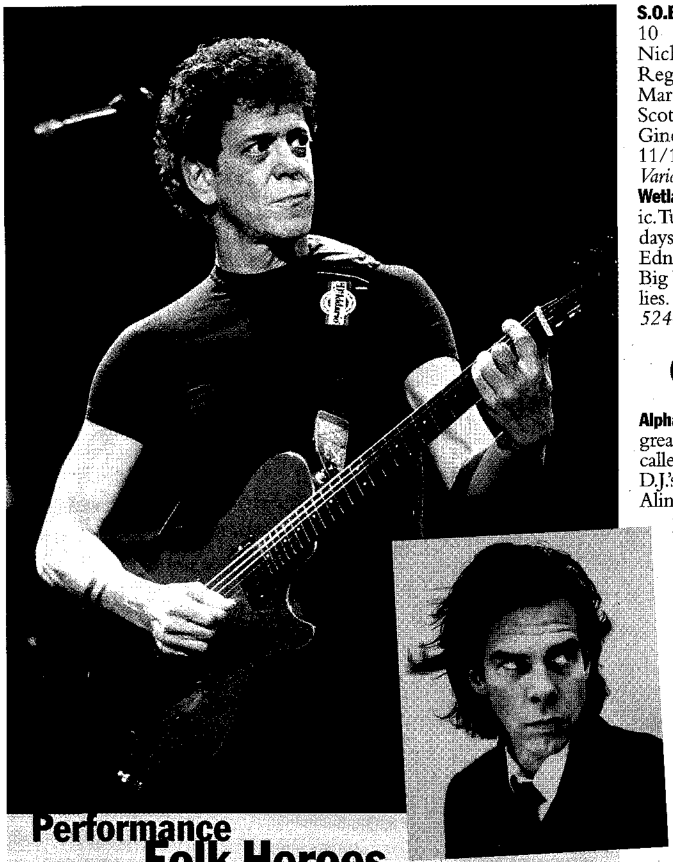
Irving Plaza—11/9: Mr. Bungle. 11/10: Junior Brown; Robert Earl Keen; Reckless Kelly. 11/13: Martin Sexton. 11/15: 311. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—11/10: "Salsa." 11/11: "Personality D.J. Series." 11/12: D.J.'s Samantha Ronson and Sean Mortenson. 11/13: Teatro Circulo. 11/14: Daniel Roumain. *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—11/9: "Night in the Balkans 2"; Matt Darriau's Paradox Trio. 11/13: Alex Chilton; Friends of Dean Martinez. 11/14: Alex Chilton. 11/15: James Blood Ulmer's Dr. Jeckyll & Mr. Hyde Meltdown. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055).*

Maxwell's—11/14: Blue Mountain. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—11/10: Drivin 'n' Cryin. 11/11–11/12: Blue Mountain. 11/13: Curtis Harvey; Orso. 11/15–11/16: Leftover Salmon. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*



Performance
Folk Heroes

It gave Bob Dylan a model for rural American music, Greil Marcus the subtext for a book, and Hole an inspiration for 'Celebrity Skin'—at least according to the liner notes. 'The Anthology of American Folk Music,' a collection of pre-Depression folk, gospel, Cajun, and "race" music compiled by Harry Smith and released in 1952 by Folkways Records, remains one of the most revered works of the twentieth century. On November 11 and 12, unlikely inspirees such as Lou Reed (pictured, above), Nick Cave (inset) and Sonic Youth (among others) pay their respects to Smith's legacy at the Harry Smith Project concerts at the St. Ann's Center in Brooklyn. (See "Concerts.")

Rodeo Bar—11/10: The Piners. 11/11: Michael Powers. 11/12: The Ex-Husbands. 11/13: The Sprague Brothers. 11/14: Leanne Westover and Strange Cargo. No cover. *375 Third Ave. (212-683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. Grupo Niche. 11/9: Anna Saeki; Reggae All-Stars. 11/10: Martha Redbone. 11/11: Gil Scott-Heron. 11/12: Boukan Ginen. 11/13: Vibe Brasilis. 11/15: Johnny Pacheco. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: 11/11: Buck-O-Nine; Edna's Goldfish. 11/12: The Big Wu. 11/13: Tripping Billies. *161 Hudson St. (212-966-5244). $.*

Clubland

Alphabet Lounge—Saturdays: A great new house-music party called "School," with resident D.J.'s Melvin Moore, Neil Aline (of "Rendez-Vous") and producer Matthias Heilbroon. *104 Avenue C (212-780-0202).*

Baby Jupiter—11/9: Shivaree; Clark Gayton. 11/10: Debbie Dean; Myim. 11/11: Electro Fetus; Apollo Heights. 11/12: Velcro Inc; D.J. Chappy. 11/13: Desco Records "Super Soul Review," featuring the Soul Providers, the Mighty Imperials, and Sugarman 3. *170 Orchard St. (212-780-0287). $.*

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights, like the bi-weekly deep-house-themed "N'Ice," the friendly, long-running house-music party "Bang the Party," a nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy," and "Direct Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for complete schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).*

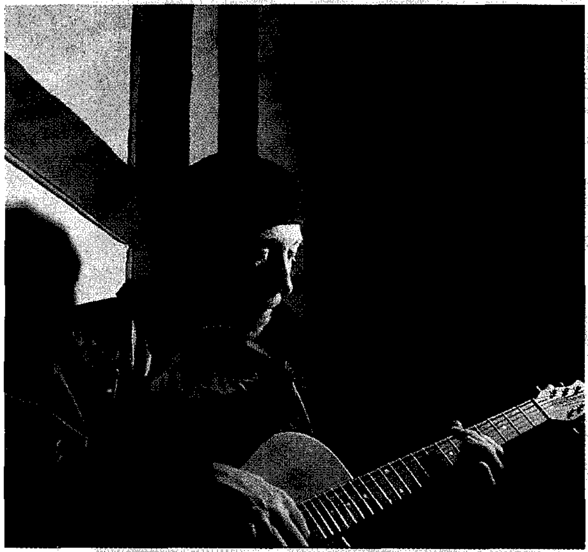
Black Betty —A wondrously eclectic nightspot in Williamsburg. Wednesdays and Thursdays: "D.J.-O-Rama," D.J.'s spinning everything from hip-hop, dance-hall reggae, and funk. Sundays: "Jazz on Sundays." Mondays: "Rhythm on Mondays," anything with a groove, from Afro-Cuban jazz to sixties soul. *366 Metropolitan Ave., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-0243).*

Culture Club—As its name suggests, this downtown club is all about the eighties. Thursdays: "Flashhh-

Photographs: left, Kevin Mazur/London Feautures; right, Anton Corbijn.

Performance
Thompson Terrific

After leading his band through a scorching opening number at a downtown-club gig not long ago, Richard Thompson staggered backward, feigning shock at the eruption of applause—then leaned into the microphone and, with a wild look in his eyes, shouted, "There's more!" Of course there was: an exhilarating hour of the sharply observed, incisively intelligent songs the 50-year-old British guitarist has written over the past three decades. "It's great to have a core of people who like you," Thompson said afterward. "I think whatever audience I have has to take a few small steps in my direction as I step in theirs." Thompson has been known as a musician's musician since he helped found the pioneering folk-rock group Fairport Convention as a teenager in the late sixties, and he solidified his reputation with the half-dozen Celtic-flavored rock albums he recorded in the mid-seventies and early eighties with his then-wife, Linda. Then and throughout his subsequent solo career, Thompson's roots in English folk music have anchored both his guitar pyrotechnics and his effortless sorties into zydeco, music hall, and even hard rock. His dark, often fatalistic lyrics are leavened with droll humor—he titled last year's live acoustic set *Celtschmerz*—and fellow musicians from Bonnie Raitt to Bob Mould covet and cover his heartbreaking songs. That many of them also consider him the greatest guitarist going is almost incidental. Thompson's excellent, mainly electric new album, *Mock Tudor,* ranks among his best, especially if you like your Thompson plugged in. Will it bring him riches and fame? Come on. "I wouldn't have any expectation of world domination," he says. "I've tried to survive over the years by being flexible—I can play to 50 people or to 3,000. It's nice to be able to afford a band, a tour bus, and a lighting rig, but sometimes it's just not there." Thompson shares the stage with Wilco at the Beacon Theatre on Tuesday, and he'll have a band, a tour bus, and a lighting rig—the works. (See "Concerts.")



George Kalogerakis

Back" with D.J. Grandmaster Flash. Fridays: "Here They Are Now," eighties music and occasional performances from the decade's icons. Saturdays: "Me! Me! Me!" total immersion in the "Me" decade made terrifyingly real by an actual Delorean that juts out from a *Back to the Future* movie poster. *179 Varick St., (212-243-1999).*

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Tuesdays: Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultra-hip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-Vous," a strictly no-D.J.'s party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Thursdays: Big-name D.J.'s like Todd Terry and Frankie Feliciano drop by for "Assorted Flavors." Saturdays: Things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Avenue (212-228-0444). $.*

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesdays: "On!" offers a mod-influenced, Austin Powers–esque midweek romp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is "Legends," a soulful-house party with music from resident D.J. Adam Scott. Thursdays: "Get a Life!" with D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. Fridays: "Flash Fridays," with legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. Sundays: "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. *158 Bleecker St. (212-420-1999).*

Mother—This meatpacking-district mainstay plays host to some of New York's wildest, weirdest parties. Tuesdays: "Jackie 60," the legendary night with brilliantly off-kilter themes like the Kate Moss–inspired, models-in-distress "Pooped-Out Party Girls." Thursdays: the very gothic "Long Black Veil." Fridays: the ladies-only "Clit Club." *432 W. 14th St. (212-366-5680).*

Twilo—Twilo is *the* superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Fridays, world-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights; Saturdays belong to aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez and his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 11/12: "Respect Is Burning One Year Anniversary," with D.J. Thomas Bangalter of Daft Punk and a live performance from Les Rythmes Digitales. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about 7 A.M. becomes the city's most adventurous party, as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now-legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. Monthly: renowned Japanese-trance D.J. Tsuyoshi Suzuki. 11/17: Frankie Feliciano's Birthday Bash, to benefit East Harlem School Exodus House. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

"Where's the Love?"—11/11 at 9. Never mind the Rockstar Loft: Here's a truly worthwhile underground dance-music event. And hey, no interview required for admittance! D.J.'s for the night include reclusive house-music wunderkind Romanthony, turntablist funksters Anti-Pop Consortium, and New York house D.J. Dave Micalizzi. *113 Ludlow St. (212-420-1479). $.*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Tuesday, the Ellington Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11:00. 11/9: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 11/10: Nancy Kelly. 11/11–11/13: T.S. Monk Sextet. 11/15: Maria Schneider Jazz Orchestra. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

Cornelia Street Cafe—Sets at 9. 11/10: David Tronzo & Jay Granelle. 11/11: Russ Lossing Trio. 11/12: Bruce Arnold Trio. 11/13: George Garzone. 11/14: Billy Mintz Two Bass Band. *29 Cornelia St. (212-989-9319).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St., bet. Houston and Stanton. (212-780-0313).*

Iridium—In this surreal basement venue across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table-placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 11/9–11/14: Charlie Haden Duos with Kenny Barron (11/9–11/10), Cyrus Chesnut (11/11–11/12), and Geri Allen (11/13–11/14). Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

"Jazz at Lincoln Center—The Ellington Lecture Series"—11/15 at 7: "The Dramatic and Cinematic Ellington—Scores for the Stage and Screen," led by Sir Roland Hanna. 12/6 at 7: "In Triplicate—Ellington's Ballets, Suites, and Sacred Concerts," led by Loren Schoenberg. Free. *Morse Hall, the Juilliard School, 155 W. 65th St. (212-875-5599).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. 10/29: Warren Chiasson. 11/5: Dr. Billy Taylor. 11/12: Ed Polcer. 11/19: Bucky Pizzarelli. Noon–2:30 P.M. $5 cover. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (212-832-0888).*

"Jazz Insights: The Legacy of Charlie Parker"—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. 11/9:

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Beth Herzhaft.

Antonio Hart. Tuesdays, 7:45–9:30. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5873). $25.*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Duke's. Tuesdays: Stan Ulano's Swing Band. Wednesdays: The John Gill Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friessen's Gritty City Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Tonic—11/9: Misha Mengelberg with John Zorn; Misha Mengelberg. 11/10: Misha Mengelberg. 11/11: Misha Mengelberg with Milford Graves; Misha Mengelberg. 11/12: Instant Composers Pool; Steven Bernstein's Millennial Territory Orchestra at Midnight. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7501).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. Jim Norton, D. C. Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Wednesdays: Rick Shapiro. 11/8–11/14: Colin Quinn; Mitch Fatel; Greer Barnes; Dave Attell; Macio; Godfrey. *117 Macdougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri.; Sat. $15 cover for 8 and 12:30 shows, $20 cover for 10:30 show; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun.: New Talent Showcase. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

"Marshall's Women in Comedy Festival"—11/10–11/14. Performances include: 11/10: Joy Behar and Janeane Garofalo honor Phyllis Diller with a lifetime-achievement award. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-7000). $50, $42.50, $30.* 11/11: "Funny Women Interview Funny Women," with Beth Littleford and Andrea Martin. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100). $20.* 11/12: The All-Star Women's Improv Group, featuring Mary Birdsong, Amy Pohler, Erin Foley, and more. *Upright Citizens Brigade Theater.* 11/13: "Funny Women Interview Funny Women," with Judy Gold and Olympia Dukakis. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100). $20.*

"Seconding the First"—With William Baldwin, Richard Belzer, Stockard Channing, Bebe Neuwirth, Ben Stiller, and more. 11/15 at 7. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-840-2824). $50.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sat. at 8, 10, and 12. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. & Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. Through 11/13: Mary Cleere Haran. Also through 11/13: Rita Moreno. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. 11/3–11/27: Karen Mason. *450 Park Ave. South, at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

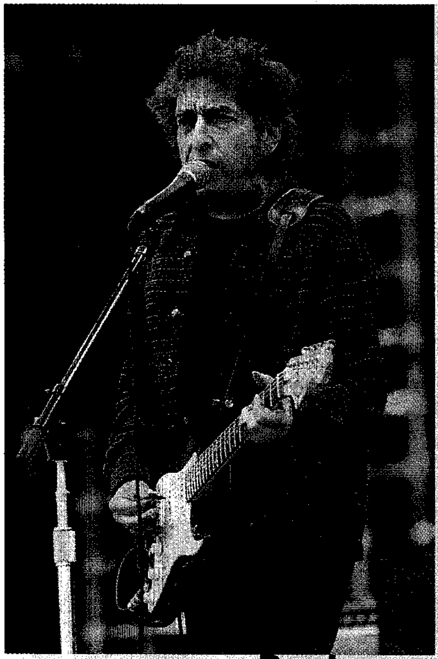
Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. Bobby Short plays two shows nightly (Tuesday-Saturday) at 8:45 and 10:45. $60. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

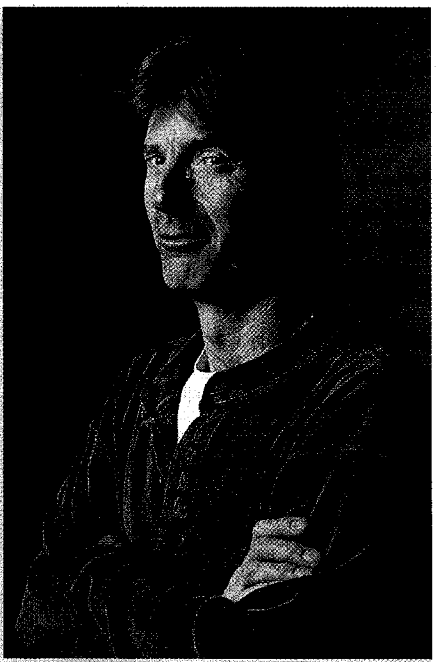
Danny's Skylight Room—$20, plus $15 minimum. 11/3–11/28: Gloria Stevens and John Wallowitch in "Back on the Town with Berlin and Wallowitch." *346 W. 46th St. (212-265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Wednesdays at 8:30: "The Next Big Broadway Musical," an improvised comedy. $10 cover, two-drink minimum. 11/10: Daphne Forman. 11/12–11/13: Joanne Mosca in "Well-Healed." *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's brand-new cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Nightly through October 16: Rosemary Clooney. Michael Feinstein appears twice nightly (8:30 and 11 P.M.) Tickets are $60 and there is a $50 food-and-drink minimum. *540 Park Ave, at E. 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).*

Judy's—This friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 11/9: Robert Locke with Ellen Starr. 11/10: The Bennett-Barton Song Salon. 11/11: Karen Levine in "A Girl You Should Know." 11/12: Stephanie Cheek in "The Girl Beneath the Covers." 11/13: Judy Kreston in "Portrait of the Artist." 11/14: Audrey Britten with Nan Butcher. 11/15: Mark Coffin in "Now." *69 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).*





Previews
Old Masters

Bob Dylan (pictured, left) 'got back together' most publicly with 1997's 'Time Out of Mind,' but he's spent most of the decade becoming the premier interpreter of rock's premier songbook. An Album of the Year Grammy and a Kennedy Center honor later, his concerts have only gotten stronger—polished enough to go over in an arena and improvisational enough to be worth catching again. In a separate set, former Grateful Dead bassist Phil Lesh (right) will revisit Dead songs with a band of sixties stalwarts. The road goes on—forever?—at the Continental Airlines Arena on November 13. (See "Concerts.")

Photographs: left, Dave Hogan/Retna; right, Jay Blakesberg/Retna.

the mix

National Book Awards...The Partridges Return

John Leonard's TV Notes

Life Beyond Earth (11/10; 8 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) gives the terrific science writer Timothy Ferris time and space to argue that somewhere out there among the 400 billion stars of our own galaxy, or among the 50 billion other galaxies, there must be the energy, water, and carbon-based molecules necessary for the "emergent property" of intelligent life. Without for a moment buying into flying saucers or alien abduction, Ferris persuades us of the necessity of SETI. And he is not to be missed on the Bonneville salt flats, gussied up like a bumblebee.

The Mrs. Bradley Mysteries (11/11; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) features Diana Rigg herself as a glam Jazz Age divorcée with enough money to dabble in psychoanalysis and private detection, not to mention her own chauffeur and limo. First up in a series that will resume next year is the death in a country-house bathtub of a person of uncertain gender, causing emotional distress and financial embarrassment to the usual assortment of the wellborn and dim-witted, all urged on to a clever solution by an equally clever script. Welcome back, Mrs. Peel.

The Unknown Cyclist (11/13; 8 to 10 P.M.; Starz!) stipulates a last will and testament by a victim of AIDS requiring his bereaved lover (Stephen Spinella), his ex-wife (Lea Thompson), his slacker buddy (Danny Nucci), and his homophobic twin brother (Vincent Spano) to ride in a West Coast fund-raising bicycle marathon from what appears to be more or less Malibu all the way to understanding and forgiveness. Nicely done, if familiar, with terrific Thompson.

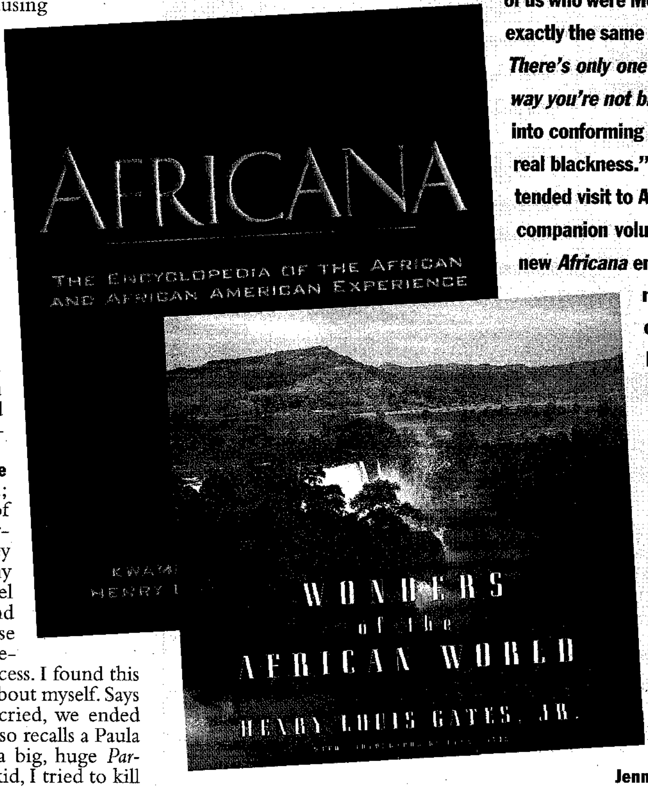
Come On Get Happy: The Partridge Family Story (11/13; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC), based on the memories of Danny Bonaduce, stars Eve Gordon as Shirley Jones, Rodney Scott as David Cassidy, Kathy Wagner as Susan Dey, Michael Chieffo as Dave Madden, and Shawn Pyfrom as Danny, whose writer father, William Russ, resents his four heady years of success. I found this so interesting that I'm worried about myself. Says Eve/Shirley: "We laughed, we cried, we ended up on Nickelodeon." But one also recalls a Paula Poundstone wisecrack: "I was a big, huge *Partridge Family* fan. When I was a kid, I tried to kill my dad so my mom would take us out on tour."

Black and Blue (11/17; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), an adaptation for television of the novel by Anna Quindlen, stars Mary Stuart Masterson as the abused wife (and a nurse who should really know better) of Brooklyn cop Anthony LaPaglia, and Sam Robards as the nice-guy teacher-coach she meets when she runs away with her son. If the characters on the small screen are only a fraction as complicated as those in the novel, the domestic violence is genuinely terrifying.

In Print

Afrocentric Like Me

In 1992, back when Henry Louis Gates Jr. was just an extremely successful academic as opposed to the intellectual king of all media he has since become, I heard him give a speech at Wesleyan University in defense of his inflammatory New York *Times* op-ed piece on black anti-Semitism. In it, he'd lambasted self-styled Afrocentrists like CCNY's Leonard Jeffries, the late Hunter College professor John Henrik Clarke, and the Nation of Islam for pinning the African slave trade on Jews. Many of the students stood up and chastised Gates for racial treason. Didn't he realize, they warned, that his critique was going to taint legitimate Afrocentric scholarship? An amused if exasperated Gates finally had to remind them, "*I am* an Afrocentric scholar." Today, speaking on his driver's cell phone en route to a book signing, Gates laughs about the encounter. "Afrocentrism is like the Evangelical church within Christianity," he says. "There's the born-again, literal-interpretation people—a church I know very well because a lot of people in my family were members—who would always say to those of us who were Methodist, *You're not even a real Christian!* It's exactly the same thing within Afrocentrism when people think, *There's only one way to be black, and if you're not black my way you're not black at all.* The trick is not to be manipulated into conforming to this idea that there's some secret code to real blackness." It is tempting to consider Gates's recent extended visit to Africa—along with his new PBS series and its companion volume, *Wonders of the African World*, plus the new *Africana* encyclopedia he co-edited with Kwame Anthony Appiah—as a kind of answer to members of the black and academic communities who have echoed the concerns of those students over the years. "Yes and no," he says. "I decided I wanted to go to Africa when I was 10 years old; I went for the first time in 1970, when I was 20, and I hitched across the equator. So these projects were a long time coming. But I'm delighted by the timing, because I think a lot of the students have no idea how much Africa means to me." Hear him answer more tough questions at Barnes & Noble Union Square on November 18 at 7 P.M. ARIEL LEVY



Lectures and Panels

"State of Anti-Semitism Address"—11/9 at 8 P.M.: Dennis Prager talks about the proliferation of Islam in the Middle East and its implication for Jews. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $15.

Jenny Saville—11/9 at 5 P.M.: Speaking in conjunction with the New York Academy of Art's "Ten Women Artists Speak About the Human Figure" series. 111 Franklin St. (212-966-0300); free.

"On the Movies"—11/10 at 8 P.M.: Roger Rosenblatt, Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and Nora Ephron talk about the future of film. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $20.

"Reel Pieces: At the Movies"—11/17, 12/2, and 12/6 at 7:15 P.M.: Following screenings of their films, five renowned artists—including Anjelica Huston and Stanley Tucci—discuss their work

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
GIANTS							IND CBS 1 P.M.
JETS							
ISLANDERS			CAR METRO 7:30 P.M.		CHI TBD 8:30 P.M.	STL FSNY 7 P.M.	
RANGERS			OTT MSG 7:30 P.M.	WAS FSNY 7 P.M.		BOS MSG 7:30 P.M.	
KNICKS	MIL MSG 7:30 P.M.			MIN MSG 8 P.M.	BOS MSG 7 P.M.		MIA MSG 7 P.M.
NETS			PHO FSNY 7:30 P.M.		CHA METRO 7:30 P.M.		
	11/8	11/9	11/10	11/11	11/12	11/13	11/14

with Annette Insdorf, director of Columbia University's film-studies program. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $20.

The Written Word

New York Festival of Quebec Authors—11/9 at 6 P.M.: Yves Beauchemin, Ying Chen, Danny Laferriere, Pierre Morency, and Monique Proulx read from and discuss their work at Barnes & Noble, 600 Fifth Ave., at 48th St., and on 11/10 at 7:30 P.M., they will read in English and in French at Columbia University's Maison Française, 515 W. 116th St. (212-843-0998); free.

Frank McCourt—11/9 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *'Tis.* NYU's Vanderbilt Hall, 40 Washington Sq. South (212-998-8816); free.

Molly Peacock, Jana Klenburg, and Elena Georgious—11/9 at 8 P.M.: Reading from their poetry in a performance. John Houseman Theatre Studio A, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-721-7486); $11.

Edmund White on Marcel Proust—11/12 at 6:30 P.M.: The biographer speaks in conjunction with the Morgan Library's "Portrait" series. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008); $10.

"*Blood Memoir* with Paul Oppenheimer"—11/15 at 6 P.M.: The School of Visual Arts presents the author discussing his novel, in which philosophy, fiction, and myth meet booze, sex, and death in New York. National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (212-592-2010); free.

Rory Kennedy—11/15 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *American Hollow.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

A Tribute to Tony Cade Bambara—11/15 at 8 P.M.: Toni Morrison organized this event with Sonia Sanchez, Ruby Dee, and the World Saxophone Quartet. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $15.

National Book Awards Finalists for Fiction and Poetry—11/16 at 12:30 and 7 P.M.: A signing at Barnes & Noble, Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free, at lunch time, followed by an evening reading at the New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-226-6563); $5.

Jonathan Lethem and Paul Lafarge—11/16 at 7 P.M.: Reading from recent work. The Russian Samovar, 256 W. 52nd St. (212-872-1678); $3.

Tours

"Turtle Bay"—11/14 at 12:30 P.M.: Stops at the United Nations, the Turtle Bay Gardens Historic District, Tudor City, and the site of the Draft Riots of 1863. Meet at the northeast corner of 45th St. and Second Ave. (212-265-2663); $5.

"The Central Park South Neighborhood Walking Tour"—11/14 at 2 P.M.: Investigate what has served as a transitional area between residential and commercial neighborhoods since the turn of the century. Meet at the northwest corner of W. 58th St. and Fifth Ave. (212-979-2388); $10.

"The East Village"—11/14 at 2 P.M.: Once the farm of Dutch governor Peter Stuyvesant, the East Village has since been one of the city's most mercurial neighborhoods. Meet at the Astor Place No. 6 subway kiosk (212-969-8262); $10.

Events

"Triple Pier Expo"—11/13–11/14: Visit New York's largest antiques show for political memorabilia, smoking collectibles, and the usual table linens, Italian glass, furniture, and art. Piers 88, 90, and 92 on Twelfth Ave. bet. 48th and 55th Sts. (212-255-0020); $12.

Vintage Posters—11/14: The world's largest poster auction, featuring images of turn-of-the-century automobiles and bicycles and works by Toulouse-Lautrec. International Poster Center, 601 W. 26th St. (212-787-4000); free.

Benefits

"CaP Cure"—11/11 at 6 P.M.: A dinner to benefit the Association for the Cure of Cancer of the Prostate, a nonprofit that raises funds for research about and treatment of the most commonly diagnosed cancer in America. Joe Torre and Elaine and Steve Wynn will be honored. Waldorf-Astoria, 301 Park Ave., at 50th St. (212-245-6570); $1,000–$100,000.

Exhibitions

"Artist & Alphabet: 20th-Century Calligraphy & Letter Art in America"—Through 11/19: The Society of Scribes celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with an exhibition of books, posters, advertisements, and other media that display letter art. American Institute of Graphic Art's Strathmore Gallery, 164 Fifth Ave. (212-452-0139); free.

"The Italians of New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement"—Through 2/20/00: Revisit the public lives of prominent Italians in the city. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); $5.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Come visit our relaunched site at www.newyorkmag.com, where you'll discover a more easily navigated design (it's awfully nice to look at, too), along with new, interactive features like full-site searching, message boards, and a daily poll question. Also this week in "The Surf Report," Jod Kaftan looks at quoteland.com, Learn2.com, GiftTrend, FoodLine, and a George W. parody site. Plus, get daily event picks from Luisa Colón, daily New York trivia, "First Words" for bibliophiles, our helpful Subscriber Service Center, and selected articles from the current issue along with an improved archive section.

Sports

The AfterMarathon Clinic—The New York City marathon may be behind you, but there's still work to be done. On Wed., 11/10, join the New York Road Runners Club to discuss topics such as post-race recovery, rebuilding, race analysis, and future goals. Speakers include NYRRC director and author Bob Glover, NYRRC co-director Shelly-Lynn Florence, and running champion Nina Kuscsik. The clinic will be held at the Robert

In Print The stunning new book *American Photographs 1900/2000* reflects the talents of the past 100 years' most celebrated picture-takers and three years of compilation work by gallery owner James Danziger, but everyone will have to wait till next week to snag a copy. Everyone except, of course, New Yorkers, who can get it right now at the Madison Avenue Bookshop at 69th Street. Pictured above left, Ralph Steiner's *Madison Square Garden Tower, New York* (1921–1922), and, on the right, Alfred Stieglitz's *The Flatiron* (1902).

Photographs courtesy of the James Danziger Gallery.

Testing *continued from page 31*

you?' What does a circle mean to a 2½-year-old? You can teach it, but why? It's not very interesting to a child. People learn from the concrete to the abstract. Now they want children to be at the abstract right away. There's no time for the learning process."

CYNTHIA WASN'T FOCUSING ON THE finer points of early-childhood education in the weeks after Andrew's testing home run. Though the family may have been back in the running with the first-tier schools thanks to Rosalind Blum's glowing WPPSI evaluation—Cynthia will never know how much weight the schools to which Andrew applied did or didn't assign to it, though it certainly did wonders for her own self-confidence—the little boy was still a long way from being fitted for his private-school blazer.

Separating from his mother was proving to be a problem. At one interview, a teacher had to retrieve Cynthia to prove to Andrew, who seemed on the verge of tears, that she wasn't far away. At another school, Andrew simply refused to come out of the coat closet.

The boy's attitude held little promise as the family crossed the park in a cab on their way to their third interview, at one of the city's most prestigious schools. "He said to me, 'It's okay if I cry a little, isn't it?' " his mother recalls. "I said, 'Not really. Why would you cry?' I didn't want to squeeze too tight. I just said, 'I know I'll be proud of you.' "

Cynthia and her husband, David, toured the school the same day as Andrew's interview. The word on the park bench was that the institution was so selective that while children were given small gifts after their visits to other schools—a plant here, a pad with the school's insignia there—at this place, "you have to bring a hostess gift because it's such a hot-shit school," Cynthia says.

However, as soon as she saw the place, she knew she wanted Andrew to go there. Its park-bench reputation aside, she found the school and its faculty refreshingly unpretentious. Besides, the facilities were spectacular.

"I'll never forget it," Cynthia says, recalling her emotions as she sat in the waiting room after Andrew had been taken off with several other little applicants to play. "We were there with six or eight other parents. I was doing needlepoint, and my hands were actually trembling."

She and David were finally ushered into their meeting with the director of admissions. "I was just on," Cynthia boasts. "Things came to me quickly. I was able to highlight Andrew's strengths and talk about him in a favorable way—not saccharine or gushy. Sometimes you just click with the person you're talking to, and we just clicked."

On this morning, the problem turned out to be David, not Andrew. The admissions director "turns to David and says, 'What do you like to do with Andrew?' " Cynthia remembers.

"David thought his part was over. He'd relaxed. He's at a loss. Here's my cultured, educated husband, and I'm thinking, *David? David? Mayday! Mayday!* David's drowning.

"I rescued him. I said, 'David, you play on the computer with Andrew.' He says, 'Yes, yes, computers.' "

It was a minor glitch in an otherwise charmed encounter. "I sounded good," Cynthia observes. "The admissions director was appropriately responsive. As we put our coats on, David looks at me and says, 'You were great.' "

The family wrote the school a first-choice letter. And knowing that the admissions director would, at some unannounced moment, make a return visit to Andrew's nursery school, they made their son wear collared shirts every day. "That was David's idea," Cynthia reports. "This is the extent of the craziness. This is how totally off the mark you become."

She remembers the Monday morning in March the acceptance letters arrived. "I opened them in the order in which they came," she says.

Andrew was wait-listed at the school where the teacher had had to summon Cynthia, and also at the one where he had vanished into the coat closet. The school his mother most wanted him to attend was the third letter she opened.

"My mind was a blank," she says. "I thought, *I hope the first-choice letter got there.* When I opened it, I just started crying and jumping up and down."

Andrew emerged from his bedroom to see what the commotion was about. "I said, 'You got into the best school,' and kissed him so much. In characteristic 4-year-old fashion, he starts to cry and says, 'I don't want to go there.' "

THIS FALL, CYNTHIA AND DAVID attended their first parents' night. "You felt like you were one of the chosen few," she confides. "You'd been found worthy."

At such functions, parent volunteers sell T-shirts and mouse pads with the school logo to raise money for the parents' association.

Cynthia proudly stocked up. "You went through the fire and emerged with a school backpack in your hand," she laughs. "To the victor goes the spoils." ■

Wagner Middle School (220 E. 76th St.) from 6:30 P.M. to 8:30 P.M. There is a $5 fee for nonmembers. For more information, contact NYRRC at 212-860-4455.

Day Rides—On Saturday, 11/13, the Five Borough Bicycle Club goes to the Prospect Park Wildlife Center as part of its winter zoo series. You'll follow a 2.5-mile trail around the center and catch a glimpse of Chinese red pandas, California sea lions, and Australian wallabies. The total ride is 25 miles across mostly flat terrain with climbs on the Brooklyn Bridge and "the Slope." Bring $2.50 for admission, lunch money, and a lock. Meets at 9:30 A.M. at Columbus Circle (Central Park West and 59th St.). Then on Sunday, the club offers a 40-mile journey to Staten Island, which meets at 8:30 A.M. sharp at the South Ferry terminal. Bring lunch and lights. For more information on these and other free rides, call 5BBC at 212-932-2300, ext. 115, or visit www.5bbc.org.

Cross-Country Championships—This Sunday, 11/14, you can run in the original age-group championship held in Van Cortlandt Park in the Bronx. The races begin at 10 A.M. with the "Pee Wee" category and continue throughout the day, with awards for the top three individuals in each age group, as well as for teams. There is a $15 ($10 for seniors and juniors) entry fee, and you may register on the web at www.nyrrc.org, in person at the NYRRC Running Gallery (9 E. 89th St.), or at the check-in counter on race day from 8:30 A.M. For further details, call 212-860-4455.

The Tube Burns in Hell

As usual, while his brother Ken was busy making his uplifting new documentary about feminist heroines, Ric Burns was sorting through the darker drawers of history. He brings the same morbid fascination that enlivened his film about the Donner Party to the twelve-hour 'New York,' in which he lingers over the 1863 Draft Riots and 1911 Triangle-shirtwaist-factory fire (pictured, below) as a reminder that Gotham wasn't always the land of Trump and Disney. Airs on PBS November 14 through 18 at 9 P.M.; the last episode will run next spring.

Photograph courtesy of the Schomburg Center, New York Public Library.

in concert

Gidon Kremer Plays Glass's Violin Concerto

Classical Music

Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra—Mariss Jansons conducts Philip Glass's Violin Concerto with Gidon Kremer. 11/9 at 8. Works by Beethoven and Brahms, 11/10 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $19–$71.*

Messages for the Millennium—Kurt Masur conducts the New York Philharmonic in works by Corigliano, Adès, Saariaho, Satoh, and Henze, with Sylvia McNair. 11/11–11/13 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $18–$77.*

Sequitur—Works by Harbison, Kagel, Zivian, and Schoenberg. 11/11 at 8. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $18.*

Deutsche Kammerphilharmonie—Daniel Harding conducts works by Berg, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, with pianist Emanuel Ax. 11/12 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $17–$61.*

Juilliard Chamber Ensemble—Mozart, Bach-Busoni, Berg, and Granados. 11/12 at 8. *Paul Hall, the Juilliard School, Lincoln Center (212-501-8104); free.*

Les Arts Florissants—William Christie leads Purcell's *King Arthur.* 11/12 at 8. Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.* 11/13 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $40.*

Festival Orchestra of Poland—Conductor and pianist Krystian Zimerman leads works by Chopin. 11/13 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $18–$66.*

People's Symphony Concerts—Pianist Orli Shaham plays Schubert, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. 11/13 at 8. *Washington Irving High School, 16th St. and Irving Pl. (212-586-4680); $5.*

Prometheus Chamber Orchestra—Wilson Hermanto conducts works by Weill, Mendelssohn, and Bartók, with violinist David Chan. 11/13 at 8. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $20.*

The Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducts works by Meyerbeer, Marcello, Mendelssohn, and Liszt. 11/14 at 4. *Temple Emanu-El, 1 E. 65th St. (212-744-1000); free.*

Suzanne Mentzer—Pianist Craig Rutenberg joins the mezzo in works by R. Strauss, Berg, Poulenc, and Satie. 11/14 at 2. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $30.*

IRCAM—Music of England's Jonathan Harvey with Ensemble 21. 11/15 at 8. Music of Tristan Murail and Magnus Lindberg with Ensemble Sospeso. 10/18 at 8. *Miller Theatre at Columbia University, 2960 Broadway, at 116th St. (212-854-7799); $15.*

David Krakauer—Klezmer, classical, and jazz with pianist Brian Zeger. 11/15 at 7. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $18.*

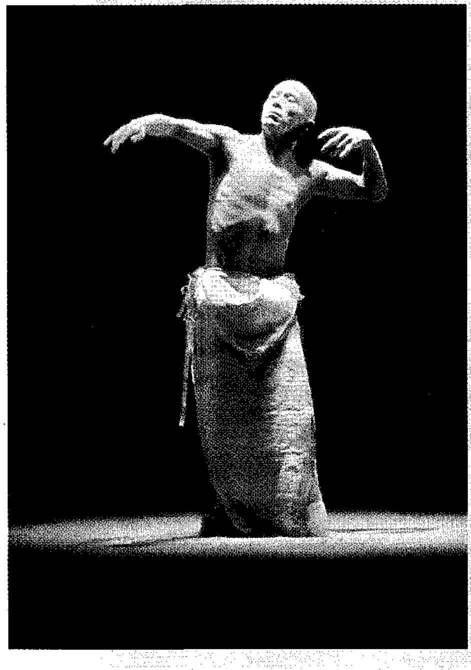
Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Previews

Men in White

Sankai Juku's visceral performances have induced collapse (of an audience member) and accidental death (of a performer). Founded in 1975 by Ushio Amagatsu, the company is at the forefront of the second generation of butoh dance. Led by Tatsumi Hijikata and Kazuo Ohno, butoh emerged in the late fifties out of the anti-Western anguish of post-Hiroshima Japan. Stark otherworldly figures—nearly naked men and women painted chalk white—made grotesque faces and moved with excruciating slowness. Ohno's queer, creepy femininity upset Western choreographic and sexual conventions; he could radiate intense happiness, for example, by sinking slowly to the ground. It was perverse, and it was gorgeous. In the 40 years since the Japanese avant-garde dreamed up this so-called "dance of utter darkness," butoh—like Japan itself—has changed. Unlike his forebears, Amagatsu does not reject the influence of the West. He studied the Martha Graham technique, and he enjoys the pleasures of Paris (champagne included) from his home in the Fourth Arrondissement. Sankai Juku's first American venture in three years, *Hiyomeki* (pictured) literally means "fontanelle," that pulsing soft spot on the top of a baby's head. "The word has a common root with *fountain,*" says Amagatsu. "The suggestion is a continuity or a cycling—a thing that starts and returns to where it came from." As in his past work, Amagatsu tackles epic themes in *Hiyomeki:* time, death, disappearance. "The stage is spread very delicately and evenly with sand," he explains. "While we're moving onstage, the energy and the quality of the steps that we take on the sand are actually recorded. Though the dance fades away, the essence of the dance remains imprinted on the sand." (See "Dance.")



Erika Kinetz

Opera

Amato Opera—Bizet's *Carmen.* 11/13 at 7 and 11/14 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (212-228-8200); $25.*

Metropolitan Opera—*Mefistofele,* 11/9 and 11/12 at 8; *Le Nozze di Figaro,* 11/10 and 11/13 at 8; *Tosca,* 11/11 and 11/15 at 8; *Aida,* 11/13 at 1. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$275.*

New York City Opera—*Carmen,* 11/9 at 7:30 and 11/13 at 8; *The Abduction From the Seraglio,* 11/10 at 7:30 and 11/14 at 1:30; *Falstaff,* 11/11 at 7:30; *Central Park,* 11/12 at 8; *La Bohéme,* 11/13 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); $22–$90.*

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directs Donizetti's *Adelia.* 11/15 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-799-1982); $21–$90.*

Teatro Grattacielo—Francesco Cilèa's *Arlesiana.* 11/15 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $25–$50.*

Dance

Garth Fagan Dance—*Lion King* visionary Garth Fagan (who won a Tony for his troubles) fuses ballet, modern, and Afro-Caribbean. 11/9–11/13 at 8, 11/14 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $35.*

Sankai Juku—Five hairless Japanese men, white with rice flour, dance out death, the soul, and the end of time. 11/10–11/13 at 7:30 and 11/14 at 3. *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $15–$45.*

Urban Tap—Herbin "Tamango" Van Cayseele mixes it up with tap, capoeira, trip-hop, and scratch. 11/11–11/13 at 8. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (212-255-5793); $15.*

Photograph by Birgit.

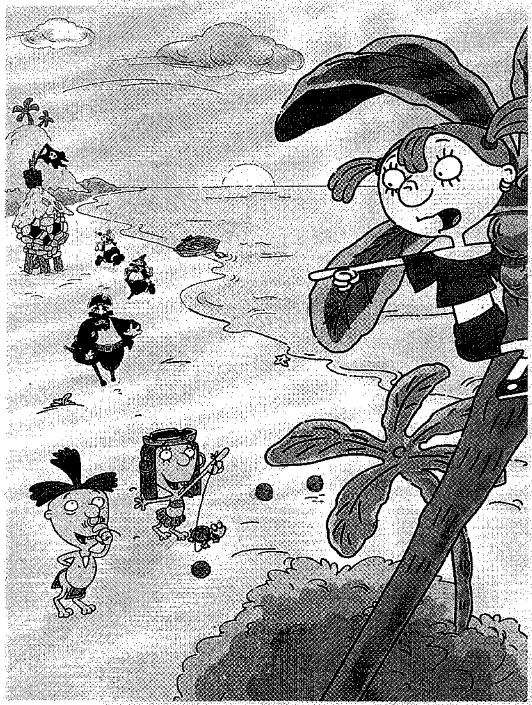
kids

Og...*Reel to Real*...Umoja Sasa!

On Screen
Armchair Perestroika

When the Soviet Union stopped funding animated movies altogether, siphoning some of that talent into a Western television cartoon series seemed an obvious idea. Which is how Mike (just don't call her Michelanne), a mouthy 11-year-old New York redhead—with a double-pierced ear and a *Rugrats* shape to her face—came to be plonked onto a faraway Pacific island. *Mike, Lu & Og,* on the Cartoon Network, begins airing Fridays at 8 P.M. on November 12. The pushy, pigtailed Manhattan tyke dominates the laid-back island natives, of course. Which isn't to say she always gets her way. Arriving as an exchange student on a tropical patch of earth that, co-creator Chuck Swenson points out, "many people would consider paradise," Mike wants to know where the sidewalks are, and the taxis, and the high-rises. Different qualities are rewarded here, our heroine discovers. Lu, a native who's royalty (at least in her own mind), sees herself as heir to all that catches her eye—and that includes the taxi and high-rise Mike has conjured into being by the sheer force of her will. Og, meanwhile, is less intrigued with Mike's flip phone than with debating Nietzsche and finding the formula for the sticky stuff in the center of his eye. Swenson's greatest challenge in dealing with his Russian colleagues was sometimes just keeping the sun shining brightly up there in the cartoon sky. In one segment, for example, the lonely Mike befriends a tree—an incident that here at home would be sure to usher in a flurry of wry humor, but which the Russian artists saw instead as a melancholy "*Anna Karenina* moment," Swenson recalls. You'll have to tune in to find out which sensibility prevailed.

BARBARA ENSOR



Children's Events

I Screen, You Screen—With all these examples of what children *shouldn't* be watching so much in evidence, "The Eighth International Children's Television Festival" is a welcome reminder that television programming for kids can be something to shout about. This first week, tolerance is the theme. An hourlong screening at 1 P.M. (for all ages) will include the U.S. premiere of *Tales of a Wise King: "Throwing Stones,"* a claymation short from Israel. Hourlong screenings at 3 (for ages 8 and up) include *Keith,* a British live-action short about a bully made in 1995. Weekends through 12/5. Workshops are also scheduled each weekend. "Umoja Sasa!" uses dancing, chanting, and role-playing to tell stories from Africa, 11/13 at 2. Gordon and his Muppet friend Zoe discuss what diversity means to them and lead a workshop showing *Sesame Street* co-productions from around the world, 11/14 at 2. **MUSEUM OF TELEVISION & RADIO**, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600). Admission $6, $4 for students and seniors, $3 for children under 13. Tickets to workshops are offered on the day they are given, on a first-come-first-served basis.

Alternative Keyboard—Drama, including "The Flight of the Bumblebee," occurs when Jeffrey Siegel's "Keyboard Conversations," a longtime favorite at the **92ND ST. Y**, has the words "for the Young—and Young at Heart" added to its title, 11/14 at 11. For anyone over 7. 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100). $10. ●

Laughable—A comedy-packed week: Silly Billy at **CAROLINES COMEDY CLUB** coaxes kids out of the audience to perform "Fractured Fairy Tales." 11/14 at 2. Broadway nr. 49th St. (212-877-6115). Tickets are $14. Magic Al, who performs at **WEST END CHILDREN'S THEATER** (11/13 at 1:30), is a man so hilarious he has frequently caused tots to wet their pants (really, we know this for an absolute fact). To find out about a free workshop (on 11/13) for stand-up comedians ages 8 through 15, call West End Kids Productions at 212-877-6115. ●

Tattoo Who?—Your young friend who relies on you to lead him in the ways of wickedness forbidden by parents will doubtless appreciate a visit to a free exhibit, "American Tattoo: The Art of Gus Wagner," a collection of trashy tattoo-inspirational ephemera collected in the early half of this century. Open daily from 10 to 6. Opens 11/10, Whitman Gallery, 211 Water St., **SOUTH STREET SEAPORT**. For further information, call 212-748-8600, or visit www.southstseaport.org. ●

Acting Out—**NEW YORK YOUTH THEATER** perform *The Wiz,* 11/12 through 12/12. Tickets are $12, and reservations are encouraged. The family-oriented theater group plans to stage *The Diary of Anne Frank* early next year. Adults and older children who would like to audition should call the number listed below. Central Presbyterian Church, 593 Park Ave., at 64th St. (212-888-0696). ●

Two Left Feet—In "Tomás Kubínek: The Maestro Returns," the class clown plays the ukulele while yoked to a multi-footed "walking machine." And that's before he turns a back flip. **THE NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St., through 11/14; call 212-239-6200 for showtimes. Tickets are $10, $20, and $25. ●

Trapeze Close-up—Everyone sits within 50 feet of the elephants when the **BIG APPLE CIRCUS** comes to town. Look out for performing house cats. Damrosch Park at Lincoln Center Plaza, 62nd St. bet. Columbus and Amsterdam Aves. Performances through 1/9/00. Tickets, $15 to $60 on weeknights and $28 to $60 on weekends, can be purchased by calling 212-307-4100. For further information, call 800-922-3772.

Three Little Pigs—You know, the musical version, with the neurotic mother and the wolves that cry "Not in my backyard." 11/13, 11/14, 11/20, and 11/21 at 12:30. **PROMENADE THEATRE**, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-627-7373); Tickets are $19; a flexible ten-ticket subscription to the theater is $150. ●

Click and Buzz—*Fred the Caterpillar,* an interactive play by New York Artists Unlimited, is at the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF THE ARTS**, 11/14 from 2 to 4. 182 Lafayette St. (212-941-9198); $5, seniors free. ●

Now, for Then—Photographs and interviews by student historians in the five boroughs make up "Kids Make History." The exhibit opens with a celebration, 11/14 at 1. **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Suggested contribution: $5; $4 for seniors, students, children; $10 for families. ●

Reel to Real—The **WALTER READE THEATER**'s fourth season of themed pairings between live and celluloid begins with "Latina Mania"—to include a look at the pilot for *I Love Lucy* and tap-dance duo Feet Two the Beat. 165 W. 65th St. (212-875-5370). 11/14 at 11:30 and 2. Tickets are $12; $6 for ages 4 to 14. ●

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

cue

Ethan Brown
Nightlife

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Logan Hill
Theater

Brett Kelly
Movies

Erika Kinetz
In Concert

John Leonard
Television

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

Edith Newhall
Art

Anna Rachmansky
Sports

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Photograph courtesy of the Cartoon Network.

Town and Country Properties

APARTMENTS FOR RENT
Manhattan

From $80/Day! Furn apts: licensed. Credit cards. Seen in The Wall St. Journal. **212-348-8100 / 800-550-7071**
Fax: 348-8362 / www.oxbridgeny.com

800-835-8880 ABODE—Lovely furn apts. 4-nite min. **abodenyc.com / 212-472-2000**

Beautifully Furnished Apts The hotel alternative on the East Side, complete with concierge. As seen in **New York Living.** **800-658-7366** or **www.churchillcorp.com**

LUXURY HOTEL SUITES at $100 a day
Central Park South location.
Executive & vacation suites.
80% discount - one-month minimum stay required*. Studios, 1 & 2-BR suites available. Park views. Maid service two times daily. Spa, concierge and all other hotel amenities.
*Please inquire about our short stay rates.
Contact David - PH: **212-541-5800 x224**
Fax: **212-541-4410 / 1-800-689-4584 x224**

AS YOU LIKE IT - Select Furn Apts. Style/Location/Value/Credit Cards. **800-277-0413 / 212-695-3404/4655 (fax)**

Extended Stays—The pleasures of home with the luxury of **The Regency Hotel.** Contact Sharon Cabral @: **212-339-4132**

Weekly/Monthly/Yearly—A variety of apts in Manhattan. We speak French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Japanese, German, Korean. **www.maisonintl.com**
MAISON INTERNATIONAL 212-462-4766

To advertise in
New York Magazines
Town & Country,
call: **212-462-3320** fax: **212-462-3595**

COUNTRY PROPERTY

HOPE, NJ 1 HR NYC
Beautiful center hall colonial on 13 secluded acres with awesome panoramic views, landscaped grounds and custom-built decks and patios. Features 4 spacious bedrooms, 3 1/2 baths, large au pair suite, family room w/stone fireplace, hardwood floors, finished walk/out basement, in-ground pool, huge 2-level deck. Great entertaining! $329K. **908-637-6040**

To advertise in *New York Magazines* Town and Country, call Tim: **212-462-3320**

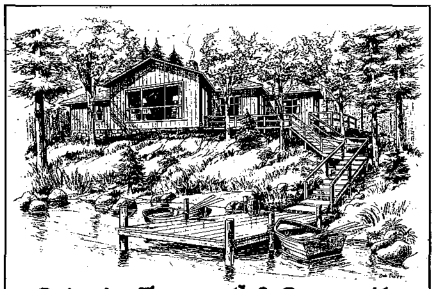
Inns and Lodges

NEW YORK

A Short Vacation That Feels Like Forever...
Is at Peri's Bed, Breakfast & Spa. Indulge yourself in an exquisite retreat in Montauk. You'll be spoiled with gourmet meals, massage, European skincare treatments, aromatherapy and the promise of a brand-new you!... **516-668-1394**

AWARD-WINNING MOUNTAIN GETAWAY
Deluxe mtn lodge in Catskill Forest Preserve. Great *food and wine destination. Indoor pool, spa, jacuzzi.*
Winner of the Wine Spectator Magazine 1999 Award of Excellence
Live Jazz. Gourmet Restaurant. Featured NY Times.
Scribner Hollow Lodge - Hunter, NY
1-800-395-4683 www.scribnerhollow.com
3-night millennium package available.

SOUTHAMPTON INN
Charming 90-room year-round resort in the heart of Southampton village. Call us today about our Seasonal/Holiday/Millennium packages and our Saturday night dance parties. **800-832-6500**
www.southamptoninn.com



Private, Tranquil & Romantic
Suites with jacuzzis for 2, fireplaces & Private decks
Lakehouse Inn On Golden Pond – Rhinebeck
90 minutes north of NYC (914)266-8093
millennium weekend available

Southampton's VILLAGE LATCH INN HOTEL
A truly romantic, famous Great Gatsby getaway - estate setting, yet right in village. In over 50 inn books from Foder's to Frommer's - the #1 choice.
800-54-LATCH www.villagelatch.com

"A Distinctive Country Inn"
In the heart of the Hudson Valley, just minutes from Rhinebeck, NY. An 18th c. Colonial with canopy beds, jacuzzis for two and cozy fireplaces. Come and indulge yourself with endless pleasures. A romantic fall getaway awaits you at **"Mystic Meadows"**... 90 mins NYC.
www.mysticmeadow.com 914-868-1934

THE CARIBBEAN

St. Maarten—8-Day Beach Villa Pkg w/Air, Winter from $1299-$1699 (pp/dbl). Huge Pvt Villas & 5-Star Resorts. **Free Vacation Info: www.odrc.com**
St. Maarten Reservation Center: 800-480-8555 x300

Anguilla's Best Kept...Value!
It's no secret we offer a spectacular beach, gracious rooms, creative cuisine, and fine shops on this exclusive Caribbean island...for less! Call your travel agent or 1-800-SONESTA and ask for our "Anguilla Value" offer.
Sonesta Beach Resort & Villas *Anguilla*
www.sonesta.com

Travel

TOURS AND TRIPS

FREE Travel Guide CATSKILLS
With comprehensive maps, detailed guides & complete listings of attractions & lodgings, the **Sullivan County Travel Guide** is the perfect vacation planner for your next getaway. To get a free copy, call: **1-800-882-CATS** today, and say **"I Love NY".**

SEASONAL RENTAL

THE HAMPTONS
Off-season's best-kept secret!
Three houses available: 5-8 BRs, all amenities - Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, etc. Better prices, less traffic. For any occasion. Call Owner - Michael: **212-861-4046 www.hamptonrental.com**

To advertise in *New York Magazines* Travel section, call Tim: **212-462-3320**

SAG HARBOR—Year-round rental for all occasions, including **the MILLENNIUM.** Brand-new 8-BR/9-bth house on 6.5 acs. Pool, tennis, full-court b-ball, v-ball. Master suite w/jacuzzi. Steve: **212-506-5247**

BRIDGEHAMPTON—Brand-new 7-BR, 6-bth house on 5 acres w/pool & tennis. Great for groups. Avail weekly/weekends. **www.hamptonschateau.com 212-787-6750**

BED & BREAKFAST
New York

AS YOU LIKE IT—Celebrate the holidays with style. **800-277-0413 or 212-695-3404**
Fax: 212-695-3404 email: aptsinnyc@aol.com

Manhattan Hotel Alternative—Private Brownstone Apts. Affordable. **212-206-9237**

TO ADVERTISE IN
NEW YORK Travel
call Tim Hyde: **212.462.3320**
or fax: **212.462.3595**

ACCESS NY—Quality furn apts/B&Bs. Short/long-term... **212-414-1326 fax: 4686**
Ask about our MILLENNIUM rentals.

---

79 St./Madison Ave.—Fully furn studios. Sublet day/week/mo. No fee. **212-327-4875**

Metro Dwellings—Hotel Alternative. **212-712-9167** www.metrodwellings.com

MILLENNIUM RENTAL

Manhattan—Selection of furn studios & 1-BR apts in full-service doorman bldgs. BOOK NOW! **212-421-5615**

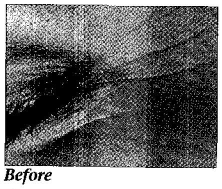
Chelsea Loft—3000 sf, minimal, elegant, huge views, 12/23-1/3. $8K. **212-229-0805**

To advertise in
***New York Magazine's* Travel,**
call Tim Hyde: **212-462-3320**
or fax: **212-462-3595**

Pamper Yourself

As our doctor interviewed on CBS and ABC TV

CRYSTAL DERMAPEEL No recovery time.



Before

After

TREATS:

- Blackheads, Whiteheads
- Enlarged Pores
- Fine Wrinkles
- Acne Scars
- Pigmentary Changes
- Sun Damaged Skin
- Oily, Acne Prone Skin
- Neck, Chest, Hands

MANHATTAN ANTI-AGING CLINIC

12/A East 72nd Street, New York, NY 10021

ADRIENNE DENESE, MD, PhD is frequently interviewed on various anti-aging topics by CBS, ABC, Fox, NBC, NY Times, Glamour and Allure.

212-517-6600

$100 OFF WITH AD

"RESULTS"

...from the best in DermaLaser Technology

20 years of Dermatological experience makes the best in laser skin technology even better

- Jim Baral, M.D.

212-247-1700

All Skin Treatments: Collagen & Botox® Injections~Peels~Skin Resurfacing~Hair & Tattoo Removal~Broken Vein Treatment

AMERICAN DERMATOLOGY CENTER

Major Credit Cards & Insurance Accepted

210 Central Park South, NYC 10019

www.americandermatologyctr.com

ADVERTISE IN THE

Holiday Gift Issue

call Mark: **212.462.3316**

or fax: **212.462.3595**

ULTIMATE
TRAINING CENTER

1 Week Free Training - No Membership.
Results Guaranteed. 20 Yrs Exp, Certified.
Midtown Location. Pvt Gym. No Crowds.

212 - 207-8154

ELIMINATE UNSIGHTLY HAIR

MULTILIGHT™ HAIR REMOVAL SYSTEM

a non-invasive light therapy treatment specifically designed for the removal of unwanted hair on all body parts

PREPARE NOW FOR A SMOOTH LOOK BY SPRING.

Mitchell Kline, MD PC
53 East 67th Street, New York City
212-517-6555

LASIK Surgery Associates

Announces for a *Limited Time*
Affordable Excimer LASIK
Refractive Surgery

$2995

For *Both* Eyes

Over 15 Years of
Microkeratome Experience
One of the First to Perform
LASIK in Metro NY Area
Latest FDA-Approved
Excimer Laser

718 Park Avenue

212-472-2020

Improving Your Sight at the Speed of Light

www.FlapAndZap.com

LASER EYELID SURGERY

Free Consult With Eyelid Specialist.
Fast Healing.

www.eyelifts.com **212-265-8877**

PERMANENT MAKEUP

Imagine Perfect
Eyebrows,
Eyeliners
& Lip Colors
That Stay On
For Years!

Safe Experienced Consultants.
Board-Certified. A.A.M.

201-866-7055

2 Convenient Locations. Free Consultation.

Advertise in the

LAST

Pamper Yourself

OF THE MILLENIUM

call Mark Bristow:
212.462.3316

Pamper Yourself

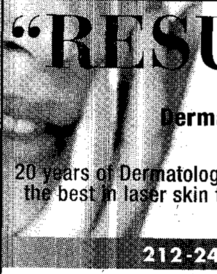
BREAST AUGMENTATION: IS IT RIGHT FOR YOU?

Breast augmentation can improve the shape and size of your breasts, restore fullness following pregnancy, or simply give you the "look" you've always wanted. There's never been a better time than now for you to consider breast augmentation with saline-filled breast implants.

- *Immediate, noticeable figure-enhancing results*
- *Advanced saline-filled breast implant technology*
- *Accredited surgical facility*
- *Board-certified medical professionals*

Ask about our flexible, affordable financing options. Call today for more information.

THE CENTER FOR COSMETIC DESIGN
(212) 832-0707
FAX (212) 832-0942
Offices in the tri-state area
515 Madison Avenue • New York, NY 10022



"RESULTS"

...from the best in DermaLaser Technology

20 years of Dermatological experience makes the best in laser skin technology even better
- Jim Baral, M.D.

212-247-1700

BOTOX® & COLLAGEN
AMERICAN DERMATOLOGY CENTER
Major Credit Cards & Insurance Accepted
210 Central Park South, NYC 10019
www.americandermatologyctr.com

THE ART & SCIENCE OF DENTISTRY

PORCELAIN VENEERS
COSMETIC DENTISTRY

Pearlinbrite™ Laser Tooth Whitening
Dr. Linhart uses a revolutionary and unique combination of materials to quickly and effectively whiten teeth in just one visit.

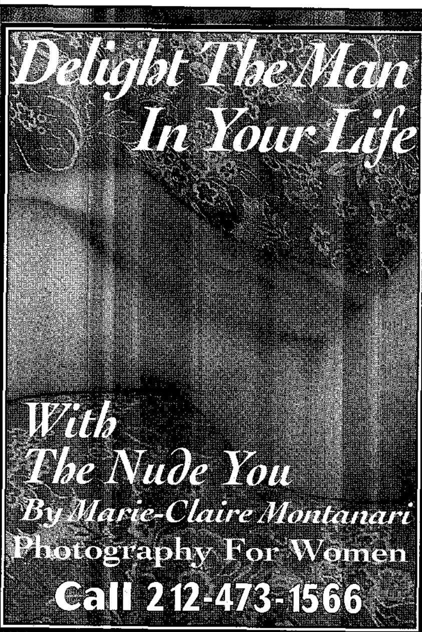
Preview your new smile through the technology of computer imagery!

Park Avenue Centre for Dental Arts
Jan Linhart, D.D.S., P.C. - Director
The Helmsley Building
230 Park Avenue (46th Street), NYC
(212) 867-6272
www.parkavedental.com

Call today for a no-fee consultation without obligation.

All phases of general dentistry included. Member: American Dental Association, American Academy of General Dentistry

We're in the Bell Atlantic Yellow Pages.



Delight The Man In Your Life

With The Nude You
By Marie-Claire Montanari
Photography For Women
Call 212-473-1566

Laser Cosmetic Surgery

Laser Hair Removal & Botox
Spider & Leg veins
Tattoos (Removal)
Tired & Baggy Eyes

D. Litwicki, MD, PC
572 Park Ave. & 102 W. 75th St.
212-873-2334

YOUR CAR/OUR DRIVER

Concerned about shopping/traffic/parking/theft? Relax in your car while our chauffeurs drive you at affordable rates.

Chauffeur Elegance: **212-737-1633**

introducing the ZONE DIET

delivery program prepared fresh & **DELIVERED** to your home **DAILY**

- developed by Dr. Barry Sears, PhD.
- 3 meals 2 snacks
- award winning chef Philip F Andriano
- Nobel Prize-winning research
- only $31.95 a day

For more information call toll free seven days a week, 24 hours a day
1.877.779.ZONE (0663)

THE MEDICAL GUIDE

To place your ad or for advertising information, Please call Mark Bristow at **212.462.3316** or fax **212.462.3595.**

YI PAK

Body Scrub & Deep Tissue Massage
2 Hours Sessions For $100

Includes:

Stress Relieving Steam
Facial Cucumber Pack
Exfoliating Scrub
Full Body Massage
Shampoo & Rinse

10 West 32nd Street, 2nd Floor (Between 5th & Bway)
212-868-0851 / 212-594-1025
FOR WOMEN ONLY
Credit Cards Accepted

Health and Fitness

COSMETIC SURGERY

Say NO To Park Ave. Prices!
Ultrasonic Body Liposuction, Laser Skin Resurfacing
Rhinoplasty, Blepharoplasty, Breast Enhancement
ABPS Certified Surgeon
Call For Free Consultation...212•545•1266
KIPS BAY PLASTIC
SURGERY & SKIN CARE
www.plasticsurgnyc.com

Volunteers Plastic Surgery Studies
Acne, Eyelidplasty & Liposuction.
Discounted Fee. **212-737-8666**

DENTAL

NY BREATH CARE
Provides The Most Effective Anti-Halitosis Treatment Avail. Featured On 20/20 & Today. App't/Info: **212-683-6505**

Laser Teeth Whitening - 212-262-0950—Free Consultation - Cosmetic And Anxiety

Easy, Safe Tooth Whitening.
50% Discount
Gift Certificates Upon Request!
Nancy Coughlin, DDS
212-332-1020
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
BRIGHTEN YOUR SMILE FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

HEALTH & BEAUTY

LASER HAIR REMOVAL
Excellent rates. 50 West 72nd St. **787-5949**

TORN EARLOBE?
FREE EAR PIERCING WITH THE REPAIR OF TORN EARLOBE
212.744.LOBE • 212.744.5623
Insurance Accepted
Where Applicable

LASER HAIR REMOVAL
Proven Method, Fast Results. **212-744-2274**
www.skinovations.com

HOLISTIC HEALTH

BODY RENEWAL
Mini Vacation With Stress Release And Cleansing. Tantra Unveiled. **212-868-7760**

MASSAGE/THERAPEUTIC

MOMI 212-684-6897 36th & Mad Ave.
Massage, Body Treatments, Facials, Special Packages. Private. Divine.

NURSES Sensual Massages, Baths, Intriguing Cleansings w/Personal Touch. 10am-11pm. **212-749-6442**

Cleansing Massage Specialist—Noon-10pm. Emma. By app't. **212-726-0138**

Best Chinese Bodywork—For men/women. In/out. **212-397-9628 / 212-966-8625**

Ki-Touch—E 45. Swedish, Refl, Facials, Steamroom, Colonics. Priv. **212-682-1166**

KOBE 56
Shiatsu & Swedish, Sauna & Steam Room. M/F, Couples. Resid Avail.
23 West 56th St. **212-333-2588 / 586-0555**

COSMETIC SURGERY

PLASTIC SURGERY
New Breast Augmentation without scars & postoperative pain, as seen on NBC News & To Your Health

At the Center we can also help you with all the aspects of cosmetic surgery including ultrasonic liposuction, as seen on New York One News, 20/20 and Prime Time Live.

THE ROYAL TOUCH COSMETIC SURGERY
LEONARD GROSSMAN, MD
Manhattan 212-585-2133
159 East 74th Street, Suite 1M, NY, NY 10021
1922 82nd St. Brooklyn, NY 11214 718.234.0900
www.drgrossman.com
Based on review of the patients involved, greater than 95% reported no pain at all or compared the discomfort to that of a lactating breast.

Chinese Licensed Acupuncture—And Acupressure. East 33rd. **212-448-9289**

THE PARK CLUB
Clean, Quiet, Relaxing Environment.
41 East 60th St., 3rd Fl. **212-751-7781**

Classy—Sensitive, friendly masseuse. Refined clientele. **212-868-9618**

Illiria Spa—Radiant Sauna & Steam. 940 3rd Ave. Elegant. **212-588-8895**

Exquisite Touch—Perfect Healing. Julia. Day/Eve, Monday-Friday. **212-501-4290**

#1 Magic Hands—High-Quality, Full Bodyrub. 7 Days. In/Out. **718-651-8882**

Best Bodywork—7 Days. By App't Only. 350 5th Avenue. **212-290-9550**

Licensed Massage—Downtown. By Appointment. Steam/Sauna. **212-619-1101**

NU LOOK - JAPANESE SPA
Shiatsu - Swedish. Sauna & Steam Room. M/F & Couples. Residential Service Avail. 11 E. 36th. **212-447-6666 / 800-834-7286**

NOEVIR
—Steam, Dry Sauna, Shiatsu, Swedish Massage. **212-594-1602**

Feel Rejuvenated—Full Swedish Body Massage. **212-787-0140**

HOLISTIC CENTER OF NY
Aromatherapy, Reflexology, Facial Massage, Scrub, Wax. Lic'd. East 57th. **752-1060**

Inner Cleansing—By Two Nurses. Ultra-Private. Innovative. **212-684-6756**

Licensed Therapeutic Massage—Douglaston, Queens. **718-225-1123**

Bodywork By Al For Men 212-972-6891—Couples Bodywork. E. 50th. **212-972-6964**

WEIGHT CONTROL

Overweight?
We can help.

The Theodore B. VanItallie Center for Nutrition and Weight Management at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Center is a medically based program specializing in long-term weight management using the latest treatments–from liquid diets and tailored food programs–to medication and surgery for optimal health and disease prevention.

Call for free information on weight loss nutrition and to receive a free weight assessment.

1-877-362-7692
www.WeHealNewYork.org

St. Luke's Roosevelt
Continuum Health Partners, Inc.

MEDICAL

HIV/STD/GENITAL WARTS
Viagra For Sexual Dysfunction.
HIV Results in 15 Mins. Confidential.
Central Park Medical Assoc. 246-0800

LICENSED THERAPY

Premature Ejaculation/Impotence Cured forever in a 3-hr session. 16 yrs research. Dr. Beck. Scientific. Guarantee: Permanent. **Holistic.** Insurance okay. 11am-1pm. Free Phone Consultation. **212-689-9717**

DR.'s SEX THERAPY
A Reputation For THE BEST
MD-Supv **SURROGATE PROGRAM**
PhD & Board-Cert Clinical Sexologists
Private • Results • All Dysfunctions
212-721-7650

Surrogate Therapy—Intelligence, compassion, discretion. 12 years exp. **212-316-4768**

SEXUAL SUCCESS
SEEN ON 20/20 & CNBC
NYC's Only Licensed & Certified* Sex Therapist-Supv SURROGATE PROGRAM.
Cure Impotence/PE/Shyness/Desire And Orgasm Problems. MD Supv & Board Cert.
Proven Success. 212-971-6060
***American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists.**

Impotence / Lack of Desire
Premature Reaction/ Sexual Shyness
Proven Sex Therapy Techniques
Medically Administered Surrogate Program
NY's "only" Surrogate Therapy Program
Administed & Staffed by
NY State Licensed Psychotherapists
The Center For Life Enhancement Svs, Inc.
Free Consultation* (212) 679-6717 *Privacy Assured
Insurance Where Accepted

PERSONAL TRAINER

WOMEN WHO WANT RESULTS
Need **The Bodysmith Co.**, See Us In November Parents Magazine **212-249-1824**

Survival Of The Fittest - Fitness For All Ages—Cert Trainer. Exercise & Safe Weight Loss. Home/Gym. **212-717-2677**

1 Week Free Training—No membership. www.ultimatetraining.com **212-207-8154**

ROLLERBLADES

Rollerblading With Confidence—NY Skateout. All Ages, All Levels. **212-486-1919**

WEIGHT CONTROL

10-15 Stubborn Lbs? Medication, Liquid Protein, Xenical, Saponin, $40/Wk. Upper E Side/Gramercy Pk/Westchester. **570-5058**

We Have The New Medication Everyone Is Talking About! Losing weight has never been easier. MD-supervised. **737-4644**

(888) PERMALOSS
Caring Female MD, Bd-Cert Weight Expert. PERMALOSS Developer. Lowest NYC Fees. No-Fee Consult. 116 CPS.

Medical Weight Loss—Using Medications. Full/Modified Optifast. **212-288-5468**

THE EASY WEIGH™
MD-Supv Weight Loss - No Dieting. Endermologie Available. Best Tech In NYC - 5th Ave., New City, White Plains.
800 423-8746 / 914 638-4464

New York Kids

CAMP ADVISORY SERVICE

Summertime Adventures—Free service. Camps, tours, community service, college programs and more! Helen: **212-772-0230**

ENTERTAINMENT

HOLLYWOODPOP.COM
Priv/Corp • Circus • Mystery • Casino Limo Scavenger Hunt • Carnival • Magic Game Show • Jugglers • Look-Alikes Decor And More! **800-551-4POP (767)**

Starmite Puppets—Lion K, Aladdin, Hercules, Dalmation, Sesame, Dinosaurs, Pooh, Face Paint, Balloons. **212-473-3409**

Gandalf "Knows precisely how to appeal to kids."--NY Magazine. Puppets, magic, juggle, unicycle, wizard clown. **Vi/MC/AX 212-575-3854 • 516-295-5108 • 201-567-5044**

Madeleine: Award-Winning Magician—& TV Clown Like-No-Other! **212-475-7785**

CLOWNMAGICNYC.COM—Characters, Puppets, Ponies. Full-Service. **212-544-8153**

PARTY SPACE

EAST SIDE AMUSEMENTS
GRAND OPENING!
Virtual Reality, Video Games, Billiards, Fun! 10-250pp. Catering Avail. All Ages!
163 East 86th St. **212-831-7665**

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Children's Portrait Photography—Black & white or color, outdoor or studio. Ellen Dooley Photography....... **212-280-1297**

GIFTS

The Toy Store For Very Lucky Kids
Choosing the right toy or gift takes experience. And we've got it. We will personally select, wrap, label and send your gifts.
Call **Scarsdale Child's Play**
800-258-5775 or **914-723-4396**
www.scarsdalechildsplay.com

BOYS CLOTHING

Where do boys shop? At our separate boys store for sizes 8-20 (4-7, too). Find the coolest clothes from Quiksilver, Diesel, And One, JNCO, NY Yankees, NY Knicks... G-Shock watches... backpacks & messenger bags... Crazy Bones... party favors... birthday presents and more! **MARSHA D.D. 1324 Lex Ave. 212-876-9922**

MUSIC

Kids' DJ Disco Parties, Olympic Game—Balloon art/face painting/clown **718-966-0255**

To advertise in *New York Magazines* NY Kids, call Kris: **212-462-3319**

Boats and Yachts

YACHTS FOR ALL SEASONS
Parties planned with your needs in mind.
No event too large or too small.
Corporate & private. **212-534-6380**

DOVE YACHT CHARTERS
M/Y Jabiru M/Y Jacana M/V Jewel
Personalized, Luxurious Yacht Charters.
Dinners A Deux...To Large Corp Events.
www.doveyacht.com
212-594-1561 • 973-482-1991 • 888-860-DOVE

CORPORATE AFFAIRS•WEDDINGS
Charters • Luxurious Dinners
The Skyline, Statue of Liberty, Great Food and Dancing... Who could ask for anything more! Sailing from NY, NJ, CT, Brooklyn, Queens, LI and Westchester.
VIP YACHT CRUISES INC
212-524-9454

To advertise in *New York Magazines* Boats & Yachts, call Alex: **212-462-3325**

Manhattan Yacht Charters
Over a Decade of Value & Service.
Consider Us Above the Rest.
212-995-5470 - ask for Mary.

LEISURE YACHT CHARTERS
Classic Yacht, DIPLOMAT.
Contemporary Yacht, CELEBRITY.
Weddings, Parties, Corporate Events.
See us at Pier 84 at W. 43rd St.
Parties Up To 200 Guests. (212) 594-9555

PRESTIGE YACHT CHARTERS
Planning Unique Events Aboard Luxury Yachts
Call 7 days: **212-717-0300** or **914-723-4510**
www.prestigeyachtcharters.com

MYSTIQUE
Classic Weddings & Private Parties.
MYC, Inc. E. 23rd St., NYC **212-856-9446**
WWW.METYACHT.COM

To advertise in *New York Magazines* Boats & Yachts, call Alex: **212-462-3325**

Holiday Entertaining

CARICATURES

Caricatures & Face Readings—By Sherry Lane. Magical Fun! Corp/Pvt. **212-675-6224**

Leading Caricaturist—Enliven your business or private party. **212-873-1695**

Caricatures By Dale Gladstone—Laughs Guaranteed! Unparalleled. **718-782-2250**

Top Artist—Colorful, Witty. Fun On Paper, T-Shirts. **516-767-4201**

Caricatures—Will make your party great! Available for all parties. **718-643-2629**

ENTERTAINMENT

"ThisIsYourLife"- The older-the better! **www.joshsandsroasts.com 800-474-JOSH**

ALWAYS ENTERTAINING
Fabulous Winter Wonderland Performers, Bands, Stage Shows, Santa, Elves, Reindeer, Dickens Carolers, Magic **212-255-9540**

"BRAVO!" - Murder Mysteries, Magic, Limo Scav Hunt, Lookalikes, Clinton, Austin Powers, Roasts, Casino. **212-744-9000**

SEXY STRIPPERS - Duos
212-744-9000 Hot & Wild. Photos. M/F.

We Have It ALL!!!!
HORIZON: **212-753-3636**
Performers & Shows, DJ/Bands, Comics, Amusements, Casinos, Magicians, Look-Alikes, Carnivals & Much More! Since '76.

Astrology, Tarot, Past Lives, Etc.—Give an unforgettable party! **212-243-6771**

CASINOS•VIRTUAL REALITY•DJ's
Inflatables•Specialty Photos•Catering
Arcade Video/Pinball•Sales/Rentals
NY PARTY WORKS 1-800-469-3866

DRAG PERFORMERS—Outrageous Costumes! B'days, Corp/Theme Events. **SCREAMING QUEENS 212-714-8097**

Exotic Dancers—For bachelor & birthday parties. **212-279-0550 / 718-405-9515**

GORGEOUS STRIPPERS 914-669-8254 You Name It! We Got It! XXX-R rated! Duos & Some Shows Too Risque To Say!

• HARDBODIES, INC •
CLASSY, EXOTIC M/F STRIPPERS
212-988-8484 • 516-795-2400 • 718-693-9441
WWW.HARDBODIESINC.COM

•HOLIDAY PARTIES•
Variety Acts•Interactive Entertainment
Dickens Carolers•Magic•Santa•Elves, etc.
Hot DJ's/Bands•EFX•Performers•Favors
Themes/Decor•Acts•**1,000+ Lookalikes..**
the Whole Event! Est 1979 **800-GET-GALA**

Holiday Specialists
Amazing Ideas • Unforgettable Events
www.scottsmagic.com • 718-984-4668

MAGICIAN DAVID LEVITAN
Conjures sophisticated fun.
Internationally acclaimed! **516-889-9412**

MURDER MYSTERY, INC.
KILL 'EM At Your Next Affair.
Corporate • Private Parties • Fund-Raisers
"So Much Fun - It's Almost Criminal."
800-MURDER INC (800.687.3374)

Murder Mystery—Lookalikes, improv, magic, bands/DJ - we do it all! **888-737-2789**

Naomi's World Of Entertainment, Inc.
EVENT PLANNING - CORP & PRIV
1,200+ Look-Alikes • Casinos • Roasts
Murder Mysteries • Magic • Music & more
www.naomisworld.com or **1-800-304-4911**

Palm Reader—Elegant And Evocative. Entertains All Ages. **212-741-3195**

Palmistry, The Tarot, Numerology—By Registered Psychic. **212-410-1299**

Personalized Singing Telegrams!—NYC, LI, Westch, CT. **1-800-936-SING**

Professional Polaroids—Instant party favors that last a lifetime. **212-246-4975**

•STRIPTEASE•
The **Only** Gift That **UNWRAPS** Itself!!!
212-391-2480 • 718-352-9423 • 516-485-6600

Singing Telegram Anytime—Gorillas To Bellhops - We Have 'Em All! **212-929-8609**

Tarot And Handwriting Analysis—By Gifted And Popular Psychic. **212-353-3336**

Tarot Cards—Wise and optimistic reader will enhance your parties. **212-477-0875**

Master Magician—"Top Rate"--NY Times Amazing Fun For All Events! **718-885-3038**

ENTERTAINMENT/MUSIC

Pianist/Singer—Jazzy Gershwin, B'way, More... **www.jonathansegal.com 212-222-3169**

Karaoke/DJ Parties—Prof'l And Fun! David **718-631-1024 expresswaymusic.com**

Need Great Entertainment!!?—One Man Band Plus/Cory Morgenstern **914-478-0073**

Hot Samba/Cool Bossa Nova—Great Brazilian Music! Sabor Brasil. **212 865-4787**

Jazz/Classical & South American—Greg Ribot: **212-727-0219 / 201-656-4289**

A Touch Of Class DJs—Make your corp party fun. Top music/dancers. **718-966-0255**

Hot Live Music—Cool prices! All styles. Reliable, insured. Book now! **718-831-0277**

Mix 'N Match Music Trios—Gershwin to Mozart for Your Event. **718-278-5331**

Party Music—The Band With The Groove To Make You Move! **212-280-7462**

The Black Tie Violins & Ensembles "Truly beautiful music!" Media events, corp dining, home entertain. **718-478-2982**

CHARLOTTE RUSSE MUSIC
Swing•Rock•Classical•Motown•Klezmer
Holiday Parties **212 582-5694 / 516 374-5422**

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

GIFT BASKETS

Baskets Galore At The Purple Door—A gift no one ever returns. 212-627-4076

GOURMET CATERING

A Chef's Table Ltd.... 212-427-1089—Unique Gourmet Food & Floral Design.

BABY J'S
Upscale catering for every occasion. Full event planning. Corp & priv. 212-831-3500

LEISURE ACTIVITIES

VIDEO HORSE RACING
Liven up your next corp meeting, trade show or Xmas party w/thoroughbred horse races in color and sound on VHS tapes. Can be customized to your product line. 718-327-2248 www.armchairraces.com

PARTY CONSULTANT

WORLDWIDE EVENTS—212-734-3638
Great Parties! Great Dinners! Reasonable!!
www.worldwideeventsltd.com

PARTY HELP

On-Site—Food Prep, Serving, Cleanup. For Your Occasion, Inc. 212-682-6281

PARTY PLANNING

ENTERTAINMENT AND PLACES
24 Years Experience. 3,400 Events.
!!!HOLIDAY & 12/31/99 EVENTS!!!
Corp/Priv. Eric Silvey Ent.: 212-486-9517

Thanksgiving Day Parade Party—Priv 2nd fl rm w/vu + b'fast for 100+ 545-1160

NO-FEE EVENT PLANNING Corp & Private Parties, Weddings. Top Client List.
Red Letter Events 212-772-1177
www.redletterevents.com

Happy Holidays—Everything you need for a beautiful and affordable event... Sites, decor, rentals and staff. **ARD 516-909-8580**

PARTY SERVICE

Coldwaters - Private Room Seats 15-75—988 Second Ave. nr 52nd St. 212-888-2122

PARTY SPACE

MICKEY MANTLE'S
- Exciting sports atmosphere
- Sports celebrity appearances arranged
- Bar Mitzvahs
- Many options to fit your budget

1999 HOLIDAY PARTIES!
Call Larry Tart at **212-688-7777**

EAST SIDE AMUSEMENTS
Newly Renovated 5,000 Sq Ft Facility
Virt. Reality/Video Games/Billiards/Bar
Private/Corp. Avail New Years Eve 2000.
Great For 10-250 people. 212-831-7665

Large & Small, Corporate & Ball
Uptown & Down. Free Location Service.
Event of the Year, Inc. 212-807-0907

S.O.B.'s Corporate Holiday Parties A world of music, a world of food. Exclusive and non-exclusive. 20-500pp. Bands, DJs, Dancers. Call: 212-243-4940

NEW YEAR'S EVE 1999
Don't Miss Out! Book Now!
Spaces Going Fast! 212-684-6402

To advertise in *New York Magazines* Entertaining, call Alex: 212-462-3325

200 FIFTH 675-2080
NYC's Most Exclusive Ballroom. Weddings, Fund Raisers, Corp Events. 100-999p.
www.200fifth.com

Decade - NY's Premier Event Space Corp/priv dinners/events, bar/bat mitzvahs, rehearsals. Call Kerry: 212-835-5979

TriBeCa Party Space
No. Moore—50-250 people.
Choice holiday dates still available.
212-925-2901 email: **parties@nomoore.com**

BOWLMOR LANES—Largest bowling center in Manhattan. 2 full bars & 42 lanes. Private floor & party room avail. 255-8188

1,350 Sq Ft SoHo Loft—Artsy/Unique, Full Kitchen, Sound System. 212-941-1765

LUVBUZZ—Uniquely designed cocktail lounge on Upper East Side. 10-115pp. Catering avail. Jane: 212-717-0100 ext 14

The Leopard—"Party specialist." --Zagat '99. For 10-50. Call Andrew: 212-759-3735

Very Cool New Space—25th/Park. Cater in/out. ***Star chef. Book yr Xmas/ New Year's parties now! 212-479-7379

'91'
Chic downtown loft space with catering. 20-150pp. 91 Horatio Street. 212-691-4570

PULSE NIGHTCLUB
Elegant midtown locale (E. 54 btw 2 & 3). Corp & private parties (75-400). 688-5577

HOLIDAY PARTY SPECIALISTS
WWW.PRINCESTREETCLUB.COM
#1 location in Soho for priv/corp events to 120pp. Catering available. 212-353-0707

Madison Square Garden
Restaurants and Catering 212-465-6106

CALIENTE CAB CO.
Greenwich Village Mexican Cafes.
•Live VJ's & A/V System • **IT'S HOT!**
Holiday Party Packages From $30.
15-220pp. Call Dom: 212-243-1817
ALSO AVAIL NEW YEAR'S EVE 2000.

Mendy's—Arcade games/sports bar. Ideal 4 Hol. Parties/B. mitz's, 20-400p 877-6787

METRONOME
NY's premiere party space in Flatiron/ Gramercy. 2 rooms, 10-700pp. B'way @ 21st St. 505-7400 www.metronomenyc.com

Rodeo Grill—Live music, 2 party rooms. 375 Third Ave. (27th St.) 212-683-6500

Time Cafe & Fez—Spacious Restaurants. Sexy Moroccan Lounges. Holiday & New Year's Parties, 30-500pp. Downtown & Uptown Locatons. Call Kristen: 533-7000

PRIVATE PARTIES MADE EASY Restaurant in Landmark Brownstone accommodating 20-200pp. Any occasion or budget. Call Mauro at: 212-501-7014

Savoy—Times Sq.lounge avail for Xmas/ b'day/ 12/31/99 parties 20-80p. 977-8363

PARTY SPACE

Sophisticated Corporate Event Space

- Corporate Special Events
- Video and Movie Shoots, Product Launches
- Bar Mitzvah & Sweet 16 Parties

Dinner, Cocktails, Dancing, Lighting, Sound and the BEST Video System in New York.

208 West 23rd St (7th Ave) NYC 212.929.8900

THE PARTY LOFT
212-620-0622

www.successfulaffairs.com
Uncovers the finest in party facilities. Our service is at no cost to you. 212-684-6402

3 Bars/3 Great Locations—All Avail For Private Millennium Parties. 917-381-8033

CORPORATE HOLIDAY PARTIES Fabulous locations, no-fee planning and locale svc, budget-conscious. 212-477-4514

B-Bar & Grill FKA Bowery Bar & Grill... Spacious restaurant, private lounge, beautiful 3,000 sq ft garden/patio. Affordable. Avail for holiday parties 30-800pp. 475-2220

MILLENNIUM PARTY SPACE
3 blocks from Times Sq. Up to 200 people.
Also corp/priv holiday parties. 212-246-2030

SPACIOUS PRIVATE RESIDENCE Casual To Embassy Style. All-Inclusive. Custom Events. 10-75 pp. 212-877-9361

Metropolitan Pavilion
Elegant, sophisticated, stylish.
www.metropolitanevents.com 212-463-0071

Antique,Unique!—W.Vlg.20 Fr drs, open-air lnge,mahog bar,tin ceils, 20-200. Book yr Xmas/NewYear's parties now! 479-7306

EAT, DRINK & BE MERRY
5 unique locations. Any occasion.
All budgets. 20-400pp. 212-585-2371

DEZERLAND
NEW YORK'S BEST PARTY PLACE
The Perfect Location for Corporate Holiday Parties for 50 to 1,500 guests
We can create an event to fit every budget!
Starlight Casino Ballroom
Fun City Gameroom/Arcade
Drive In Movie Theatre
270 Eleventh Ave., NYC (212) 564-4590

OPALINE
WWW.OPALINE.CITYSEARCH.COM
Romantic & Elegant, 20-400. 212-475-5050

Your Wedding, Bar Mitzvah, Birthday in our beautiful Upper East Side setting. Event plan'g. **202east** Doug: 212-861-4330

WEDDINGS

Tribeca's Ultimate Event Space—www.tribec.com

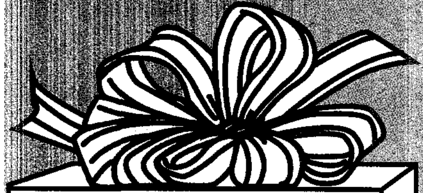
TO ADVERTISE IN
Holiday Entertaining
call Alex:
212.462.3325
or fax:
212.462.3595

DESIGN DIRECTORY

WOOD-O-RAMA, Inc.

We have the solution to your problems in remodeling or restoring. We stock over 700 moldings in Oak, Pine, Poplar, Mahogany and Plastic.
We do kitchen cabinetry too!

WOOD-O-RAMA, INC.
238 West 108th St. (Off Bway)
749-6438 1-800-244-6653



TO ADVERTISE IN THE

HOLIDAY GIFT ISSUE

issue date: **11/29**
on sale: **11/22**
space deadline: **11/11**

Reach over one million of New York's most sophisticated readers!

contact
Kris Cappadona
call: **212.462.3319**
fax: **212.462.3595**

M. DAVIS & ASSOCIATES, INC.

YOUR ONE SOURCE FOR ALL YOUR ORGANIZATIONAL NEEDS FOR HOME/OFFICE & CREATIVE, ELEGANT INTERIOR DESIGN SERVICES
212-288-1018

AS SEEN ON
CBS • NBC • ABC • CNN

NO BIG DEAL
INTERIOR DECORATING

TAKE THE TERROR OUT OF DECORATING. TALENTED PRO WILL HELP YOU WITH YOUR ROOM, APARTMENT, OR HOUSE.

NO JOB TOO SMALL
LOWEST RATES
ACCESS TO ALL WHOLESALE SHOWROOMS

CALL STEVE LYONS
ANYTIME: 212-338-0888
Tri-State Area • Excellent References • 16th Year

TRACK BY JACK

TRACK LIGHTING SPECIALISTS

Installation. Sales. Wholesale bulbs. Update old cans w/small, efficient, low-voltage halogens.
212-714-3886 • 914-725-0785

DAVID KLEIN DESIGN

212-679-0926
dkleindesign@yahoo.com
MAKE IT STYLISH, MAKE IT BEAUTIFUL, MAKE IT HOME.
LET A CREATIVE INTERIOR DESIGNER MAKE IT EASY.

USE WHAT YOU HAVE DECORATING

Now in Paperback!

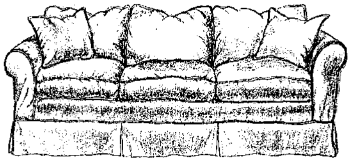
USE WHAT YOU HAVE
interiors

EXPERT REDECORATION W/O NEW INVESTMENT

ONLY $325/ROOM

RECOMMENDED BY ABC-TV • CBS-TV • NY TIMES
HOUSE BEAUTIFUL • NY MAGAZINE • MET HOME
CALL FOR FREE BROCHURE
212-288-8888
www.redecorate.com

REUPHOLSTERY
SLIPCOVERS



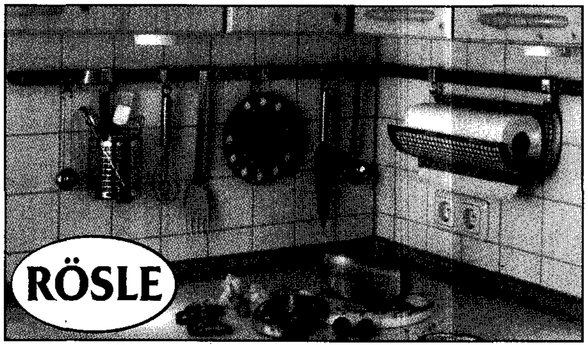
FACTORY DIRECT LABOR PRICES
FABRICS OF EVERY DESCRIPTIONS AVAILABLE AT AN ADDITIONAL CHARGE

REUPHOLSTERY		DRAPERY	SLIP COVERINGS	
SOFA	CHAIR	PER PAIR	SOFA	CHAIR
$369	$239	$119	$179	$109

Call For Free Shop-At-Home Decorating Services
Serving All Boros, Westchester & L.I.

MANHATTAN	1(800)	BROOKLYN
212-385-2253	MARC TASH	718-336-3326

MARC TASH INTERIORS



S.FELDMAN
HOUSE WARES

1304 Madison Avenue @92nd St.
New York, NY 10128
212-289-7367 fax 289-4428
OPEN 7 days.

Transform your space with Rosle's "open kitchen" system. Over 1000 items available...from canisters to clocks. Come in or call for catalog.

NY Office

ACCOUNTING SERVICES

Bookkeeping For The Busy Professional Organize your records and receipts; file timely tax returns; avoid interest charges; balance checkbook. Call: 212-799-5907

To advertise in *New York Magazines* NY Office, call Kris: 212-462-3319

EQUIPMENT REPAIR

GOLDEN BUSINESS SUPPLIES
—A division of Skyline Connections, specializing in hard-to-find items.
A complete line of ofc supplies, business machines & computers. On-site printer repair. 914-939-1090 Fax: 914-939-0937

PERSONAL ORGANIZER

Get Organized—In your home/work space. Call for free consult: 718-797-1303

Premier Organizing—Solve your clutter & paper load. Home/office. Free est. 539-1275

TO ADVERTISE IN
New York Magazines
NY Office,
Call Kris: 212.462.3319

Interiors and Exteriors

ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN

A&A—Design w/European flair to full renov. Shop wholesale US/Europe. Featured in NY Times. Free consult: 212-570-6297

CENTRAL VACUUM SYSTEMS

Installation • Sales • Service • Free Est.
Scorpion Central Vacuum 718-377-4852

CLOSETS

SPACEMASTER CLOSET—Closet And Storage Solutions, Plus Mirrored Doors. Free Estimates. Insured. Refs. 212-382-1533

CITY CLOSET CO.—Free estimates... *All types of shelving. Space professionals.* Affordable pricing. 212-945-4010

DESIGN/BUILD

Quality Design/Build Reno Co.—35 yrs. Lic/Ins. Free Est. **TRC Inc.** 212-679-4825

DECORATIVE ACCENTS

Do you need your home decorated for the Holidays or a Special Occasion?
Call Claire or Michael: 718-786-2165

CUSTOM FRAMING

"Have frame, will travel"... To your home/ofc.
Corp • Priv • Designers • Museum Quality
30+ yrs exp. Call Dominick: 718-369-2499

FLOORS

J. Rappaport Wood Flooring—Installation, refinishing, repairs. Exp/ins. 800-867-8341

GENERAL CONTRACTOR

We Specialize in
Apartment Interiors

Painting • Faux Finishing
Carpentry • Woodwork • Tile
Wood Floors • Wall Divider

Small & Big Jobs Welcome!
Free Estimates. Insured.
212-749-7171
917-991-2090

INTERIOR DESIGNERS & ARCHITECTS

USE-WHAT-YOU-HAVE INTERIORS
More Than Just Rearrangement.
Flat Rate-**Only $325/Rm**• Free Brochure
212-288-8888 redecorate.com

Direct from France

All Chocolate Bottle filled with Chocolate Truffles
Vintage Year 2000 Label

Available nationwide at Saks Fifth Ave.
or via
Crossings
Importers of French Epicurean Specialties
Mail Order/Corp. Gifts, $50. Incl. ship.

1-800-209-6141

NO BIG DEAL—Take the terror out of decorating. Talented pro can help you. Lowest rates. **No job too small.** Ref's. Special access to **all** wholesale showrooms.
As Seen on ABC • CBS • NBC • CNN
Tri-State Area
Call Steve Lyons: 212-338-0888

Former Bloomingdale's Designer—Will beautifully transform your space. Creative. To Budget. **Sasha Designs:** 212-243-1738

C.S. INTERIORS—Exp'd, affordable decorators. Flat fees. Our discount is your discount. Home/office. Complete renovations. References available. 212-734-2689

Special Issue

Holiday Gifts

ISSUE DATE: NOVEMBER 29

This truly special issue will be on sale Monday, November 22.

Advertising deadline is November 10.

Call 212-463-0024
to place your ad.

Rent-A-Decorator®—*Budget-oriented* pro designs "your" space at "your" pace. Fees from $100/hr. Featured in NY Times & Glamour. Call for reprints: 212-826-1069

LIGHTING

Lighting By Gregory ....212-226-1276 See what Lightolier's **"Designing With Light"** is all about. **Showroom: 158 Bowery**

PAINTING & WALLPAPERING

Absolute Best Painting Woodwork—Ins/Excellent Refs. Affordable. 212-744-9413

T&M PAINTING—Carpentry, wallpaper, tile, plaster, faux fin. Free est. Ins. 718-278-3372

Rigas Painting Custom painting, plastering, wallpapering. Residential/commercial. Free estimates. Ins. 212-980-4469

J. Boster Painting & Paper—Quality craftsmanship for all interiors. 914-398-0995

Sagebrush Painting Co. 212-627-4212—Painting/Plastering, Faux Finishes... Ins.

Best Painting—Great Prices!! Licensed And Insured. 212-726-1170

ORGANIZER

The Hamptons Premier Organizers—For home/office & events. Joella: 516-287-1592

STAINLESS STEEL

Custom Countertops—Tables, Hoods, Sinks. Free Est. Grassi Inc. 212-475-2384

TABLEPADS

Protect Your Tables For The Holidays—Personal in-home service. Lifetime warranty. 75 years of quality mfg. Free measuring service. Guardian: (212) 734-4668

WINDOW TREATMENT

LOWEST PRICES—Silhouette, Duette, Verticals, Mini-Blinds, Draperies And All Soft Treatments. **KINGSBORO:** 212-243-0722

Levolor/Duettes/Silhouettes/Wood
"Best Buy!" - Joan Hamburg
212-228-8600................................718-748-8600

ELITE WINDOW TREATMENTS
Verticals, Minis, Silhouettes, Duette and Draperies. **Lowest Prices:** 212-807-8674

Draperies • Valances • Blinds • Shades
Slipcovers • Reupholstery
Custom Furniture • Shop-At-Home-Service
Bay Decorators 212-432-5522 / 718-769-7772

To advertise in *New York Magazines* Interiors & Exteriors, call Kris: 212-462-3319

Marketplace

APPLIANCES

ALL MAJOR APPLIANCES
Guar lowest prices. Imm del. Auth dealer.
718-338-3500 / 774-0198 Expert advice.

PRICEWATCHERS factory-auth TV, vcr, AC, major appl, built-ins, ref, washer, dryer. Ship tri-state. Call w/make/model #. Lowest prices: **800 336-6694 / 718 470-1620**

800-221-BUYS 212-513-1513
Major Appliances, TVs & Air Cond. At Low, Low Prices. **Home Sales Enterprises**

ASTROLOGY

The Love Psychic—Readings That Change Your Life. Visa/MC. **212-874-7692**

www.mariathepsychic.com—Astrology For Friends And Lovers. **215-934-5908**

Clairvoyant—Free Energy Analysis. Relationship/Finance/'99 Forecast **800-720-5592**

Psychic/Tarot—Do you need more light? I bring more light. Cleo: **718-871-4335**

Astrology Consultant, C.S.W.
Take Your Chart Analysis On Tape W/You.
CC's. **888-707-0078** (NYC)

Psychic Readings by Michael Lafferty—CC's. www.psychicread.com **215-482-6517**

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Generate $—By helping others achieve longevity. Guarant'd. Req tape: **800-618-1325**

CLEANING SERVICE

McMaid Service
ESTABLISHED 1971
- Post-Construction
- Corporate Apartment
- Common Areas
- Move In/Move Out
- Just Plain Housecleaning
- Fully Insured/Bonded

Think McMaid
www.mcmaid.com
(212) 371 - 5555

Busy? No Problem! Let **Leisure Cleaning** Help! Big Jobs. Wkly. Move In/Out. Corp Accts. Insured. Call: **212-628-6130** & Relax.

Imacuclean - NY's No-Nonsense
Cleaning svc. Bonded, insured. References proudly faxed on request. **212-685-5461**

COLLECTIBLES

RUSS AT FAO, Sat, 11/13
12:30-3pm. Meet teddy-bear creator, Russ Berrie! He'll greet bear lovers & sign purchases of **RUSS' Vintage Edition** bears.

FASHION

Designer Dresses—Hand-beaded.
Discount rate. Sizes 5 thru XL.
Small studio. For app't: **212-262-6582**

GIFT BASKETS

Quintessential Basket™—Customized. Elegance, Service & Quality™. **695-3550**

LIMOUSINE SERVICE

Stretch—$60/hr. Special: $179/4 hrs. Avail 24 hrs/7 days. All credit cards. **800-253-4546**

PETS

Cat Care—Cat-sitting in your home. Bonded. West: **947-6190**; East: **838-2996**

PERSONAL SHOPPER

Shopper At-Large—Are you a stylish, large-size woman? Have trouble shopping? Let me do it for you! Closet consultation available! Call: **212-452-3182**

SEMINARS

FREE SEMINAR "Your Rx for Secure Aging - Navigate Financial And Health Care Resources". .... **212-764-6262 x 249**

To advertise in *New York Magazines* Marketplace,
call Kris: **212-462-3319** or Mark: **212.462.3316**

Massage

Beauty & Bodywork—Elegant, Sensual And Discreet. Lisa: **212-517-6465**

Playful And Delightful—Adorable And Sensual. Call: **212-826-9809**

Magic Touch—Professional massage. East 60s location. Private. **212-650-9511**

Vanessa's Secret—Adventures In Exotic Bodyrub. East 50s. **212-307-9794**

An Elegant Escape—West 13th St. Private. Convenient to Wall St. **212-243-1118**

Sensual Escape—Playful and stimulating. In/out. Call: **212-799-9437**

Exceptional Massage—By Marie/Claudine. Clean/Pvt. E 50s. **212-888-3497**

5TH AVENUE & 52ND
The 8th Wonder... **212-946-1331**

Extraordinary Touch—Unforgettable! East 20s... **212-685-5614**

Simply Darling—Pleasingly irresistible. In/outcall. **212-799-9437**

PURE DELIGHT
E. 70s. Soothing & Relaxing. **212-717-9049**

PURE BLISS
Private. Credit Cards.
212-213-2977

GRAND OPENING
KEYKU **212-391-9644**

The Tender Trap—Get caught up in very exotic bodyrub! W. 50s/E. 40s. **212-307-9794**

Pears—Eclectic excellence, featuring synchronization. **212-505-5151/212-779-9944**

CLASSY FRENCH MASSEUSE
Studio & Residential. **212-472-1138**

RUSSIAN MASSAGE & COLONIC
Therapy Dispos. W. 94th: **212-222-4868**
E. 51st: **751-2319** Friendly - Natasha/Joe

DELIGHTFUL TOUCH
Sensual And Satisfying. **212-754-1470**

Go No Further www.net-girlsinc.com—18 Years+. **212-868-0635**

HIDDEN TREASURE
Upper East Side. **212-327-0244**

East 60s—Skillful European Masseuse. Clean, Private. 7 Days. **212-838-8388**

Absolute Pleasure—In my private East 50s studio. In/out. **212-829-0158**

JAPANESE SHIATSU
Call: **212-799-7087**. Uptown.

The Incredible Lightness Of Touch—W. Village/Wall St. access. **212-645-4995**

European Dreamin'...—Sophisticated. Gramercy Area. **212-253-2685**

Angel Touch Spa—Colonic Therapy. Sauna, Jacuzzi, Massage. **718-997-7772**

SENSUAL & ELEGANT
"Very Exclusive"
Park Avenue & 60th
Hotel & Residential
Top International Models
212-753-3030

Yanna—Eloquent Massage. Upper East Side & 5th. **212-308-4658**

Neiki—Extraordinary Relaxation. Fit For A King! **718-358-1771**

Body Pampering By Amanda—All CC's. www.bodyheatescorts.com **212-684-8621**

JAPAN BLUE
7 Days, 24 Hrs. Outcall Only. **212-868-1004**

Deep Bodyrub For Men By Robert—Safe And Discreet. **212-586-5121**

Midtown's Best Bodyrub—CC accepted. 47th/7th. **212-840-4807 / 718-783-8176**

PARK EAST 212-223-2650
Swedish & Shiatsu. Outcall Only.

Courtney's Back!—Excellent Bodywork. Midtown. Call: **212-307-6645**

MIDTOWN EAST 53rd
Shiatsu & Swedish. CC's. **212-755-6329**

Sylvia—Discreet, Quality Service, Exclusively For Refined Gentlemen. **212-755-9074**

Pamela & Brooke - On Summer Break
Private & Luxury. All CC's.
www.bodyheatescorts.com 212-684-8616

Lee's Studio 54—Best Swedish And Shiatsu. **212-755-7178**

Sweet Jade—Will Pamper You. Private Studio. **212-980-2379**

East 30th & Lexington
Magic touch. Excellent massage. **212-545-9940**

Sensuality And Relaxation—Private And Elegant. By Appointment. **212-613-5817**

ORIENTAL DELIGHT
Massage/relaxation. Resid. **212-686-2222**

Oasis Off 57th St.—Private salon offers sensual bodyrubs. In/out. **212-593-3401**

Massage & Spa—Shiatsu, Swedish & Steam Bath. **201-313-9215** Best in NJ.

Relaxing Bodyrub—100% Satisfaction. East 73rd St. & 1st Ave. Call: **212-249-7490**

New! Abaca Club—
Clean. Private. B'klyn/NYC. **718-921-4085**

Charles—Sensual, warm hands for men. Jacuzzi/facial/shower. Cpls. **212-832-7872**

Asian Sweet—New, Elegant Body Rub. Hotel/Residential. **212-251-1002**

Stephanie From Ukraine—Pvt. 7 days a week from 11am. Midtown. **212-715-0494**

Full Body Rub By Anton—For Men. Columbus Circle. Discreet. **212-969-9514**

Miramar—Formerly 61st & Madison. Superb Bodyrub. By App't. **212-826-8814**

MAKI 212-751-5550
Shiatsu. Studio/Residential.

Francesca—Mature woman. East 50s. Mon-Fri, 11am-12am. In/out. **644-1794**

Mature Beauty—Pampering for upscale men. Private resid. Lyndsey: **212-490-9512**

GINZA 212-684-2121
Shiatsu & Swedish. 12 East 33rd St.

Sensuality With A French Twist—You'll Love It! Call Sophia: **212-588-0293**

EURO MASSAGE
East 50th St. Pvt. 7 Days. **212-758-0808**

COSTA DEL SOL
World Of Relaxation. **212-593-1605**

Diana & Natalie—Elegant Masseuses. Private. Downtown. **212-279-3222**

Personalized—We'll Create The Perfect Bodywork For You. Outcalls. **718-735-3266**

Susan & Lynn—Sensitive massage - by mature lady. 11:30-7:30pm. **718-426-4979**

East 45th Stress Relief—7 Days. Private. By Appointment. **212-949-9183**

201-840-1743—Best Asian tension relief. Near GWB. **www.massageplaces.com**

Light Ebony Male For Men—Private. Midtown East. **212-686-2316**

John Massages Men—Deep, sensual and satisfying. CC's. NYC cell#: **914-419-0116**

30TH ST. & LEXINGTON
Body Care. Pro Swedish. **212-545-9911**

5th Avenue & 36th St.—Intensive Body. Prof'l Swedish Massage. **212-465-9704**

MATTHEW FOR MEN
A Class Act. Call Matt: **212-586-6172** 24 Hrs

Japanese Therapy—Open 7 days. By app't. Call: **914-371-0693**

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

5TH AVENUE & 36TH ST.
—Prof'l Swedish Massage. 212-465-9715

EAST 80TH STREET
Excellent Bodywork. Call: 212-861-3282

OSAKA 212-575-5977
Swedish & Shiatsu. Outcall Only.

E. 55th - Unforgettable Touch
Upscale. Pvt. By App't. 212-319-1538

49TH & MADISON
Affordable/relaxing. All CC's. 212-223-3166

KASA 212-683-1206
Professional Masseuses From Japan.

DEAR SALON
STRESS RELIEF 516-586-6888

MIGA 212-935-9294
—World-Class Massage. Upper W. Side.

Kathy From Moscow—Private. From 11am. Midtown. 212-867-3867

Ebony Male Model For Men
24 Hours. Call Loic: 212-967-1659

East 64th Street—Excellent, Professional Swedish Massage. 7 Days. 212-838-8380

LUCKY SALON
Call: **516-696-3628**

Spring Valley 718-740-9648
Bellerose, CIP, Exit 27W. Easy Parking.

NEW! TOUCH OF CLASS
Shiatsu/Swedish. 48th/5th. 869-2727

Mara—Elegant, Mature and Friends. In/Out. CC's. Call: 212-973-0102

UNFORGETTABLE
(NJ) 201-969-1323
Best massage! Just across Hudson River.

Queens Dolls—Bellerose - 718-776-7807 & Floral Park - 718-831-9729 11am-7pm

East 58th St. & 2nd Ave—Professional Massage. 212-751-9548

Bodywork For Men By Tomas & Joe—Relax, refresh. Pvt, safe. CCs okay. 689-9030

Mature, Sensual, Classy Lady—Elegant, Private, 7 Days. 212-262-4537

Euro-Asian Model—Exotic, Sensual. Outcalls. 917-553-7882

LILLY
The Perfect Private Interlude
212-807-1822

Swedish Beauty—West 10th St. New Manhattan number: 646-486-1550

Fresh From The West—Sweet, gregarious, sophisticated, adorable. 212-787-2925

Ukraine—Midtown East. 10:30am-8pm. Call: 212-279-1780

Massage By Couple—Unique in NY. Try it! Tantra style. Lex Ave. 212-972-6964

Sensitive Man W/Healing Hands—Men only. Call Marc, 9am-9pm. 212-255-8854

Massage—Swedish/Shiatsu. Body Scrub, Facial. Steam/Shower. 212-661-0777

PARK AVE. & 54th
Upscale, Exclusive. By App't. 212-888-2454

Penn Sta., Nice Locale, Swedish—Till 2am. Studio/hotel/res. Paula: 212-268-2830

Exotic French Masseuse—With sensual touch. For upscale gentlemen. 917-945-5224

FUJI 212-207-8959
Shiatsu/Swedish. Res/Studio.

Role Play

Nurse Fantasy—Cleansing. By Appointment Only. 212-689-1876

KELLY—
Totally Awesome. Outcalls. 212-714-4787

AMERICAN BEAUTIES
since 1990
New York City's Most Private Club.
7 DAYS
By Appointment Only.
Credit Cards Welcome.
www.american-beauties.com

Extreme Pampering—Baths/Candles/Music/Discretion. Midtown. 212-448-0954

Creole Nurse—Sensual To Fetish Exam/Cleansing. CC's. In/OutCall. 212-358-5740

Candy - Sutton Place—Upscale, elegant, beautiful and private. 212-980-8118

Phone Play—All fetishes. No taboos. CC's. 718-767-7907

Step Off The Stress Mill—Role-Play & Complete Relaxation. Nina: 212-868-0268

Jenny And Friends—Role-Play. For Information, Call: 212-754-0790

Midtown Studio - Role-Play—And All Fetishes. In/Outcall. 11am-? 212-575-6963

ORIENTAL PALACE
718-361-1221 / 718-361-1247
Queens Plaza, Long Island City

Charles' Angels
(212) 254-7188
There Is a certain Excellence Money CAN Buy
Perfection Matters.
Exquisite Female & Male Models
1-800-266-0086 www.charlesangelsnyc.com

PASSIONATE PRIVATE NURSE
Personalized & Intimate. 212-354-4391

Honey - Sutton Place—For Magic Moments. Luxurious, Private. 212-838-2653

Brigitte—Sensual, Private And Discreet. By App't Only. Midtown. 212-371-2462

A Gentle Gal For A Gentleman—Warm Rubdown. Upscale. 212-879-8965

Matinee, Mature Lady—Rubenesque. Relaxing, Good Atmosphere. 718-520-0197

NYESCAPADES.COM—
212-445-0548

Island Amazon—All Fantasies. In/Outcall. CC's. 212-358-3433

LIZA & CO.
Superb, Upscale Relaxation.
Hotel/Residential. 212-888-4784

Hidden Pleasures—Sensuous, Private Playmates. 212-273-9653

ROSE CLUB
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
ASIAN LADIES IN NY
Open 24 hrs / 7 days
212-354-5599
718-482-8900
www.oriental-ny.com

Dream Connection—Fantastic, Elegant, Beautiful. 7 Days. 718-854-7840

Lea—Expensive. Beauty. Exotic Relaxation. Very Private. 212-829-1243

www.Bluebunnies.com
Most essential for the elite
The most trusted. Real pictures

Texas Beauty Queen—Fantasy Role-Play. Complete Relaxation. Sara. 212-947-0527

Swimsuit Model—Swiss Calendar Gal In NY For Fantasies. 212-972-3359

Russian Dream—Relax, Enjoy. In-Call. Brooklyn. 718-645-4334

SOCIETY
For the Upscale Gentlemen
Who Demand The Very Best.
WWW.SOCIETY-GIRLS.COM
212-727-2000

TOKYO AKASAKA
212-695-7779 Outcalls Only. 24/7.

The Ground We Walk On—Fantasy, Worship And Role-Play. 212-629-2066

Angie & Friends—In/Out. Credit Cards. 212-828-5686 / 212-828-5683

Samantha—Sweet, Sensual, Smart, Unhurried. Call: 212-330-8282

WWW.EXOTICA-2000.COM
Open 24/7 - New agency - All Major CC's
Hot, Sensual, Elegant Models
and Adult Film Stars
Await You!
As a Refined Gentleman You Know That Quality is Priceless
212-686-8777

Mistress Alexandra—Private. Wall Street Area. Upscale. 212-791-0625

SENSUOUS GOVERNESS
Care And Training For Men. 212-764-4872

Gentlemen Of Quality—Get Away To Mature, Private Relaxation. 212-627-4795

EXOTIC MAXINE
For The Maximum Pleasure.
Discreet & Private.
Upscale Only!
You'll Love It!
212-481-6053

Wall Street Escape—Bodywork, fantasy role-play. Discreet & private. 212-766-9885

Mistress Jessica—Teacher/Executive Boss. Behavior Therapy. 212-358-3919

Fantasy Men
New York's Premier Male Models
(212) 388-1500
Safe and discreet. All major credit cards.

Tammy—Asian Delight. Incall And Outcall. West 50s. 212-445-0726

www.wallstadventures.com
—Pvt upscale. Wall St. area. 212-509-6773

Calendar Gals
WHERE THE BEST COST THE LEAST.
Residential / Hotel
Credit Cards Welcome
24 Hours /7 Days
212-509-0975

FUJE
Private Modeling Service.
For Discreet Gentlemen!
Appointment Only.
A/C COOL!
212-967-9199

A Taste Of Honey—Mature ebony lady. Private, elegant and sensual. 718-762-1968

Vanessa—Upscale Ebony Model. Midtown. Private. Call: 212-946-2178

New Yorks Most Exclusive Service
IS NOW ACCEPTING NEW CLIENTS
By Appointment Only **212-267-1740**

Upscale, Luxurious—Upper East Side. www.parisintown.com 212-831-4281

Passion, Sensuality, Obsession, Lust—Suzo-Kafka Role-Play. 516-773-4284

NEW YORK DOLLS
Sensual ladies for upscale gentlemen. Discretion assured. In/out calls.
212-750-6686
www.ny-dolls.com

Mistress—To Make Yourself Available... Call: 212-330-8037

Regina—Exciting European Femme Fatale. Your Resid Only. 212-598-3061

32 SHIATSU
Original Massage.
Hotel & Residential.
VIP Service
212-268-8728

SheMale—You Will Leave With A Smile. Call Amy: 212-849-2798

Ms. Nicole Returns—New Westchester Locale & NYC. 212-352-4352

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

ASIANESCORTSERVICE.COM

212.531.0200
212.533.2200

POLITE MISTRESSES
Play Out All Your Fetishes & Fantasies
212-696-4965

Russian Mistress And Beauties—Exclusive/Private. Brooklyn. 718-259-1581

JANE'S PLACE
A LOT OF FUN PEOPLE
IN A DISCREET AND
CONVENIENT LOCATION.
(212) 929-9122
janesplacenyc.com

Exquisite Mistress—Sensual, erudite, upscale, discreet/pvt. Lv msg. 516-646-4560

True Beauty—Sensual Rubdown. Upscale. 212-879-8965

Susan And Roommates—"Lunch With Our Bunch." 212-754-1534

Texan Beauty—Kind And Caring. Hotel/Residential. Midtown. 212-750-1516

Elegant, Mature Relaxation—Private. Call For Appointment: 212-697-5932

www.nysexygirls.com 800-365-GALS
www.nyshemale.com 800-304-TSTV
www.chatdate.com 800-205-TINA

SENSUOUS MISTRESSES
Ebony is beautiful. CC's okay. 212-239-0246

PRIVATE ENCOUNTERS
Upscale Models To Relax & Pamper You.
Sensual/Beautiful/Expensive. 212-355-8321

ASIAN FANTASY
Upscale Model. Private And Discreet.
By Appointment. Midtown. 212-689-6636

JILLIAN BRADLEY
& ASSOCIATES
A Wall Street Edition.
The Experience Continues.
212-962-9095

Adalis—An Uninhibited Ebony Playmate. By Appointment Only. 212-472-0868

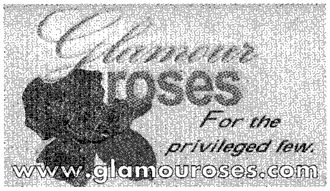
Uninhibited Private Nursing—Fabulous Equipment. Midtown East. 212-684-1185

Ebony Centerfold Model—Fantasies & Role-Play. By Appointment. 212-592-9064

Asian Apple Agency—Outcalls Only. Call: 212-327-1535

JE REVIENS
www.jereviens.com

Light Ebony American Actress—Charming And Private. 212-414-5327



BIKINI MODELS
For Upscale Men. 212-528-2801

Gina And Friends—Mature, private, discreet role-play & fetishes. 212-371-3106

Venezuelan Cover Girl—For Upscale Men. Out Only. Barbara: 212-585-0130

Sheri—Beautiful California Role-Play. www.bodyheatescorts.com 212-684-8621

RUSSIAN MYSTIQUE
Raging, Russian Beauty
Upscale, Elegant.
Incall/Outcall
718-266-5284
TOP MODELS INTERVIEWED DAILY

Shemale—Swedish Model/Video Film Star For Desires. Barbi. 212-759-6765

Cover Gals For The Professional—Sensual Rubdown. Upscale. 212-879-8944

EXECUTIVE STRESS RELIEF
Diversified Role-Play.
Private, Upscale & Discreet.
Studio/Resid./Hotel. 212-714-1537

Erotic Women/Men—For phone fantasy. Toll-free. V/Mc/Ax. Discreet. 877-292-6969

PRETTY NICE
—Just For You. 212-352-1515

Oriental Express
Top Asian Models
Outcalls Only
All major cc's Accepted.
Available 24 hours 7 days
212.581.2956
718.507.4465

516-457-8043
The Exotic Princess

Gal Next-Door Type—You'd Never Know! East Side. Private. 212-251-0003

Asian Male Model—Upscale, Private. For Gentlemen. Call Mark: 212-481-2126

Jeanna—1st Class Model, Exclusively For Upscale Men. Beautiful, Pvt. 212-758-8817

Uptown Gals—For Upscale Men. By Appointment Only. Very Pvt. 212-613-5817

We Attract New Clients
By Serving Present Clients
Exceptionally Well.
212-681-2823

Assortments

Field's Dating 212-391-2233—Rm 1600, 317 Madison Av, NYC 10017 (ent 42 St.)

HAPPY ENDING Meet pretty, ed. Asian ladies. Party, 11/13 7pm. CLUB NY, 252 W 43rd/8th Ave **321-2738 / www.nycparty.com**

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, SUPER GALA
CLUB EL MOROCCO
(6pm-12am) at NIGHT OWLS
1036 2nd Ave, NYC (Btwn 54-55th sts.)
2 SPACIOUS LEVELS OF HI-TECH ELEGANCE
800+ EXPECTED, 28-49, PROFESSIONALS, $20
HOT HORS D'OEUVRES 6-8PM
DJ/VJ, DANCING ON BOTH LEVELS, JACKETS
VISIT OUR WEBSITE ON THE INTERNET:
HTTP://WWW.NYCSINGLES.COM
212-249-3636

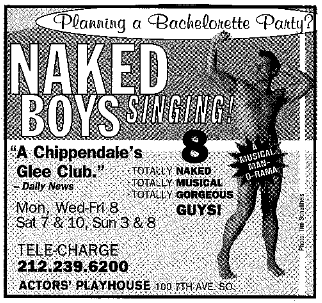
Discerning Jewish Professionals—Fine Art of Matchmaking. Raizy **212-877-5167**

Int'l Match NY—Meet attractive Chinese, Japanese, Korean women. **212-787-6579**

Social Circles is NY's first activity service. Every month we plan over 50 events for our 900+ members.
Upcoming activities: fencing, walking tour, sky diving, yoga, pictionary, jazz, wine-tasting
212.505.9985
www.socialcircles.co

Perfect Partners™
Voice personals for gays & lesbians seeking lasting relationships
— FREE CALL —
212-987-6400

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange™
For unattached music lovers. Nationwide.
1-888-408-CMLE **www.cmle.com**


Planning a Bachelorette Party?
NAKED BOYS SINGING!
"A Chippendale's Glee Club."
– Daily News
8
·TOTALLY **NAKED**
·TOTALLY **MUSICAL**
·TOTALLY **GORGEOUS**
GUYS!
A MUSICAL MAN-O-RAMA
Mon, Wed-Fri 8
Sat 7 & 10, Sun 3 & 8
TELE-CHARGE
212.239.6200
ACTORS' PLAYHOUSE 100 7TH AVE. SO.
Photo: Tim Schultheis

JUDY THE DATING EXPERT
• Seen/Heard On TV & Radio •
Call: **212-924-4440**
"New York's Most Ethical Matchmaker."

Beautiful, Ed. Women—Devoted to you. **212-691-5652 / www.eastern-europe-women.com**

MARION SMITH PROF'L SINGLES Wed, Nov 17, 6pm, LE BAR BAT - $20 w/Drink & Buffet, 311 W 57th. **944-2112**

Single Book Lovers—Gets unattached readers acquainted. Bx 117, Gradyville, PA 19039 **www.singlebooklovers.com 800-773-3437**

'SMART IS SEXY'
For graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Stanford, Northwestern, UC Berkeley, Johns Hopkins, U of Chicago, medical schools. Over 3,400 members. **The Right Stuff: 800-988-5288 www.rightstuffdating.com**

Date Someone New This Weekend
Call to hear 1000's of voice personal ads for free!
212-987-7000
FREE CALL
THE RELATIONSHIP LINE™
Customer Service 212-987-7001

Upscale Crowd, Ages 30s-40s—Wed., 11/10, 6pm, DECADE, 1117 First Ave., $20. **718-279-8596 / www.docsparties.com**

Art Lovers Exchange—Links Single Lovers of the Arts! National. **800-342-5250**

Meet Successful NY Russian Singles—With traditional family values. **212-246-4105**

A & A—Prof'l American men for pretty, edu. Asian ladies. Party Sat. **212-949-7581**

Rendezvous Singles Connection
NY - L.A. - Tokyo
Wall St. Office
(212) 635-0262
Beverly Hills Office
(310) 859-5201
Are you interested in meeting
Japanese Ladies
who are looking for serious relationships?
If so, please call us for a free consultation.

Fall Into Love Dance Sat., 11/13, 8:30pm, Tri-State Jewish Singles, 22-45, JCC on the Palisades. $18 ($20 after 9pm). Champagne punch 8:30-9:15. **201-569-7900 ext 460**

Rings On Their Fingers 100's of women who've taken the **Life Works Relationship Workshop** have gotten married. You could be next! Join us 12/4-5. **1-877-741-8787**

Crossroads—The Gracious Way To Meet Quality Single People. Praised By The NY Times. Info: **cxrds@aol.com** or **212-972-3594**

GOOD GENES—Meet grads and faculty of schools such as Tufts, MIT, Wellesley, Brandeis, Harvard, Boston College, Clark, Berkeley, NYU, Wesleyan, Brown, Columbia and Stanford. **www.goodgenes.com 617-247-3232**

ISC—Meet Pretty Chinese/Japanese Women. Parties... **212-714-3548 / naomiweb.com**

WWW.JEWISHSERVICE.COM—Best Website For Singles. Free Membership!

A+ Rating! Int'l Singles Russian, Jewish and European ladies in NY. **212-736-6870 Party 11/21, Le Bar Bat, 311 W 57th. $25**

To advertise in *New York Magazines* Assortments, call Alex: **212.462.3325**

Strictly Personals

For advertising information call 212-463-0024

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-463-0024, fax 212-462-3595 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 249 W. 17th St., 4th Floor, New York, NY 10011. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

New York's Premier Matchmaker

• NOW ALSO ON LONG ISLAND •

As featured in NY Times, Crain's NY Business, CNN, CBS, CNBC, ABC, FOX News, BBC, "London" Independent and Cosmopolitan

Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350 NY
310-276-0072 BEVERLY HILLS

Gay, Super-Successful—Good-looking, 60, in-shape, wishes to meet 40s, sophisticated, well-educated man, prefer European, to share special life style. Photo/letter. Serious replies only. 2318 ☒

Dare To Dream!—With a respectful, handsome, kind, Ivy MD/PhD/inventor, warm, funny, 5'10", very fit, mid 40s. Seeks sincere lady under 37, for magic, mirth. Phone/photo for reply. 2366 ☒☎

Special Issue

Holiday Gifts

ISSUE DATE: NOVEMBER 29

This truly special issue will be on sale Monday, November 22.

Advertising space is limited so call today!

Call 212-463-0024
to place your ad.

Cut Above—Upscale male, PhD, 59, tall, slim, blue eyes, seeks slim female with good legs, who enjoys travel, Lincoln Center, stock market, Photo/note. 2340☒

Quantity Is Easy To Find—But one quality man is what I've got in mind. Expressive Jewish female, a 1947 catch, offers a dynamite smile and a great heart to match. Looking for my needle! Photo, please. 2331 ☒

Dance With Me—Ski with me (Water and snow). Laugh with me, exercise with me. Very pretty blond, hazel eyes, 5'3", long legs and great shape, Jewish, without sense of entitlement, 38, divorced mom of 13-year-old, seeks handsome, affectionate, commitment-minded, sensitive, successful guy, 40-53, with a heart and soul, for partner, not caretaker, who likes to kiss and cuddle - a lot. Photo a must, phone/note. Happy to exchange. 2361 ☒

Seeking An Imperfect Woman—Handsome, intelligent, athletic guy, 39, knows he's not perfect, so he doesn't expect someone else to be either. Note/photo. 2374 ☒

Dance—6', 47, likes to salsa, hustle, swing dance - looking for cute, curvy, slender, happy, 5'5"-plus Jewish lady for lifetime partner. 2315 ☒☎

Wanted: Quality Professional Man—For this fun-loving, Jewish, 42-year-old widow, professional, petite, energetic live wire who is seeking a long-term relationship. If you are 40-50, nonsmoker who loves to laugh and have a good time, please send photo and note. 2313 ☒ ☎

Very Pretty, Slim Brunette—36, fit, Jewish, guidance counselor, seeks good-looking, successful, witty, warm, commitment minded man. Photo. 2355 ☒☎

Consultant Seeks Companion—Labor relations specialist seeks sincere partner - not a labour of love! White male, 40, 5'10 1/2", 165 lbs, very fit, trim, handsome, would enjoy meeting younger, strikingly attractive and upbeat counterpart. If the above connects with your needs, the conflict of the loneness may be resolved and love's labour not lost! 2356 ☒☎

Good-Looking—57 years young, athletic man looking for slim, pretty woman for a new start in life. Photo please. 2221 ☒

Handsome, Gay Jewish Man—Young 40, MBA, successful, interesting, comfortable in straight/gay worlds. Seeks 30-something male to start the millennium together. I'm all ears. 2261 ☒

Handsome, Easygoing Westchesterite—Seeks long-term relationship with a pretty, petite woman, 30-45. Let me spoil you with romance and laughter. 2349 ☒

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Mysterious Elegance—Blond, brown-eyed, sensuous woman with a voice to match, wishes to share a life of culture and character with an energetic, humorous, successful gentleman, 55 plus, who can pamper and be pampered, love and be loved. 2373 ☒

Are You Romantic?—How about warm, sincere, pretty, down-to-earth and unpretentious? I hope you have a great smile and a wonderful sense of humor, are between 27-34, and love the city and country as well as children. I am 37, 5'11", blue-eyed, Jewish (you needn't be), executive/attorney, who is warm, charming, chivalrous and handsome, with certain old-fashioned values. Please send note and photo. 2367 ☒

Ivy League Muse Wanted!—You wear Bebe one day; Levi's the next. Equally diverse, chivalrous, over-accomplished, tall, athletic, 30s, single white Christian male, seeks mischievous heroine, 26-33. Mug shot and rap sheet, please. 2360 ☒

Frequent Visitor (From UK) To NY—Very good-looking Jewish male, 40s, successful, intelligent, articulate, considerate, generous, tactile, with a great sense of humor. Sound too good to be true? If you're a Jewish, 25-plus, nonsmoking female, genuine, intelligent, very attractive, tall, in great shape, and ready for a committed relationship, please drop me a line with photo to ensure reply and meeting in NY. You won't be disappointed! 2365 ☒

Relationship With You—Desired by attractive, 6' male, 60s, looks 50s. Tired of dating. Want tall, good-looking woman, to share and enjoy. Photo. 2369 ☒

Blond, Elegant Woman—48, widowed, social, organized, with engineer degree. Born in Europe, three lingual, loves opera, dogs, quiet evenings at home, traveling. Seeks a man, 48-65, for best friend and life partner. Single fathers welcome. 2348☒

Handsome, Slim, Physically Fit Man—59, 5'6", well-traveled, financially secure, Manhattanite, multilingual, seeking woman to share my experiences. 2321 ☒☎

Adventure, Humor, Intellect—Share all with upbeat, pretty, slim, successful woman. You're 49 plus, Jewish, fit, funny, caring; enjoy life, sports, the arts, the outdoors. Let's meet. Note/photo. 2328✉

Traditional, Very Masculine Male—Seeks same. Urbane but down-to-earth, humorous and very handsome guy, barely 40, well-built, youthful, fit, compassionate and successful, seeks man for dating, friendship...and more if it's in the cards. I enjoy country/city life, animal conservaion, great food and cooking, medicine, he arts and the ancient world. I prefer Burgundy to Bordeaux, Degas to Gauguin, and Europe to the USA (but live here ust the same). Note/photo appreciated, f any of this sounds a chord... 2368 ✉

The Man Needs Love!—We (one daughter, one ex and one pal) are on a mission to find this 55-year-old white guy a mate. He's tall, heroic, romantic, goofy, high energy, high ideals. Tell us you're soulful (any race), funny, rounded. Photo/note. 2362 ✉

Handsome Hunk—Jewish observant, rich, 65, seeks woman, 45-55. 2332 ✉☎

Strikingly Pretty Brunette—Warm, oving, fun, bright, classy Jewish lady, 45, 5'6", with varied interests, seeks attractive, successful, warm, personable, previously married Jewish professional male, 46-55, for a fun, committed relationship. Note/photo. 2358 ✉

Beautiful, Blue-Eyed Blond—Slim and curvy, single Jewish female, smart and warm, looking for handsome, successful male counterpart, 30-40. 2372 ✉☎

Gay White Female—Morning person, organized, fit, playful humor, seeks 35-45, conservative, nonsmoking, Fortune 500-type professional for long-term committed relationship. Recently moved from Greenwich to Manhattan. 2330 ✉

Are You—A cultured, upscale, educated, 5' plus, 50s, handsome guy? Photo. 2329✉

Accomplished, Active, Tall—Good-ooking, personable Jewish widower, early 60s, seeks bright, upbeat, trim and attractive, nonsmoking Jewish woman, 48-58, for long-term relationship. Note/photo phone. 2335 ✉

Laisser-Faire Femme—Professional, cultural interests, seeks erudite, generous-spirited man, 68-78. NY/Berkshires. 2371✉

Happy, Successful PhD—60s, 5'6", seeks petite, slim, intelligent, 50-55 woman to share life. Note/photo. 2311 ✉

Nice Guy/Bad Boy—Seeks good girl/bad girl. Handsome, successful ad exec, 45, seeks beauty with brains, 35-40, for fun and committed relationship. Photo a must. 2337 ✉☎

Attractive Brunette, 35—Looking to meet a handsome, honest, educated, fit professional male in Westchester, CT or NYC. I enjoy working out, travel, theater, wine and all the great things in NY. Photo, please - will exchange. Who knows... Take a chance. 2363 ✉

Looking For Companionship And Love—Attractive, Brooklyn Jewish female, auditor, wants you: financially secure male, 50-62. 2320 ✉☎

Brown Beauty—40s, sexy, slim, warm and cultured, seeks successful, attractive, nonsmoking male for love and marriage. Note and phone. 2338 ✉

Attorney, Widower, Mensch—Trim, 6'1", with cultural, musical and outdoor interests, seeks pretty, bright, educated Jewish woman, 45-60, nonsmoker, Manhattan resident. 2370 ✉

Easy On The Eye—60ish male, youthful but mature, bright but not brilliant, fit but not svelte (5'11", 180), enjoy walking on and off the golf course, theater, travel, sports, some tennis and am open to new things. Successful business owner with a sense of humor, looking for bright, attractive lady, 45-60, with vitality, wit and a youthful outlook. Prefer nonsmoker. Note/photo/phone or e-mail. You won't be disappointed. 2352 ✉

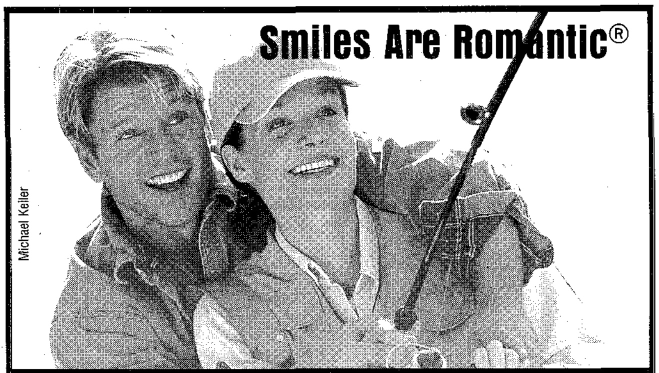
I Love Nothing—Jewish male, 50, no morals, class, character or ambitions. Ugly, smelly and cold. Hates traveling, oceans, people and the arts. I can't read and I don't care. Forget gardening, painting or fixing things. Seek someone to do nothing with. Whatever. Photo. 2324 ✉☎

A Good Man With Heart—71, financially secure, well-educated, successful careers in travel, music and the arts, seeks a good woman, 35-65, for life. I need warmth and a sense of belonging, and would consider starting or becoming part of a second family. Your fine, solid qualities would combine with the wisdom, maturity, strength and compassion I bring to our togetherness. I'd like to hear as much about you as you care to share with me. Please write. 2312 ✉

Looking For Partner—Divorced Jewish female, 41, part-time law student/business owner, honest, attractive, well-grounded. Seeking financially secure, Jewish professional male, 40-55. 2357 ✉☎

Laughter Is Best Rx—Also caring, sharing and fruit and vegetables. 43-year-old woman, nonreligious Jewish, looking for intimate man. 2326 ✉☎

Very Pretty Professional—5'7", 37, slim, top shape, adventurous, fun and fun-loving, with casual class, is looking to meet a tall, good-looking (in and out), fun and witty male counterpart, 37-47. Photo/note, please. 2327 ✉



Dr. Jeffrey Dorfman Dental Associates
18 East 50th Street • Penthouse, Suite C
New York, NY 10022 • Between Fifth & Madison Avenues
(212) 758-1000 • Free Consultation

Eight dentists, including six specialists, provide comprehensive, cosmetic dentistry quickly and comfortably.

www.drdorfman.com

Economist And Engineer—60, widower, athletic, nonsmoker, nondrinker, financially secure; loves nature, mountain hiking, travel and classical literature. After 25 years of happy marriage, is hoping to find happiness again. Looking for a compatible humanist woman. 2317 ✉

A Good Guy—38, DeNiro-ish looks. It's possible to rule someone out by the words on the page, but you shouldn't. It's not about a list of stuff. It's about chemistry, being yourself, mutual respect, enjoying each other's company and laughing a lot. Note/photo, please. Have a great day! 2323 ✉

Laughter, Fun And More?—Early 30s, well-educated, athletic, down-to-earth, successful Jewish male, business executive, enjoys the outdoors, skiing and running. Seeking 25-34, intelligent, attractive, caring female for laughter, theater, fun, adventure and a relationship. Note/photo/phone. 2339 ✉

Grow Old With An Attractive Blond—Early 40s, upscale. Note/photo. 2354 ✉

Sexy, Exotic Male, PhD—60, seeks marriage to tall, thin, model/dancer type, 35-50, who loves arts, global travel, dining first class. Photo/letter. 2341 ✉

THE GODMOTHERS©
Millenium Sale

Celebrating 21 years of Success!

We're Turning the Calendar Back to 1979 Prices.

This offer is limited to the first 100 people who sign on.

Call today

CALL THE GODMOTHERS©
212-245-7175

Romantic Heart Hunters Since 1979

New and Improved!

HEAR THE VOICE BEHIND THE AD
CALL 1-900-443-1500

$1.95 EACH MINUTE. TOUCH-TONE PHONE ONLY. THIS SERVICE IS FOR ADULTS 18 YEARS OR OLDER.

You can now call ☎ as well as write ✉ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 4 weeks beyond issue's cover date.
PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA ON CALL, 1211 6th Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 782-8050

Strictly Personals

Respond!!

Some of New York's most interesting people can be found on these pages. It's so easy to get in touch with them. Drop them a line and send it to:

Strictly Personals
New York Magazine, Box #_____
P. O. Box 4600
New York, NY 10163-4600.

Do you see this phone symbol [☎] next to the box number? Then you can call

1-900-443-1500*

and leave your message for the person whose ad catches your eye.

* For adults 18 years or older. $1.95 per minute. Touch-Tone phone only.

Beautiful, Upbeat, Compassionate Woman—Seeks secure, nice, honest man to explore what's beyond the initial attraction. Must love people, talking, animals, cuddling. Please send note/phone. 2347 ✉☎

Millennium Magic—World-class, beautiful blond who loves travel, tennis, Aspen skiing, London theater, seeks ultra-classy Jewish male (millennium mensch), 45-55, to enjoy vintage 2000. 2345 ✉

North Jersey Female—Attractive and polished, with lots of spirit, zest for life, romantic, loves NY. Seeks little baggage, emotionally secure, total honesty, 45-60. Note/photo. 2322 ✉

Seeking Lifetime Lady—Successful Jewish professional, attractive, well-educated, personable, sincere, quite happy, with great lifestyle - seeks compatible partner, 40-50. Note/photo. 2344 ✉

Batteries Not Included—Toy inventor, 37, smart, funny, down-to-earth, handsome and fit, well-educated, Jewish, blah, blah, blah.... Seeking smart, silly, sexy soul mate for a fun-filled, everlasting play date. No need to look like Barbie, but a photo would be appreciated. 2316 ✉

Gay Male—38, seeks breakfast in bed and holding hands at the movies. I'm a 5'4", fit professional, down-to-earth and creative, who likes gardening, cooking and the beach. Note/photo, please. 2353 ✉☎

Professional, Petite, Blue-Eyed—Vivacious redhead with diverse cultural interests wants to meet professional Jewish man, 25-33. This uprooted New Yorker is presently on assignment in Washington, DC, but gets back to NYC often. 2359 ✉☎

Geographically Challenged—59-year-old male, 50 miles upstate but has Ferrari and will travel. GQ reject, however, not feloniously ugly. Generally informal - can be dressed up and taken anywhere. Looking for a woman with a touch of class and reasonable acceptance of fast cars, slow airplanes and occasional adventure. Photo appreciated. 2336 ✉

Gay Professional—40s, intelligent, handsome, fit, masculine, seeking same for friendship. Photo a must. 2350 ✉

Vibrant, Funny, Attractive Brunette—38, artist, professional, seeks divorced or widowed gentleman with children, for relationship, possibly more. 2364 ✉

Long-Legged Stunner—Lawyer, former model, 5'11", Jewish (nonreligious), warm, witty, caring, romantic and sincere. Seeks single, white professional male, 6' plus, 48 plus, for romance and relationship. Note/photo/phone. 2319 ✉☎

Vivacious, Ivy-Educated Attorney—Bright, outgoing, Jewish, 5'2", 34, who loves outdoor activities and exploring NY, looking for similar, single professional man, interested in developing a relationship. 2333 ✉☎

Handsome Gentleman—Late 50s, enjoys traveling, cooking, theater, movies. Seeking a woman for best friend and committed relationship. Nonsmoker. Photo a must. 2351 ✉

Established, Educated, Mature—Confident and unpretentious, divorced dad and CEO, has it all but you - an articulate, honest, divorced woman (perhaps kids) with integrity. You want a serious, monogamous relationship leading to marriage (perhaps children). No photo, please - just a detailed note. POB 91, Woodmere, NY 11598-0091

If You Are Not A Mensch—Read no further - you won't appreciate a romantic like me. I'm a 36-year-old, green-eyed, brown-haired pediatrician who enjoys athletics, being a great friend and basking in the sunshine. Only open-minded, sensitive man seeking a down-to-earth, fun-loving woman need apply. 2343 ✉

STRICTLY PERSONALS COUPON

Rate is $37.00 per line, two-line minimum. Add $35.00 for NYM box number.

Call 212-463-0024 for more information, or you may fax this coupon to: 212-462-3595.

Mail this coupon to: **New York Magazine Classified,**
Attention: Strictly Personals, 249 W. 17th, 4th Floor, New York, NY 10011.

All ads are accepted at the discretion of publisher.

Name ____________________

Street Address ____________________

City __________ State __________ Zip __________

Day Phone (for our records only) ____________________

Payment: Check ________ or Credit Card ________ MasterCard/Visa/American Express (circle one)

Card Number ____________________ Exp. Date __________

Signature ____________________

Would you like a voice box? If so, check here. ☐
If yes, we will call to give you an access code. All calls are confidential.

AD COPY:

1
2
3
4

[illegible]rectory

.bridal

www.peggypeters.com
[illegible] Special Occasion

.cards

www.cardSupply.com
Holiday Cards • Invitations • Announcements

www.celebrateinvitations.com
Custom Holiday Cards & Birth Announcements

.college

www.collegefurnishings.com
Discount furnishings for dorms and apartments

.dating

www.drinks-at-seven.com
For Single Professionals In Their 20s-30s.

www.mchatfieldltd.com
We Represent People of Style and Substance

www.goodgenes.com
Ivy League & One Step Down!

.dental

www.parkavedental.com
Cosmetic and restorative dentistry in
state-of-the-art, beautiful midtown office!

www.drdorfman.com
Comprehensive dental website w/photos,
including our online textbook for students.

.entertainment

www.barryherman.com
Corporate/social events•party bands•entertainment & more!

.food

www.milliespierogi.com
Handmade & Fully Cooked • Finest Ingredients • Delivered

www.oysterbarny.com
Grand Central Oyster Bar & Restaurant. Free Catalog!

.jewelry

www.anyjewel.com
Register for free gift & design your own jewelry online

www.egardenjewelry.com
Diamond jewelry classics & the latest fashion trends!

.gifts

www.goodamerica.com
Free Gifts • We Make Your Holiday Shopping Easy!

.home

www.emattress.com
Brand-name mattresses at discount prices.

www.butcherblockbarn.com
American-made solid hard maple products for your kitchen.

www.tartanpartners.com
Unique Accessories for Kitchen, Bath, Bedroom,
Nursery & Furniture. Online Catalog. Ship Promptly!

www.redecorate.com
Use-What-You-Have Interiors • Only $325/Rm.

www.billowingdesfengshui.com
Interiors - Feng Shui • Residential & Commercial

www.nobigdealdecorating.com
Steve Lyons - NY's Most Popular Budget Decorator!

.health & beauty

www.shoppharmor.com
Save Everyday! Heath & Beauty Care Products Plus More!

www.were-it.com
Natural health/wellness/weight loss/electronics/goods & services

.help wanted

www.getafashionjob.com
Classified Ads & Resumes For The Fashion Industry

.internet consulting

www.harac.com
Websites That Work!

.kids

www.bigfuntoys.com
Shop Yourself Silly! Neat Toys For Kids, Newborn To 90.

www.thecampconnection.com
FREE Advisory Service: Sleepaway Camps • Teen Tours

www.scarsdalechildsplay.com
Our Toys are as Special as your Kids!

.music

www.redtigerrecords.com
Stirs you up! The American Dream
calms you down! WATERLILY

.leisure

www.pleasantconcepts.com
Urbanite's guide to relaxation and leisure

.plastic surgery

www.bodysculpture.com
Alan Engler, MD • Board-Certified • Before & After Photos

.party service

www.mynyo.com/nynewyearseve
An Amazing, Elegant, Upscale Alternative to New Year's Eve!

www.events2k.com
Menus & Venues For Holiday Parties, New Yr's Eve/Millennium

www.hollywoodpop.com
Entertainment • Holiday Characters • Decor & More!

.pashmina

www.ahah-pashmina.com
Totally Pashmina.
Not Just A Fabulous Shawl Collection.

.pets

www.aaadog.com
For Pet Owners Who Desire The Best In Quality & Style

.shopping mall

www.3Dmsn.com
Wine•Pharmacy•20/20•Lotto•Van Gogh•Mozart•Tel

kristen cappadona:
212.462.3319
212.462.3595

MARY ANN MADDEN #956

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Parcel Proust—author of *Remembrance of Things Post.*

Napoleon Bonappetit—"Stressed I was ere I saw desserts."

Skippy O'Africanus—Irish general, composer of "H-A-double-N-I-B-A-L spells *Hannibal.*"

Above, bad name/bad job. Competitors are invited to provide the punned version of a famous name and with it a mangled but apposite title or quotation.

Results of Competition 953, in which you were asked for the opening words of a letter Mr. Allen would not fin . . .

Report: First, may we say we had no specific Mr. Allen in mind. But the generic Mr. Allen was free to ignore threats, veiled and overt, imprecations, scams and horrifying offers received from smackbottoms, relatives, aspiring actors, writers, fund-raisers, and the always popular total stranger. Samples of duplications: Your subscription to *New York* . . . This letter started in the Netherlands . . . Please take a few minutes to complete . . . Your family crest . . . Please help save the nearly extinct . . . And our favorite, Dear Mr. Allen or Current Resident: You have been pre-approved . . . You're all pre-loved. Least, that's what we heard.

First prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Dear Mr. Allen: "Thou shalt not kill" is a very misunderstood Commandment. I know. I played Moses in . . .
Mike Reiss, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. Allen: Hopefully . . .
G. N. Pigue, Sunnyside, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Allen: Spike's House of Pain is moving . . .
Leonard R. Epstein, Spring Valley, N.Y.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Dear Mr. Allen: I was a three-olive-martini man in a world of decaf cappuccinos . . .
Ann Rosche, N.Y.C.

Mein lieb Herr Allen: Mit aufrichtig wunschen, ich schreiben zu sagen du über Amway.
McClain Simmons, Seattle, Wash.

Dear Mr. Allen: As the days begin to shorten and the evenings get longer . . .
John O'Byrne, Dublin, Ireland

And Honorable Mention to:

Tired of those "honorable mentions" in the *New York* Magazine Competitions? . . .
Marissa Levy, New Rochelle, N.Y.

Dear Ms. Alen: Memory is a terrible thing . . .
Joe Tall, N.Y.C.

Dear Mr Allen: As you will realize from our letterhead, you are being audited. Let me explain your rights . . .
Dion M. Murphy, Auckland, New Zealand

Dear Mr. Allen: A woman in Madagascar broke this "Good Luck Chain Letter" and the next morning was eaten by a crocodile.
Douglas Braverman, West Bloomfield, Mich.

Dear Mr. Allen: Do you wonder why governments and the media are conspiring to muzzle Lyndon LaRouche?
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

Dear Mr. Allen: In the Trobriand Islands, it's already tomorrow.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

Dear Mr. Allen: Be wary of possible Y2K complications, only 76 days untill the year 1900 . . .
Tim Sullivan, Brooklyn;
Grace Katz, Longmont, Colo.

Dear Mr. Allen: If you died tonight, where would your soul spend eternity?
T. Nash, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Dear Mr. Allen: These handmade greeting cards, Mr. Allen Apt4G, are yours with no obligation . . .
Dodi Schultz, N.Y.C.
similarly: Sheldon Livingston, Hopewell, N.J.

Dear Mr. Allen: I am finding it very difficult to verbalize my intentions . . .
Jennifer Piton, Allentown, Pa.

Allan, you jerk! You son of a bitch! By the time you read this . . .
Ivy Winterbottom, King Country, New Zealand

Dear Mr. Allen: How would you like to be www.ALLEN.com?
Cheryl Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Allen: It was the noted prophet Philonius who lost his ability to solve all mysteries when a certain epistle failed to leave his hands within 72 hours . . .
Howie D. Priebe, Meriden, Conn.

Dear Mr. Allen: No one likes to sit alone feeling unattractive, unwanted, unworthy of . . .
Skip Card, Tacoma, Wash.

Dear Mr. Allen: You can throw this letter away. Or . . .
Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Allen: As the saying goes, nothing worth anything is free . . .
Mark Rosenhaft, Cedarhurst, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Allen: Are you fully aware of the vast number of skin diseases you can contract just by touching a doorknob?
Patricia Hyland, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Allen: Before enjoying these hot, hot pics, please take the time to read why your First Amendment rights are . . .
Cameron Morfit, Brooklyn

Dear Mr. Allen: If you're reading this it means you've paid the postage due on this letter, which means you're exactly the kind of customer we want . . .
Coeli Carr, N.Y.C.

Dear Mr. Allen: Please ignore this letter if you've already acted on this extraordinary offer from the Hair Club for Men.
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

Dear Mr. Allen: Here's an opportunity to obtain superior seats to the smash new musical *Saturday Night Fever,* if only you will. . .
Barry S. Gillman, East Brunswick, N.J.

Dear Mr. Allen, Thank you for the lovely weekend. I noticed that your maid washes the plates before the glassware, and I tried to . . .
Bruce Winn, Las Vegas, Nev.

Dear Mr. Allen: My name just happens to be "Nella," which, you must admit, is sort of a backward coincidence . . .
J. M. Tribelli, N.Y.C.
similarly: Herb Appel, N.Y.C.

Dear Mr. Alien: I was born in Roswell, New Mexico, on April 3, 1948, and raised in an orphanage.
Dave Zarrow, Herndon, Va.

Dear Mr. Allen, Esq., LL.D.: Ralph tells me you were next-door neighbors in the sixties and that you do pro bono work . . .
Stephen Kopp, Smallwood, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Allen: Why are more people than ever choosing above-ground burial for themselves and their loved ones?
Alan Porwich, North Brunswick, N.J.
similarly: T. H. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.;
E. Presby, Teaneck, N.J.

Dear Mr. Allen: Before you think "Another multilevel operation!" . . .
Tom Berrigan, Arlington, Va.

Dear Mr. Allen: Have you prepared yourself for the triumphant return of Mephistopheles, Dark Lord of the Urinals?
Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring, Md.

Dear Mr. Allen: In another decade, our Social Security system as we now know it will not be . . .
Larry Mitchell, Dahlonega, Ga.

Dear Mr. Allen, Remember at Bob's party last week, you met a guy wearing a beer-can hat? . . .
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

Dear Mr. Allen: As targeted-direct-mail specialists, we know, Mrs. Ryan, that your time is important to you.

Patrick J. Hamilton, N.Y.C.

Dear Mr. Allen: Kiss those money worries good-bye!

Deb Manne, Bergenfield, N.J.

Dear Mr. Allen: Since your current telephone number is unlisted . . .

Mike Olton, Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Mr. Allen: A new millennium beckons us forward . . .

Pauline McDonagh, N.Y.C.

Dear Mr. Allen: Ever since you and your partner, Miss Burns, retired from Show Business . . .

David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.
similarly: Chris Lewnes, Brooklyn

Dear M. Alan: I believe you are among the thousands of homemakers who . . .

Marianne Lancaster, Sewanee, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Allen: I'm not a financial adviser, but I play one on TV.

Rose Mabel, Roseburg, Ore.

Dear Mr. Allen: Bubbly, full-figured SWF, looking for a well-heeled . . .

Ann K. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Dear Mr. Allen: Ever consider how much you could save by performing your own . . .

John Burlinson, Austin, Tex.

Dear Mr. Allen: Is your financial cup "half full"?

Lester Saldinger, Plainview, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Allen: No one wants to think about accidental dismemberment, but . . .

Mark S. Greenberg, Bronx

Dear Mr. Allen: I'm sure you've always assumed Kathie Lee Gifford could afford to pay her legal expenses without contributions . . .

Adam Cohen, N.Y.C.

Dear Mr. Allen: When I first conceived of the idea for *Brill's Content* . . .

David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

Dear Mr. Allen: If you like the taste of licorice, then you will love . . .

Marjorie J. Levine, N.Y.C.

Dear Mr. Allen: Why would we send you a 32¢ stamp?

Connon Barclay, Holland, Mich.

Dear Señor Allen: Five-year-old José lives with his seven brothers and sisters in a hut in . . .

Lois Ketsen, N.Y.C.

Dear Mr. Allen: This is our fourth request . . .

Fran Marine, Mahwah, N.J.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 956, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by November 19. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the December 20–27 issue.

c u e

What are the new films and where are they playing?
Broadway, Off Broadway, or Off-Off Broadway?
Music under the stars or on the stage?
How about a comedy club for a few laughs?
Want to be moved by classical art or avant garde art?
How about dinner after the show?
Let's take the kids out - where should we go?

CUE - The weekly guide to everything that's worth seeing and doing in the most exciting city in the world. See it every week in

NEW YORK MAGAZINE®

Solutions to last week's puzzles

		Q	U	A	D	R	A	G	E	S	I	M	A	
J		U		P		O		A		I		O		
U	P	A	L	O	F	T		B	I	Z	Z	A	Z	Z
L		S		L		T		O		E		B		E
Y	U	S	T	O	N	E		N	A	T	T	I	E	R
T		I		G		N				E		T		O
H	E	A	V	Y		L	A	C	I	N	S	E	C	T
E						O		O						O
T	O	P	B	O	O	T	E	D		V	O	W	E	L
H		R		R				I		I		A		E
I	C	E	R	I	N	K		F	E	T	T	L	E	R
R		A		N		E		I		R		T		A
D	E	C	R	O	W	N		E	R	E	W	H	O	N
		H		C		Y		R		U		A		T
	X	Y	L	O	B	A	L	S	A	M	U	M		

A	C	R	O	S	S		F	O	R	E	S	E	E			B	I	N	G	O
N	E	A	R	L	Y		I	M	A	G	I	N	E		T	I	N	T	E	R
G	A	I	N	O	N		B	E	T	O	N	A	L	O	N	G	S	H	O	T
O	S	S	I	E			B	L	E	S	S			I	T	T	O			
L	I	E	S		G	L	E	E				P	I	N		E	L	L	O	
A	N	A		Q	U	A	R	T	E	R	B	A	C	K	S	N	E	A	K	S
	G	R	O	U	N	D	S		C	E	L	L	I	S	T		N	I	R	O
		A	R	O	N	S		C	H	E	E	S	E		A	S	T	R	A	Y
I	N	C	I	T	E		A	R	O	S	E		R	A	K	U				
T	A	K	E	A	D	I	V	E		E	D	S		R	E	M	A	P	S	
S	P	E	N	T		T	E	A	L		S	I	S	I		M	L	L	E	S
	A	T	T	I	R	E		M	A	I		M	A	D	E	A	P	A	S	S
				O	O	M	S		P	R	E	P	S		B	R	A	Y	E	R
P	A	E	A	N	S		T	A	T	A	R	S		D	E	I	C	E		
A	C	U	P		S	E	A	S	O	N	S		R	E	R	E	A	D	S	
T	H	R	O	W	I	N	G	S	P	I	T	B	A	L	L	S		A	T	A
	S	O	P	H		N	E	T				A	M	I	E		G	R	A	S
			L	I	E	U			A	N	D	R	E			F	R	O	N	T
O	F	F	E	N	S	I	V	E	T	E	A	M	S		C	L	A	U	D	E
F	L	E	X	E	S		A	M	O	E	B	A	E		P	U	N	N	E	R
T	O	N	Y	S			S	U	N	T	A	N	S		R	E	D	D	E	N

Sapphire
Indian Cuisine

"...most lavish Indian restaurant"
— New York Times, Aug. '99

1845 Broadway (btwn. 60th – 61st St.)
Near Lincoln Center
Telephone: 212.245.4444

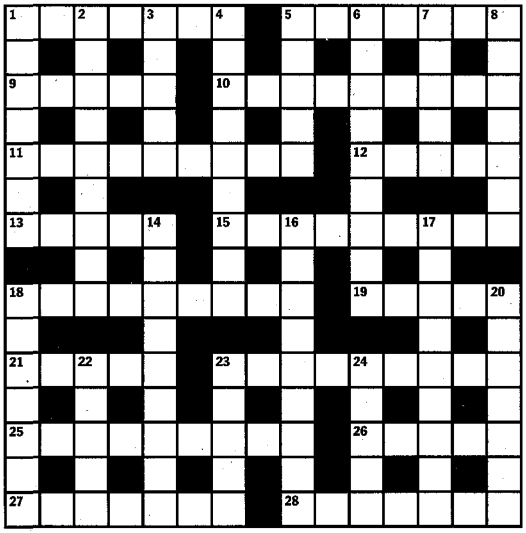
A Greenwich Village Tradition
Tio Pepe
Classic Spanish & Mexican Cuisine
"A wonderful place to meet, eat and have a great time, all at a reasonable price." Mary McCoy, MOR
168 West 4th Street (212) 242-9338

Ristorante Italiano
Montebello
FINE CUISINE AND ELEGANT AMBIANCE
PRIVATE PARTY ROOMS 10-150
120 E. 56th St., (bet. Park & Lex.) 212-753-1447

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 It's normal to draw back—back outside. (7)
5 A coin is not usually represented as capital. (7)
9 Prepare to write the medico a letter. (5)
10 An investigator should be sent round about one first. (9)
11 Painter bamboozles board! (9)
12 The state is a matter for debate. (5)
13 Tell nationality. (5)
15 Taking prudent measures, they think themselves very clever. (9)
18 Exercises a certain sense in actual practice. (9)
19 Critical about hard though most suitable position. (5)
21 Quietly one and all demanded fruit. (5)
23 Thought to get sensitive about a large figure. (9)
25 Brewing ale—it must be thought-provoking. (9)
26 Belgian subject? (5)
27 Country cure effected where there's internal trouble. (7)
28 The firm in a rush to procure a cat. (7)



DOWN

1 Cats hide behind brightly coloured frames. (7)
2 In London some serving men get absorbed in chewing fudge. (9)
3 Series about Zionist leader, a gifted musician. (5)
4 Having got up, takes over—all just for blooming display. (9)
5 One is confused by the din. (5)
6 Studies before school only to oblige. (9)
7 Birds to shoot. (5)
8 Account long hair essential for a woman in the theatre. (7)
14 A dog hunts—anyway this dog hunts. (9)
16 Mufflers much appreciated by travellers. (9)
17 A man operating illegally causes an outcry always. (9)
18 Answer—right after entering that is. (7)
20 Uncontrolled once meter malfunctions. (7)
22 Farewell to France! (5)
23 Step this way to show off. (5)
24 Home backing in school gives encouragement. (5)

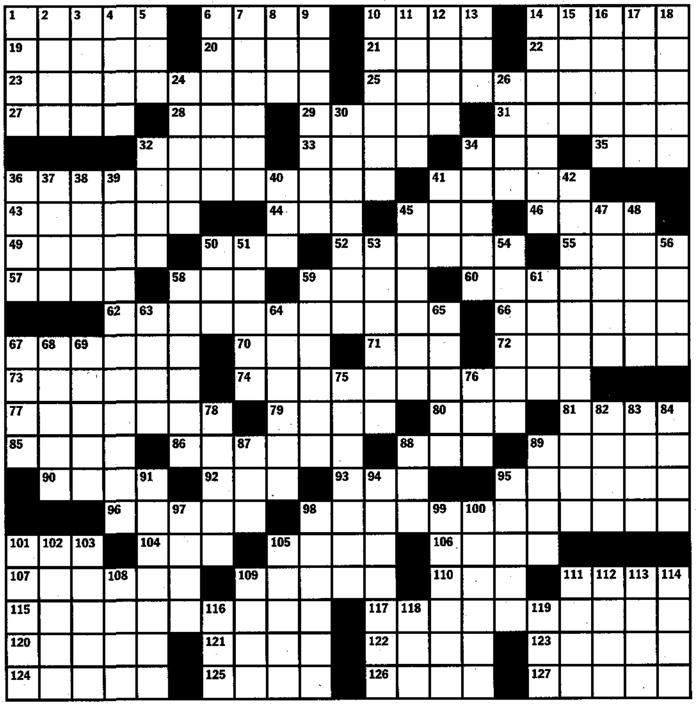
'Anagrammed Comedians': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Memorable Quinn role
6 "Downstairs" employee
10 "Picnic" playwright
14 Bard's Muse
19 Hurons' relatives
20 Poker dues
21 Former queen of Jordan
22 Boca ——, Florida
23 DON K. LESTER
25 NERO JARVIS
27 Cheers for the torero
28 Small, in Dogpatch
29 Heckle
31 Relaxing
32 Squeezable container
33 Apropos of
34 Round Table title
35 Bon —— (witticism)
36 JUDY M. MARTINE
41 Postal divisions
43 "Seinfeld" lady
44 Name of thirteen popes
45 Eye-shadow site
46 Nuclear particle
49 Starr of the West
50 NBA official
52 As —— a pin
55 Son of Aphrodite
57 No dele
58 Ennis of baseball
59 Tourist city of China
60 Undermine
62 RHODA V. RILEY
66 Ironer's target
67 Execs' scribes
70 Scand. land
71 "—— won't!"
72 New Jersey city on the Delaware River
73 Language of the Koran
74 ANGIE O. McCOE
77 "The Uncola"
79 Say it is so
80 Virgil's household god
81 Sound laryngitic
85 Between happily and after
86 Oklahoman
88 Try for a total
89 Filched
90 Archipelago unit
92 Bad-mouth
93 Factory function: abbr.
95 Kind of column
96 Internet correspondence
98 ROBERTA C. LUNT
101 Punk-rocker Vicious
104 An avis lays them
105 Compos mentis
106 Like a ghost story
107 Pilot a plane
109 Tickle the funny bone
110 Periodical, for short
111 Bloke
115 KRIS COLDEN
117 ELOISE MUDD
120 "There —— atheists in the foxholes"
121 Give the once-over
122 Double-reed woodwind
123 Banks of baseball
124 Boxing's bad boy
125 Butter squares
126 Baby-sit
127 Ore core

DOWN

1 It's nothing
2 City north of Kiev
3 Take a cab
4 Porgy's beloved
5 Interrogate
6 California Beach
7 Stag's pride
8 Judge in the 1995 news
9 Tooth component
10 Inflict hurt
11 Not a soul
12 Navy's mascot
13 Directional suffix
14 New African country
15 Four-star review
16 Varsity starting group
17 Human trunk
18 First symptoms
24 Escape detection
26 Falling-barometer forecast
30 Willa Cather heroine
32 Daly who played Lacey
34 They're made by jerks
36 Magruder and Bush
37 "—— a Song Go Out of My Heart"
38 Gender identification
39 MOLLIE BRENT
40 F.D.R.'s 1936 opponent, with 45-Down
41 Complexion bugaboo
42 ESME VAN RITT
45 See 40-Down
47 Mountain nymph
48 Code inventor
50 Gun the motor
51 Greek mother of a 1985 film
53 Wage receiver
54 Assist a sufferer
56 British carbine
58 Olympics toss
59 Tuesday before Lent
61 Bric-a-——
63 Pork cut
64 Antony's audience
65 Surrender
67 Ticket-order enclosure: abbr.
68 "Three Coins" fountain
69 Roof overhangs
75 Berliners, et al.
76 Rotter
78 Speakers' platforms
82 Top-drawer
83 Louver feature
84 Throw things at
87 OPEC abundance
88 Fifth word of the Gettysburg Address
89 Agile
91 Deep feeling, as love
94 Liberty
95 Sudden increase in voltage
97 "—— plaisir!
98 Do-gooders' movements
99 Matthau's "Odd Couple" co-star
100 Ornamented, in a way
101 Nasser's successor
102 Tusk substance
103 Downs supper
105 Refine mine products
108 River of Tuscany
109 Seaweed
111 Doctor's success
112 Inkling
113 Largest of seven
114 Marmalade ingredient
116 Sennett Keystoner
118 Costume accessory for "The Mikado"
119 NASA moon craft



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 131